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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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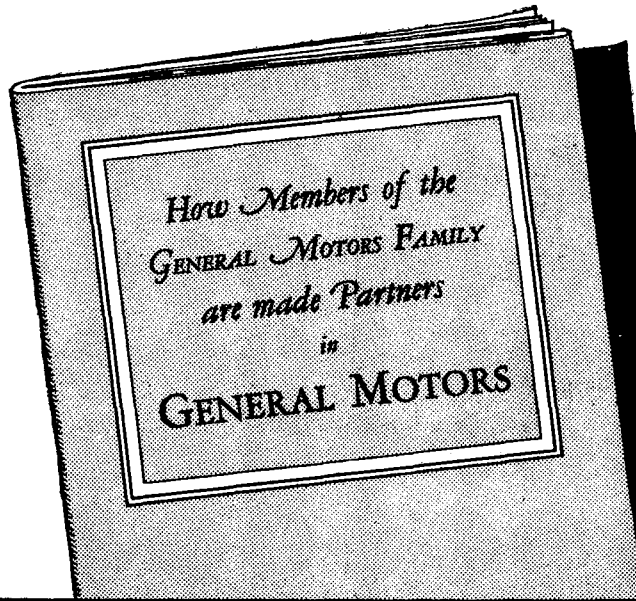
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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

RELIGION

THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE.

By Raoul Allier. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$3.75 8½ x 5¾; 301 pp. New York

M. Allier is *doyen* of the Protestant Faculty of Theology at Paris, and has been interested for years in Christian missions. His "Psychologie de la Conversion chez les Peuples Non-Civilisés" is a well-known work. In the present book he considers the question whether the mind of the savage differs in its fundamental processes from that of civilized man, and after reviewing at length the views of M. Lévy-Bruhl and other upholders of the affirmative, he concludes that it does not. Nevertheless, the concrete savage does not think precisely as we do, and so the missionary, before undertaking to make a Christian theologian of him, must teach him the kind of logic that seems to support the Christian faith. This is naturally a hard job, and it is not helped by denouncing the savage as immoral. M. Allier is obviously no anthropologist, but he has had wide contact with missionaries, and out of their experience he presents some interesting examples of savage thinking, especially in the field of magic. He shows, however, that precisely similar imbecilities have many adherents in so-called civilized countries. The book is translated by Fred Rothwell. It appears in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

THE GENESIS OF THE SOCIAL GOSPEL.

By Chester Charlton McCown. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$3 8 x 5¼; 411 pp. New York

Dr. McCown, who is director of the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem, here attempts to get at the springs of Jesus's social ideas by going to the history of the Jews and the general state of the world just before the beginning of the Christian era. Those ideas, he says, had their origin in a revolution against the predatory philosophy of the Great Powers of antiquity; they represented a return to "the values of primary group life," which are not to be confused with the values preached by social reformers today. "Jesus was neither a Communist, Bolshevik or Socialist. He nowhere attempts to lay down a constitution for a perfect democracy. Yet He was a revolutionary, and it was because He was a revolutionary that He was put to death. . . . Like the prophets, He rebelled against those who were determined to regiment opinion." Dr. McCown believes that it is still possible to give His ideas a living reality. "The process," he says, "will be a long one, for the task is

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gigantic. But with God all things are possible." The author is very learned, but sometimes dull. His book would be the better if it were shorter. At the end of it he presents an elaborate bibliography and a good index.

IF I COULD PREACH JUST ONCE.

Harper & Brothers
\$2.50 8½ x 5¼; 255 pp. New York

In this volume thirteen authors offer their private remedies for the sorrows of the world. Sir Philip Gibbs says that "no civilization has yet survived after the downfall of its gods," and that "somehow we must believe in God or go to the Devil;" G. K. Chesterton says that what is needed is the specifically Roman Catholic kind of faith; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle argues that spiritualism is better; Lord Hugh Cecil believes that "what is required is the adoption of a high and rigorous standard of Christian morals," and says that "above all, the Lord's Prayer should be used;" and the Hon. Bertrand Russell contents himself with talking against fear, which he says is greatly promoted by Christianity. All of the authors, save only Mr. Russell, believe that some sort of faith is necessary to the well-being of mankind. "Man's spirit," says Dr. Joseph Collins, "needs religion as his body needs bread and oxygen," and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith pleads for "sermons delivered, not haphazard, but in orderly series, as many lectures are delivered now." The general tone of the symposium is one of great solemnity, but it has many unconscious humors. The contributors, aside from those already mentioned, are John Drinkwater, Ludwig Lewisohn, Dr. Henry N. MacCracken, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Professor J. Arthur Thomson, and Thomas Horder. The book lacks an index.

THE STORY OF RELIGION.

By Charles Francis Potter. *Simon & Schuster*
\$5 9¼ x 6; 627 pp. New York

Dr. Potter, who was until recently pastor of a Universalist church in New York, here attempts to trace the evolution of religious thought in historical times by describing the lives and doctrines of salient prophets. "Every religion," he says, "begins as some man's personal religious experience, interpreted to and reproduced in others." He begins with the great Egyptian reformer, Akhenaten (better known as Amenhotep IV), and then proceeds to Moses, Zoroaster, Jeremiah, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Mohammed, Thomas Aquinas, Luther

Continued on page viii

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EX-WIFE

(Anonymous)



This surprising book contains the observations of a young woman on marriage, divorce, and the new freedom for her sex. It is not the story of one woman's life but of the hundreds that the author has surveyed in New York City; and the disordered pattern of these lives is so disconcerting and yet so familiar to the reader who has lived in the "modern world," whether in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, that the book assumes the importance of a footnote to the manners and morals of today.

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and Wesley. At the end there is a chapter on the minor prophets who have arisen in America, and another on the leaderless religions. The book shows a wide range of reading, and is instructive and interesting. The author, theologically speaking, is a Liberal of the most advanced wing. He prints a brief but useful bibliography and a good index.

HISTORY

THE WAY OF THE GREEKS.

By F. R. Earp. *The Oxford University Press*
\$3 8½ x 5½; 223 pp. New York

This is an excellent book. Indeed, it is difficult to think of any other elementary study of the life of ancient Greece that is as comprehensive and as maturely and effectively written. Mr. Earp has achieved a model of popular historical writing. Some of the chapter titles will give a good idea of the scope of his book: "The Tribal Nature of Greek Morality," "Religion," "Sin," "The Relation of Greece to the Savage," "Language," and "Emotion in Art and Literature." Unfortunately, an index is lacking.

A HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

By P. M. Ashburn. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$5 9 x 5½; 448 pp. Boston

The Army Medical Corps began with the Revolution, in which 1200 surgeons saw service, only 100 of whom had medical degrees. There was a great deal of sickness in the Continental Army, and the surgeons in the field frequently differed about the treatment of it, so that there were public rows, and Congress had to take a hand. Of the four Directors General between 1775 and 1783, one was tried and two others dismissed. Between the end of the Revolution and the War of 1812 the Medical Corps ceased to exist, and even during the latter war it attained to little dignity. As it stands today it goes back to 1818, when Congress created the office of Surgeon General. Its history since has done it high credit. Not only have its members served with diligence and sacrifice in the field; they have also managed to get through a great deal of laboratory work. The recent history of medicine, indeed, is brilliant with the names of Army surgeons—Reed, Gorgas, Billings, and many another. Col. Ashburn tells the story in detail, and has made a very interesting book. He does not overlook amusing oddities: for example, the fact that, in the Army, it was for long believed that the Surgeon General's Office was a close Catholic corporation! His volume is well documented and has a good index. It is the first attempt to write a history of the Army Medical Corps since 1873.

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FINLAND. *The Republic Farthest North.*

By Eugene Van Cleef. *The Ohio State University Press*
\$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 220 pp. Columbus, O.

This is a rapid, but heavily documented and interestingly written survey of the geography, history and culture of one of the richest countries of Europe. It became an independent democratic state only in 1917, with the fall of Czar Nicholas II. In discussing the culture of the land Dr. Cleef, who is professor of geography at the Ohio State University, is guided by the principle that "the literature, music, and art harmonize with nature's northern moods and point to the power of the physical environment to endow the temperament of the people." Toward the end of the book there is an excellent chapter on the Finns in America. Before the enactment of the Immigration Law nearly 90% of Finnish immigration was to this country, but now the tide has turned to Canada. The Finns in the United States usually settle down in those sections where the climate most closely resembles that of the home land. Most of them are thus to be found in Michigan and Minnesota, with a few in Massachusetts and New York. According to the Census of 1920 there were nearly 275,000 of them in the United States, including native and foreign born. The Finns detest the city, and have a passion for being independent farmers. They are, on the whole, an industrious and cleanly people, but have a strange fear of fresh air. The bath is their cure-all. They firmly believe that "disease is not communicable and that it is incurable unless the steam bath is effective in combating it." They are "omnivorous readers" and "one may count twenty-nine periodical publications [among them], including four year books. . . . Nearly 25% of the Finns in America belong to the Socialist party." There is an excellent map, and also a good index and a brief bibliography.

A CHILD'S STORY OF CIVILIZATION.

By Stephen King-Hall. *William Morrow & Company*
\$3 8¾ x 5½; 348 pp. New York

This is sort of Wells' "Outline of History" simplified so as to be comprehensible to children of about the age of twelve. Unfortunately, there the analogy between the two books stops. Mr. King-Hall is extremely reckless with his facts. Here, for example, are three statements picked at random: (a) "He [Jesus] was killed at Jerusalem by some Jews who hated him;" (b) "The British government [in the Summer of 1914] tried to make all the governments talk things over quickly, . . . and no one would listen to [it];" (c) "They [the British] died to prevent the Germans conquering the British Empire and becoming the masters of all the world."

Continued on page x

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THERE are several "book clubs" in America, each offering readers current selections from advance lists before publication for the retail trade. Naturally, some confusion has arisen. Possibly you have not clearly in mind just which of these organizations it is that binds its books in permanent editions and delivers twelve of them to its members each year at a tremendous cash saving. **ONLY The Literary Guild DOES THIS!**

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Continued from page viii

VERSAILLES.

By Karl Friedrich Nowak. Payson & Clarke
\$5 9 3/4 x 5 3/4; 287 pp. New York

Herr Nowak here tells the story of the Versailles peace conference from the German standpoint, and with the help of German records hitherto unpublished. It is a tale not without its humors, despite the high seriousness of the questions at stake. All the chief mountebanks are depicted vividly, and the author is keenly sensitive to every dramatic value. The curtain finally falls upon the self-betrayal, defeat and collapse of Woodrow Wilson, the most tragic of all the tragicomedians of the play. The book is well written and is worth reading. It is not documented, but there is a good index. The name of the translator is not given.

THE MEXICAN AGRARIAN REVOLUTION.

By Frank Tannenbaum. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 7 1/4 x 4 3/4; 543 pp. New York

Dr. Tannenbaum first surveys the general situation of the rural Mexican, and describes at length the organization of the free village and of the large estate, or *hacienda*. He then shows how the populace was oppressed in the days of Diaz, and examines the projects for its liberation that came in with the Madero revolution. There are still many gross abuses, and the small Mexican farmer is still very poor, but "the changes which imply the abolition of servitude have been permanently established" and so there is hope for the future. Dr. Tannenbaum, who has spent much time in Mexico, made the present study for the Brookings Institution. It is heavily documented, and has a good index.

TEXT-BOOKS

LEARNING TO WRITE: *A Guide for Adult Students.*

By Merle M. Hoover and Henry Fisk Carlton. The Ronald Press Company
\$2 7 3/8 x 4 3/4; 214 pp. New York

Mr. Hoover is an instructor in English at Columbia, and Mr. Carlton once held a like post there. Their book is designed for adults who desire to attain to a certain fluency in writing, but are without literary ambitions. The advice they have to offer is sensible and practicable, and they present it simply and interestingly.

A GUIDE TO BERNARD SHAW.

By Edward Wagenknecht. D. Appleton & Company
\$1.50 7 1/8 x 4 1/4; 127 pp. New York

Dr. Wagenknecht, who is professor of English literature at the University of Washington, has

achieved a fair job of exposition. He analyzes Shaw's plays and general ideas clearly and fully, and his bibliographies are adequate. His critical opinions, however, are humorless, and, at times, even stupid. He thinks that "from the literary point of view" Shaw's greatest plays are "Saint Joan" and "Androcles and the Lion." But even they are "almost entirely innocent of strong, objective characterization." Shaw, he says, is really not much of an artist. "He lacks the objective reality of Galsworthy, [and] he has no creative power at all in the sense in which Barrie has creative power." The "suggestive questions" at the end of the book, fortunately, occupy only three pages.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

By Edward Maslin Hulme. Henry Holt & Company
\$5.50 8 3/4 x 5 1/4; 851 pp. New York

This is unquestionably the best text-book on the Middle Ages in the English language. It covers every phase of medieval life, it is ably written, and it takes into account the latest researches. There are eleven good maps, extensive bibliographies at the ends of all the chapters, and a good index. Dr. Hulme is professor of history at Stanford. The book belongs to the excellent American Historical Series, under the general editorship of Professor Charles Homer Haskins, of Harvard, himself one of the world's greatest authorities on medieval culture.

THE CRAFT OF POETRY: *A Study of the Writing of Verse and Poetry.*

By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 389 pp. New York

In many ways this is the best brief text-book on versification that has appeared in America in the past twenty-five years. The chapters on rhythm, rhyme, the stanza, light verse and blank verse are good jobs of exposition, and full of sound comment. The present book, as is the case with nearly every other book Mr. Wood has written, is not devoid of cheap humor, but fortunately there is not very much of it here. A bibliography would have added to the value of the volume.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

BELGIAN PROBLEMS SINCE THE WAR.

By Louis Pierard. The Yale University Press
\$2 8 x 5 1/2; 106 pp. New Haven

With the exception of a brief chapter on the Flemings and the Walloons, this book is devoted entirely to a consideration of the history of the Belgian Socialist party, or, to be more precise, the Belgian Labor party. It was founded in 1885, and after a long struggle

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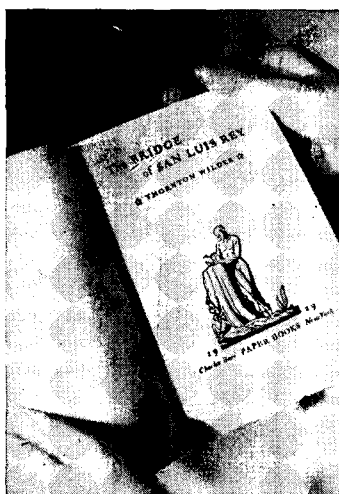
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Continued from page x

for recognition during the reign of the hostile Léopold II, finally managed to win a place for itself in the national politics, until today it is the most powerful party in the land. It has done a great deal for the Belgian workingman. It has won for him the eight-hour day, has provided his children with public school education until the age of fourteen, and has created a national fund for "the sound utilization of [his] leisure time." Theoretically, the party is decidedly moderate, and has been repeatedly denounced by the Bolsheviks as "a valet of capitalism." It supported King Albert in the World War, and is content to embarrass him only on occasion. Its make-up is unique. It is not merely a political organization. It is really "a powerful federation of coöperative associations, trade-unions, mutual insurance societies, art and education groups, and political leagues." As Émile Vandervelde, former Socialist Foreign Minister, has said, "Belgian workmen practice Socialism at every moment of their existence, in their coöperative, their trade-union, their *mutuelle*, when they eat bread, when they buy shoes, when they make sport, take an insurance against fire, or try to make their savings fructify." M. Pierard is a Socialist member of the Belgian Parliament. The present book was originally delivered as a series of lectures at the 1928 session of the Institute of Politics of Williams College.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME.

By Edward D. Sullivan. *The Vanguard Press*
\$2 8 1/8 x 5 3/8; 214 pp. New York

Mr. Sullivan, who is a newspaper man in Chicago, here describes at length the gang wars that have been raging in that city ever since Prohibition came in. His narrative is full of intimate and picturesque details, and makes amusing and instructive reading. There seems to be little chance of putting down the carnage until the Volstead Act is somehow got rid of. The gangsters, by terrorism and bribery, have got almost complete control of the machinery of justice, and convicting one of them, no matter how obvious his guilt, is a practical impossibility. The new police commissioner, William Russell, is doing his best, but it appears to be unlikely that he will get very far. Mr. Sullivan, however, is optimistic, and believes that a fairer day is about to dawn.

BIOGRAPHY

WILLIAM THE FIRST: *His Life and Times.*

By Paul Wiegler. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$5 9 1/2 x 6 1/8; 456 pp. Boston

Herr Wiegler's closely-packed, staccato style does not make for easy reading, but it at least enables him

to crowd a vast amount of material into his 456 pages. The period he covers is from the death of Frederick the Great to the accession of William II—a time of immense changes in Germany, and of changes no less in the world at large. The course of the Liberal movement is set forth in detail, and especially William I's relations to it. He was for many years one of its most violent opponents, and in 1848 his opposition forced him into exile and almost cost him the succession to the throne. But he managed to live down the unpopularity thus engendered, and toward the close of his long life—he lived beyond ninety—he was probably the most popular monarch Germany has ever had. Herr Wiegler's view of him is sympathetic, but by no means adulatory. William was not a great man, but there was a fine honesty in him, and he served his country well. His death, followed almost immediately by the death of his son and heir, was a national calamity of the first order. It brought in the untried and mercurial William II, and soon Bismarck was out, Russia was alienated, the fears of England were aroused, and the débâcle of 1918 was in the making. Herr Wiegler does not document his narrative, and not infrequently he gets a certain vagueness into it by omitting the year in dates, but its accumulation of facts is enormous, and it is thus of high value. The translation is by Constance Vesey. There is a somewhat inadequate index.

ANDREW JOHNSON. *A Study in Courage.*

By Lloyd Paul Stryker. *The Macmillan Company*
\$6 9 1/4 x 6; 881 pp. New York

Taking as his text a witless sneer in James Ford Rhodes' "History of the United States," Mr. Stryker starts out by assuming that Johnson has been grossly and persistently libelled by the historians, and proceeds to concoct an elaborate vindication of him. The business is pursued with great ardor and diligence, and a very impressive mass of pertinent evidence is brought forward, but the author often falls into special pleading, and so his argument loses effect. The opponents of Johnson are all depicted as unmitigated scoundrels, and he himself appears as one quite unable to do wrong, or even to make mistakes. The notion that he has been blackguarded by all the historians is far from sound. Immediately after the Civil War, to be sure, he was treated badly, but of late years there has been a reëxamination of the facts and a reconsideration of the old verdict, and in most recent works dealing with the period, the tailor who became President has been dealt with very fairly. Thus Mr. Stryker's dudgeon is a bit belated. But he has accumulated a large array of interesting facts, and in more than one

Continued on page xiv

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way his biography is valuable. The bibliography at the end is incomplete, but useful. There are many illustrations, most of them from contemporary prints.

ENGLISH POLITICAL PORTRAITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Little, Brown & Company
\$3 8 7/8 x 5 7/8; 327 pp. Boston

KINGS, CHURCHILLS AND STATESMEN.
By Knut Hagberg. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$4 8 7/8 x 5 7/8; 236 pp. New York

Mr. Taylor deals with the first Duke of Wellington, George Canning, the second Viscount Melbourne, Robert Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Queen Victoria. His essays are well written and adequately documented, but there is nothing in them that has not been said before. Mr. Hagberg, a Swedish political writer who seems to know England very well, considers such men as Edward VII, Winston Churchill, Lord Palmerston, Lord Fisher, Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin. He also has a chapter on Wilhelm II and on the Empress Eugénie. He writes as a journalist, but as a very brilliant and extremely well-informed one. The translation of his book is by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier.

JOHN D. *A Portrait in Oils.*

By John Winkler. The Vanguard Press
\$2.25 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 256 pp. New York

This book is unsatisfactory in many ways. It is sloppily written, it is badly organized, it is full of cheap humor, and it contains little that is new or significant. The chapters dealing with the operations of the Standard Oil are the poorest. Not only has Mr. Winkler failed to unearth any fresh material; there is little evidence that he has read the whole of Miss Ida Tarbell's monumental history. In the purely biographical sections, especially those dealing with John D., Sr., he is more successful. Among the interesting personal facts he has dug up about him are that the Oil King's father was a quack cancer specialist and a shrewd racketeer; that he has not a single false tooth; that his body is chemically antipathetic to tomatoes, cucumbers and heavy sweets; that he was twice unsuccessful in love before he married; that his favorite game is numerica; that his wife was an active Prohibitionist; that he once charged John D., Jr., 6% interest on a loan; and that he has difficulty in spelling.

FOCH SPEAKS.

By Charles Bugnet. The Dial Press
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 308 pp. New York

Major Bugnet was aide-de-camp to Foch from June, 1921, to his death a few months ago. The present book

is made up in the main of reports of conversations with the former Generalissimo of the Allied Armies. It makes interesting reading, but really adds little to the knowledge of the man. There was probably not much to know anyway. He was plainly not of the rank of Napoleon or Julius Caesar. But he had amazing industry and pertinacity of purpose, and was gifted with the power to make others go through hell for him. He knew his business, and attended to it diligently and without pomp. There was nothing of the legendary military hero about him. Of worldly matters he knew almost nothing. He confessed that he had never read any of Anatole France, and his general outlook on life he summarized thus: "Let us beware of becoming Carthaginians like the English, who are developing into the merchants of the world. . . . But let us also take care not to become Athenians." The translation is by Russell Green.

CALIFORNIA COPY.

By George F. Weeks. The Washington College Press
\$3 7 3/4 x 5; 346 pp. Washington

George F. Weeks developed tuberculosis at the age of twenty-four, when he was working in the composing room of the New York World. Subsequently, in 1876-79, he roughed it in Southern California, and regained his health by throwing over the prevailing routine for lungers and heroically striking out on his own. He was able, in 1879, to join the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, where he remained until 1891. Afterward he was editor and publisher of the Alameda (Cal.) Daily Encinal, correspondent in Mexico during the revolutionary era, and editor and publisher of the Mexican Review, in Mexico and Washington. He is now, at the age of seventy-six, with the Mexican News Bureau in Washington. This record of his long newspaper career, though hampered by a repetitious moralizing, is vigorously told. It contains a mine of anecdotal material about pioneer life on the Pacific Coast, not the least interesting of which is Mr. Week's version of Ambrose Bierce's disappearance in Mexico. He believes, after years of personal search for him, that Bierce was the American executed by General Tomas Urbina's forces on the march to Icamole. The book contains many interesting contemporary photographs.

MEMOIRS OF A WHITE CROW INDIAN.

By Thomas B. Marquis. The Century Company
\$3 7 1/4 x 4 3/4; 356 pp. New York

This is the autobiography, as told to Dr. Marquis, of Thomas H. Leforge, a squaw-man, who settled with the Crow tribe in Montana, and twice married

Continued on page xvi

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Indian wives. Beside the biographical interest—Leforge had an unusually adventurous life as scout, warrior and horse-thief—the book contains a vast amount of Indian lore: there are vivid descriptions of the Crows' beliefs and customs, of life in their lodges, and of Indian warfare, in which Leforge often engaged. The book is illustrated with eight reproductions of photographs.

PRINCESSES, LADIES AND SALONNIÈRES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

By *Therese Louis Latour.* Alfred A. Knopf
\$5 8½ x 5½; 284 pp. New York

A glowing collection of lovely ladies: the unhappy Marie Leczinska, Queen of France; the witty Comtesse de Toulouse, who first estranged her from the King; the provocative and dazzling Mademoiselle de Charolais; the passionate Madame de Mailly; the enchanting Duchesse de Châteaufort, who died tragically and hideously at twenty-seven; the austere Madame Geoffrin and her liberal salon; the beautiful Adrienne Lecouvreur, the greatest tragédienne of the century; the charming Pompadour; Sophie de Monnier, Mirabeau's mistress; and the mad, martyred Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. An engrossing work, carefully done. It contains a bibliography and many illustrations; an index, however, is missing. The translation, a good one, is by Ivy E. Clegg.

CRITICISM

CREATIVE IMAGINATION: *Studies in the Psychology of Literature.*

By *June E. Downey.* Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.75 8½ x 5½; 230 pp. New York

Dr. Downey, who is professor of psychology at the University of Wyoming, here presents a miscellany of studies in the processes of reading and writing. She discusses, among other things, the nature and varieties of poetical images, the effects of word associations upon the imagination, the influence of the color sense, the part played by the unconscious, and the rôle of patterns and rhythms. She offers no easy guide to effective writing, but simply sets forth such facts and speculations as she has encountered in the course of her inquiry, and lets them tell their own story. Some of the ideas she offers are plainly of little practical importance, but others are well worth pondering. Because the field she explores has been very little worked, her book is somewhat vague in plan, and shows considerable gaps. It belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. There is a good index, but no bibliography.

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PAPERS ON SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH AND OTHERS.

By *J. A. Chapman.* The Oxford University Press
\$2.25 7¾ x 5¼; 171 pp. New York

There are eleven essays here, all of them, except the one on Whitman, dealing with various phases of English poetry. They betray an immense knowledge of English literature and a fine critical sense. The chapters on "Poetry and Experience," "The Greatest Poetry," and "The Future of English Poetry" are especially good. In the first of these Mr. Chapman revives the old and excellent, but now somewhat forgotten, distinction between real poetry and rhetoric. Byron and Tennyson and Shelley and Wordsworth, he argues rightly enough, were in the main rhetoricians, and not poets. Most of what they said could be written in prose. The greatest poetry "must be written by an awed man, by one with the sense of being dedicated. And he must not deceive himself." Moreover, it must reveal "the secrets of deep, perennial things, and the secrets of words too."

THE SCIENCES

FROM THE PHYSICAL TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES.

By *Jacques Rueff.* The Johns Hopkins Press
\$2 8¾ x 5½; 159 pp. Baltimore

M. Rueff here attempts to apply the methodology of the physical sciences to psychology, ethics and political economy. The ideas that all of them embrace, he argues, may be tested by the methods of mathematical analysis. There are, for example, Euclidean systems of ethics, and non-Euclidean systems, and so with political economy. Starting with two familiar axioms, he essays to construct an economic geometry. There ensues a formidable series of equations, probably unintelligible to the average economist. M. Rueff's book is translated from the French by Herman Green, and there is an introduction by Herman Oliphant and Abram Hewitt, of the Institute for the Study of Law at the Johns Hopkins. An index is wanting.

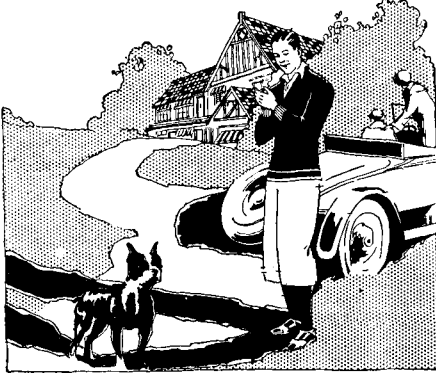
MEDICINE. *Its Contribution to Civilization.*

By *Edward B. Vedder.* The Williams & Wilkins Company
\$5 9¾ x 6¼; 398 pp. Baltimore

Dr. Vedder begins by considering the predisposing causes of disease—heredity, overcrowding, fatigue, etc.—and the influence of such factors as sex and age, and then proceeds to a lengthy discussion of the infectious diseases, the diseases of nutrition, the diseases of internal secretion, and the degenerative diseases. All

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this makes up the first part of his book. The second part describes the measures taken against those maladies, all of them infectious, that have been stamped out by modern medicine or brought under something approaching control, and the effect of public health services, hospitals and medical research in furthering similar deliverances. A whole chapter is devoted to cancer. Dr. Vedder is a firm believer in the efficacy of public hygiene, and offers evidence showing its marked influence upon the death-rate in various communities. His book is well arranged and clearly written, and presents its facts in such a manner that any intelligent layman should be able to grasp them. In dealing with such moot points as the physiological effects of alcohol it is free from uplifting propaganda. Its only conspicuous defect is the relatively little attention it pays to the so-called surgical diseases, e.g., appendicitis, tonsillitis and gastric ulcer. The author is a lieutenant-colonel in the Army Medical Corps. In preparing his chapter on cancer he had the assistance of Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood of the Johns Hopkins, and in writing in those on predisposing causes, infectious diseases and the diseases of nutrition that of Dr. F. F. Russell of the International Health Board. There is a good index.

THE NEUROSES.

By Israel S. Wechsler.

The W. B. Saunders Company

\$4

858 x 558; 330 pp.

Philadelphia

Dr. Wechsler, who is associate professor of clinical neurology at Columbia, here expands the chapter on the neuroses in his well-known text-book of clinical neurology. The volume is addressed primarily to medical men, but the author expresses the hope that it will also be of interest to all students of psychology. He rejects the somatic theory of the origin of the neuroses, and argues for their purely psychological character. Every neurose, he says, is "a flight from reality." It "represents in some measure an attempt at adjustment, as the result of external and internal conflict." He describes the different clinical varieties at great length, and shows how the study of some of them, e.g., so-called shell shock, has been corrupted by shaky theorizing and false inferences. When he comes to the question of treatment he is far from optimistic. Medicines, massage, exercise, hydrotherapy, electricity and gymnastics, he says, are of little utility, and it is usually vain to look for focal infection or glandular disturbances. Suggestion is the most powerful weapon in the hands of the clinician, with psychoanalysis taking second place. But in the majority of cases the most that can be hoped for is improvement; there can be no complete cure of a psyche that is inherently defective. Dr. Wechsler presents a brief but useful bibliography of the subject, and there is a good index.

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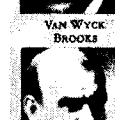
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XX



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

DEVILS, DRUGS & DOCTORS.

By Howard W. Haggard.

Harper & Brothers

\$5

9¾ x 6; 405 pp.

New York

Dr. Haggard's sub-title is "The Story of the Science of Healing From Medicine-Man to Doctor," but his book is by no means a complete history of medicine. The names, for example, of Koch, Virchow, Billroth and Behring do not occur in his index. Rather, he has seized upon certain turning points and other salient periods in medical history, and discussed them at considerable length. Four of his chapters deal with the slow growth of obstetrics as a science—a growth which still falls far short of satisfactory achievement. Another has to do with the early history of anesthesia, and yet another with the surgical innovations of Ambroise Paré. The conflict between organized religion and the progress of medical knowledge is given much attention, and so is that between quackery and genuine science. Dr. Haggard has antiquarian tastes, and shows a wide acquaintance with the byways of medical history. His book is full of interesting oddities, and is pleasantly written. The illustrations, mainly taken from old prints, are extraordinarily good. The author is associate professor of applied physiology at Yale.

THE WITCHERY OF WASPS.

By Edward G. Reinhard.

The Century Company

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 291 pp.

New York

Mr. Reinhard is a disciple of Fabre, and in these studies of solitary wasps goes over much of the ground covered by the master. But he also offers many original observations, and his work is of special interest because it is confined to American wasps. Most of them were observed either in New York or in Maryland. In all, twenty-five species are dealt with, some of them at considerable length. The book is well illustrated and has a preface by Dr. L. O. Howard. Some of its chapters first appeared in *Nature Magazine* and the *Catholic World*.

THE STRUGGLE FOR HEALTH.

By Richard H. Hoffmann.

Horace Liveright

\$3.50

8½ x 5½; 341 pp.

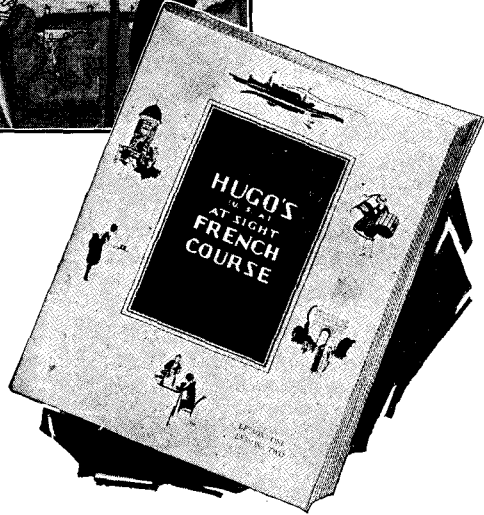
New York

Dr. Hoffmann is a practising physician in New York, specializing in neurology. The present book is not a guide to good health so much as a history of medicine and surgery. Written for the layman, it is far more comprehensive than most other books of its kind. The author begins with the diseases and medical science of early man, and proceeds through the Egyptians, Jews, Hindus, Greek and Romans to the revival of medicine under the Arabs. This account of medical origins occupies about a third of his space. Thereafter he tells, in considerable detail, the story of the found-

Continued on page xxii



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Continued from page xx

ing and development of modern medicine, beginning with Paracelsus. His narrative is well-informed and he writes clearly and gracefully but his book probably would have been the better if it were somewhat shorter. The fifteen illustrations are all portraits. There is an index, but it is unfortunately incomplete.

TREE CROPS: A Permanent Agriculture.

By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$4 8 3/8 x 5 1/2; 333 pp. New York

Dr. Smith, who is professor of economic geography at Columbia, argues that the arable areas of the world are being steadily diminished because "man has carried to the hills the agriculture of the flat plain." The cereals and other crops demand a loose soil, and the consequence of plowing it, when it is not substantially level, is that it is rapidly washed away. There ensues a great waste of good land. The remedy is to plant it in orchard or forest. Dr. Smith argues for this planting with evangelical fervor, and is full of advice to those who wish to undertake it. He lists and describes many trees, as yet rare in the United States, that would probably flourish here, and yield good revenues. His book is elaborately illustrated, and in an appendix he prints a bibliography, some tables of statistics, and directions for the grafting of nut-bearing trees. There is an adequate index.

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD.

By Jean Piaget. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$4 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 397 pp. New York

Dr. Piaget is a professor at the University of Geneva, and a well-known authority upon child psychology. In the present work he traces in detail the development of the infantile consciousness, with particular reference to the child's view of the external world. It is, as he shows, a thoroughgoing animism: all things that it is aware of appear to it as living. This animism, as it wears off, goes through three stages. In the first, all things still seem to be conscious; in the second only those are conscious that move; in the third consciousness is restricted to those that move of themselves. Dr. Piaget's argument is elaborately documented. He has studied many children with great care, and he presents his observations at length. He offers no bibliography, but his book has brief indices.

SOCIOLOGY

MAN'S SOCIAL DESTINY; In the Light of Science.

By Charles A. Ellwood. The Cokesbury Press
\$2 7 5/8 x 5 1/8; 219 pp. Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Ellwood has been head of the department of sociology at the University of Missouri for the past twenty-five years. He was formerly president of the

Continued on page xxiv

THE CAPTIVE

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American Sociological Society, and is a member of leading European sociological societies, including those at Geneva and at Berlin. He has written numerous books and monographs; of the former, three have been translated into German, four into Japanese, three into Chinese, and one into French. In the present book, his latest and most mature work, he grapples with what he thinks is the outstanding problem of modern times: "the disillusionment in the ideas of democracy and Christianity . . . , and the resulting social pessimism and cynicism." Things, he admits, look pretty bad just now, but they will clear up shortly, and all will be well again. "We have no right to despair . . . of our present experiments in democracy. . . . The social welfare conception of government is secure." The talk about there being a conflict between science and religion, he reassures us, is all nonsense; "the coöperation of the human sciences and religion is inevitable. For both spring . . . from human experience." The laws of the universe are on our side. "We . . . have little hesitancy in pronouncing nature friendly to human achievement. We have no reason to believe that nature will not continue to be friendly. Her materials and her resources will in all probability continue to be supplied to man in over-abundance."

WHOLESOME PARENTHOOD.

By *Ernest R. and Gladys H. Groves.*

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$2

7½ x 5½; 320 pp.

Boston

This book deals with the more important problems of childhood, and contains suggestions to parents regarding their home practices. Among the things discussed are nagging, stubbornness, the formation of good habits and the eradication of bad ones, the fears of early childhood and how to lessen them, when and how to tell the child the facts of sex, the place of fairy-tales in child education, and allowances. Dr. and Mrs. Groves, both of whom are members of the sociology department of the University of North Carolina, have a thorough knowledge of the pertinent psychological and biological literature, and thus what they say is always sensible, and should be of great help to the perplexed father and mother. There are good suggestions for further reading at the ends of the chapters.

TRAVEL

THE STORY OF EVEREST.

By *Captain John Noel.*

Little, Brown & Company

\$4

9 x 6; 258 pp.

Boston

Captain Noel, an Englishman, is an honorary member of the American Museum of Natural History, a member of the National Geographic Society and a

Continued on page xxvi

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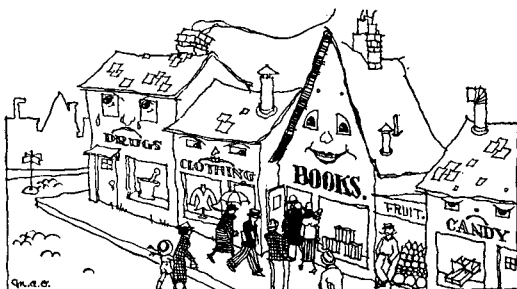
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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fellow of the Royal Geographic Society of London. He tells stirringly of the attempted climb by Mallory and Irvine to the summit of the world's highest mountain, the dangers and thrills accompanying the effort, and of their tragic end within six hundred feet of the top.

WHEN IT'S COCKTAIL TIME IN CUBA.

By Basil Woon.

Horace Liveright

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 284 pp.

New York

"The Daiquiri is now the best known drink in Cuba," says Mr. Woon. "This recipe for the real Daiquiri was given me by Facundo Bacardi and confirmed by one of the men who was present at the christening: half one lime, squeezed on to one teaspoonful of sugar; pour in one whiskey-glassful of Bacardi; plenty of ice; shake until the shaker is thoroughly frosted outside. Meanwhile, chill a tall wine-glass of the kind known as *flute*, fill it with shaven ice, and pour in the mixture. Must be drunk frozen or is not good. The Bacardi cocktail, pronounced BacARDi, and common in New York and Europe, is unknown in Cuba. The proper pronunciation of the name Bacardi stresses the last syllable." There are other directions, as specific, to the sights and liberties about Havana—the cockfights and the races, the cabarets and the cigars, the casino and the carnival. An excellent and amusingly written guidebook.

REFERENCE BOOKS

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE.

By George W. Stimpson.

George Sully & Company

\$2

8 x 5¼; 427 pp.

New York

A great deal of odd and more or less useful stuff is crowded into this book. The author explains why nails are measured by pennies, how the Romans added and subtracted with their clumsy numerals, how the name of Newport News originated, how eggs and rabbits became associated with Easter, why dogs turn around before lying down, why oysters are not eaten in months without R in their names, why ships compartments are called staterooms, how the holes are put into macaroni, how worms get into chestnuts, why low shoes are called Oxfords, and so on. Many of the paragraphs are etymological. Thus the origin is given, *inter alia*, of *leatherneck*, *doughface*, *carpet-bagger*, *bootlegger*, *penknife*, *coleslaw*, *star-route*, *dickens*, *jingo*, *B.V.D.*, *robot* and *booze*. There is a good index.

DICTIONARY TO THE PLAYS & NOVELS OF BERNARD SHAW.

By C. Lewis & Violet M. Broad.

The Macmillan Company

\$4

8½ x 5¼; 231 pp.

New York

The value of this work is somewhat doubtful. It consists of a short sketch of Shaw's life, a list of

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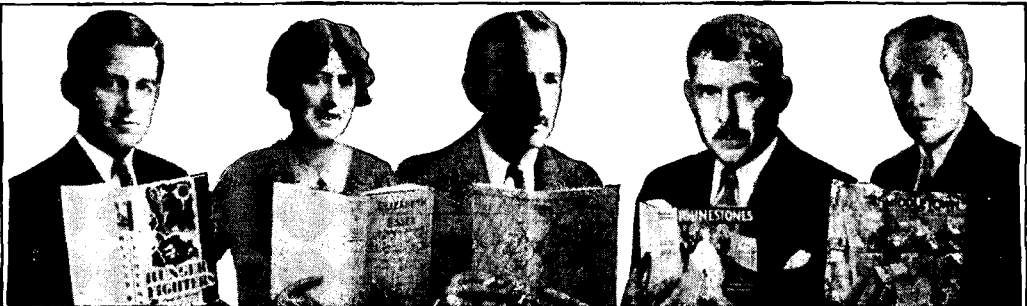
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The American MERCURY

September 1929

ONE AMERICAN'S STORY

BY M. L. BATEY

I was born in Louisville, Ky., of American parents. My father had been foreman in the upholstering department of a railroad shop since he was twenty-one years old. He made a fair salary, but he was always in debt, for he provided well for his family. One day he was taken seriously ill and soon afterward he was sent to a hospital in Nashville, Tenn. At once the family income stopped.

I have one sister and one brother. He is the oldest of the three children. I am the youngest. My brother was away from home at the time of my father's illness, so my mother permitted me to stop school so that I might go to work. I was in the seventh grade. I got a job with the Dow Company running a punch-press. Soon I grew tired of the monotony of the punch-press and after two months—it seemed a century to me—I quit. I was thirteen years old at the time. I had a desire to go out into the world and see life—I should say a longing and pining to go. I simply could not wait on life and time to see what was in store for me. I wanted to go see.

One evening I went into the kitchen where my mother was preparing supper and talked with her a bit. She did not realize that I was telling her good-bye. My heart ached and I cried a lot later, but the longing to go was stronger than the home ties, so I went. My destination was

California, via Nashville, Birmingham, New Orleans, Texas, New Mexico and so on. But I never got out of the South. I walked the highways, and one day caught a ride with a young fellow who was driving a Ford. He explained that he had been hired by the manager of a Chautauqua troupe to drive the Ford to the next town, for the roads were so bad that it was impossible for the troupe to make the trip in the Ford and arrive in time for its billed performance. They were compelled to use the train. The young fellow was about sixty miles from his destination when he picked me up. We had plenty of time to talk and get acquainted. And that's what we did.

We arrived in the town about nine o'clock that night. Mr. Hanscomb, the troupe manager, met us at the tent. He seemed very glad to meet me, even though I had been picked up on the road. It was not difficult to see that I was only a kid, though I lacked only one inch, at that time, of being six feet tall. From that first meeting until we parted, which was not until the season closed, Mr. Hanscomb made me feel as if I were one of the company. He gave me spending money and paid my expenses, but never asked me to help with the many jobs that have to be done in a travelling Chautauqua. But I would drive the Ford, help pack the two

wardrobe trunks—we tied one on each running-board of the flivver—and help around the tent.

The Chautauqua season closed when we arrived in Memphis. Mr. Hanscomb wanted me to go with him to his home in Topeka, Kansas, and live with him and his wife while I finished high-school. He said that, if I wished, he would help me through college. I declined his generous offer because I wanted to be free. I wanted to go where and when I pleased. When he saw I was hopeless, he shook my hand and wished me good luck.

I was left in Memphis with what clothes I had on, a five-dollar bill, and a very large appetite. I got a room, paid three dollars in advance for a week's rent, and tried to find a job. But it was not for me to find a job in Memphis. My two dollars were soon gone, and one night I found myself wondering where I was going to sleep and, more important, eat. It was three days before I ate my next meal. I went into every restaurant I saw trying to find a job, but they had all the help they could use. It made my stomach ball up in a knot every time I went into a restaurant, seeing and smelling the food. It never occurred to me to ask for something to eat. I slept in the park—what little sleeping I did—for the two nights. Black spots were dancing before my eyes. I felt as though I were walking on air and I found to my surprise that I was not hungry any more, and that scared me.

Finally, while walking up a street, going nowhere, I passed an employment bureau. I walked in and while I was waiting for some one to ask me my business a man came into the office and in a loud voice inquired if they had a dishwasher who wanted a job. I tried to speak as I got up, but I was across the room, grasping the questioner's arm, before I could utter a sound. He was a friendly sort of fellow and hired me without delay. He had to give the employment bureau \$5 for me until I could work and pay him back. He agreed to pay me \$30 a month, with room and board included. I thought I was set for life.

My new employer led the way out of the office on to the pavement, where I noticed a row of automobiles parked along the curb. He got into a new Studebaker and I followed close behind, for I was taking no chances of losing my job so soon. In a very short while we were across the Mississippi river and speeding through the swampy country of Arkansas. During the ride the boss asked me all sorts of questions, and after he had finished I told him that I had not eaten all day. I thought it best not to tell him I had not eaten for three days, for I thought he would believe me a liar.

Eleven miles from Memphis we arrived at a railroad Y. M. C. A., our destination. The Y. M. C. A. was as up-to-date as it is possible to make one, excepting for a swimming-pool. It had a small gymnasium, hot and cold shower-baths, a library, a restaurant and, of course, the bedrooms. Upon our arrival the boss was able to borrow some clean clothes for me and suggested that I take a hot shower before eating anything. I followed his advice and after I was clean once more I felt fine, but still I was not hungry. The waiter asked me what my order would be. I tried to think of all the things I wanted but could think of nothing except sweet milk. After I had drunk two glasses the boss said I surely had eaten something that day or I would eat more. I was glad I had not told him I had gone without food for three days.

I found the Y a pleasant place to live in, while not washing dishes. I had a room just like the ones the fellows paid for and ate the same food they ate. I had all the privileges of the place. The only drawback was that I went to work at 6 A.M. and washed dishes until 6 P.M. The kitchen floor was made of concrete and my legs hurt pretty badly from standing all day. I did not feel like reading after supper or playing basket-ball either.

I soon got tired of my job. News of the Florida boom was drifting in with the railroad men. Most everyone went. Those who did not go wanted to. I had got acquainted with the night cook. He was a tough and

rough fellow, but likeable. He owned a Ford roadster and wanted to make the trip to Florida in it. He asked me to go with him and he did not have to talk with me long to get me to go. I was about ready to quit anyway. I had been working only three weeks when I told the boss I was quitting. He seemed surprised. He told me he had great plans for me. After I had shown my ambition by working with him for a couple of months, he was going to buy me a suit of clothes, give me the counterman's job, and in general help me ahead. I told him that if I had known even a small part of his plans it would have given me something to look forward to, but as I had my mind made up I would quit. Before I left the boss gave me a long talk on how I should live. One of those good old Y talks.

As the cook turned the flivver out of the yard into the road I looked back and the boss waved his handkerchief at us. I felt sort of ashamed. However, I had no regret about leaving when I thought of the dirty dishes to be washed.

II

The cook knew an old farmer who lived eighty miles south of Memphis in Alabama. It was not much out of our way, so we stopped at the farmer's house to rest up and replenish our pocketbooks, which were none too full when we left our jobs. We halted about a month, for we had to pick cotton, pull corn and play farmer in general. As the farmer had no cash to pay us with, we had to wait for our money until he could sell his crop, which would not be until later in the Fall. So it looked as though we were stuck on the farm. I never did believe I was cut out for a farmer, and picking cotton strengthened my suspicion. But it was a ride of twelve miles on a bareback mule that really convinced me.

Our food was not much encouragement either. For breakfast we had white soggy biscuits, white gravy made of lard, fat

meat without even a thin streak through it and much too salty, and black coffee that had to be drunk slowly in order to avoid swallowing the grounds. The farmer, his wife and his boy ate it as if it was good. They would brag about the biscuits, and I made an heroic effort to agree with them, but all the while I was choking inside. The cook would steal a quick glance at me across the table. For dinner the menu was repeated, with baked sweet potatoes added. The cook carried a potato in his pocket, and during the day he would nibble at it. It was not long before I was doing likewise. The farmer's wife made some comment about my not eating much. I told her I had a delicate appetite.

I tried to get the cook to leave the Ford and hit the highway, but he thought too much of his flivver, although it had cost only \$45 fifth-handed. We had used up all the gas running around the country on Sundays, and as the farmer's credit was gone at the store, we were unable to get any more. I saw the cook meant to stick by his car through thick and thin, so one morning I told him, the farmer and his family good-bye.

I was on the go once more. My only protection from hunger was a dozen baked sweet potatoes which I had stuffed in my pockets. As I had to walk twelve miles along a dusty country road to get to the main highway, with the sun getting hotter each mile, my potatoes did not fare very well and I did not do much better. The potatoes got hot and the sticky syrup that oozed from them ran in my pockets and through my clothes. Once I sat down to rest and forgot the potatoes and mashed one in each hip pocket. Then I threw them away and my appetite must have gone with them, for I have not cared much for sweet potatoes since.

The following three years were spent in roaming from one State to another, mainly in the South. I saw Florida, and got as far west as Houston, Tex., but I heard such stories about hitch-hiking through to California that I got cold feet and started back

home. However, I took my time and saw the country. I walked the main highways, for many salesmen travel the same route. I learned that a salesman making a trip of from 200 to 400 miles will pick a fellow up just to have some one to talk with. Whenever I met any one who expressed a desire to keep in touch with me, I gave him my mother's address. When I worked in a place long enough I would write home and my mother would forward my mail.

A desire to quit roaming came to me with as much force as the desire to travel had. I began looking for a job that would enable me to settle down. I was walking on a road in Georgia one morning when I met a fellow changing a tire on his car. I spoke to him and he smiled and asked me if I would help him get the casing off the rim. I said yes, and in a little while we had the tire fixed. During this time he told me his name: it was Frank. He asked me where I was from, where I was going, and a lot of other questions. He appeared satisfied with my answers and told me he had been a soldier during the war and had got gassed. The government paid him enough pension for him to live on without working. He explained that his lungs gave him trouble, which made it impossible for him to work.

Frank told me he lived in the town I had just passed through—it was seven miles back—and said he would be glad to have me stay with him and his widowed sister, with whom he was living, until I could find a job. He knew the foreman in the knitting department of the town hosiery mill and thought he could get me a job. To my surprise, his sister did not mind his bringing home a wandering boy to live with them. I seemed to fit into the family from the first and in a week's time it seemed as though we had known each other all our lives.

With Frank's assistance I was able to get a job in the hosiery mill. I was paid 22½ cents an hour while learning to knit. After I had worked six weeks they raised my pay to 25 cents an hour, but not until I reminded them that I was now able to knit.

During this time I tried to pay Frank and his sister for my room and board, but they would not accept anything. They made me buy clothes, and the rest of the money I put in the bank.

A girl lived two doors from us. She was a friend of Frank's sister. I was introduced to her and it happened that we worked in the same department at the mill. We became very good friends and later we were married. I was eighteen years old in April, just before my wife and I were married in May. After our marriage we stayed with my wife's parents until we had saved enough money to start housekeeping. It was not long before I was making from \$16 to \$20 a week. Since my wife was making as much, we decided the time had come to start keeping house.

We rented a small frame house of three rooms for \$10 a month. We furnished the three rooms with the following furniture:

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4 rocking chairs	36.00
1 portable victrola (sale price).	27.50

We paid \$45 down and were to pay the rest in instalments of \$4 a week. My credit was established in the town and I could buy anything I wanted on time. My wife and I had a charge account in the largest department store. We bought an insurance policy which insured us both for the price of one. It cost \$14.85 every three months. Our grocery bill seldom went beyond \$10 a week. I bought a set of books from a publisher, price \$36—\$2 down and \$3 a month. I wanted to get an education. I signed a contract for a correspondence course, price \$75 dollars—\$5 down and \$5 a month. But we did not spend as recklessly as all this reads. We knew the value of money, knew how hard it came into our hands, and treated it accordingly.

My wife and I were happy after we got

our home fixed up as we wanted it. It was a real home. In the mornings my wife would fix breakfast while I made the bed, swept the floor and straightened up the house. After breakfast she washed the dishes while I wiped them and then we were off to work. In the evening, when we came home, my wife cooked supper while I read the newspaper. After supper was over and the dirty dishes washed and put away, I would study on the correspondence course. Or maybe some of the neighbors would come in to play a few games of rook. Rook is a very popular game among mill-workers. We seldom were up after 9 P.M. On Sundays we went to church. I enjoyed the singing, but that was all. I went to please my wife. After church we would visit my wife's parents or eat dinner with some brother or sister-in-law: they were plentiful. My wife has four brothers and three sisters, all married. Or maybe we stayed home and fixed dinner for folks who came to visit us. After dinner was over we played rook until evening church time. All went to church. After church every one went home. My wife and I would come home by ourselves, contented and happy.

III

What I feared happened. The hosiery mill began receiving only enough orders to keep it running two or three days a week. I stopped knitting, for I could not make a living at it, and took a job carrying yarn and silk to the half-hose knitters. It was my job to keep all the yarn separated and see that the knitters ran only the kind of yarn their orders called for. The man who had the job before me was paid \$22 a week. I was paid \$16.50, but I was very glad to get it.

My wife stopped working, as we were expecting a baby in four months. I cut a little off each payment on our debts, though I was able to pay on them all, but I saw I could not make much headway on \$16.50 a week. We had to spend all the money we had in the bank except \$35,

which we agreed to save for the doctor bill that was coming. I talked with every doctor—there were four in the town—and engaged the one whose price was lowest. He charged \$35 while the rest charged \$50. Before the baby came I was compelled to use \$10 of the money to help pay on the insurance. We had paid \$307 on our furniture when we decided we would let it go back to the furniture company, as we were going to break up housekeeping and live with my wife's parents. We saw it was impossible to live as we had. We were fortunate in finding a young couple who agreed to take our furniture and finish paying on it. They gave us \$20 and we signed the contract over to them. Later they got out of work and had to let the furniture go back to the store when lacking only \$63 of having it paid for.

We had been staying with my father-in-law one month when the mill shut down completely. I tried to find other work, but I was unsuccessful. We were unable to keep up our insurance. We dropped it after paying \$44.55 on it. We still owe the department store \$111. I have a grocery bill I carry in my pocketbook. It reads \$18.67, unpaid. A bill for one ton of coal, \$7.50, is also unpaid. The doctor is waiting patiently for his \$10. I owe \$50 on the correspondence course. The last bill I received from the publisher read \$18, and overdue. I owe my father-in-law \$45 cash money. All these bills are overdue one year or longer. They read small enough, but when three people try to live on \$16.50 a week and pay their debts, it is a long drawn out affair. In fact, it's next to impossible.

My wife's father worked in a woolen mill for \$14.80 a week. The four of us, my wife's parents, my wife and I, lived on what the \$14.80 would buy. We thought we were living mighty close, but it was yet for us to see just how little we could live on. Some time after I was thrown out of work I went to Atlanta and got a job in an upholstering shop. I had been away from home only four days when I received a telegram announcing the arrival of our

baby boy. I wanted to see him, but I didn't dare lose the time from work, for we needed the money so badly. I was paid \$15 a week. However, the job lasted only six weeks. As the shop did not make expenses, the owner closed it up. I did not tell the folks I was out of a job for I knew they would send me money and they needed it themselves. I was unable to find other work in Atlanta, so I hit the highway. I was home in two days. My body ached and was very sore, but the pain was eased a bit by the knowledge that I had saved \$5 railroad fare.

The mill began running half time and I was one of the first to go back to work. My wife and I were boarding now, as my wife's parents had moved to Athens, Tenn., one week before. My wife's father had been a farmer, so he and his wife, tired of trying to live in town on such a small amount, decided to move to Athens so my father-in-law could work on a farm.

Soon my wife's parents wrote us that the woolen mill in Athens was in need of weavers, and that we should come to Athens and learn to weave while staying with them. My wife and I saw a chance to learn something different from hosiery mill work, something that would give us work all the year round. It did not take us long to decide to go. We went on the bus and saved \$1.43 on the railroad fare.

On arriving in Athens, I had \$2.50. My father-in-law, after paying for the moving of his furniture, had only fifty cents left. He was working on a farm and was to get \$5 a week. (It seemed as though he had made a bad move.) My wife and I arrived in Athens on a Sunday and went to work Monday, learning to weave. The four of us worked all week and lived on the \$3 that my father-in-law and I had between us. The baby's milk had to be bought also. Our breakfast consisted of biscuits, coffee and jelly that cost fifteen cents a glass. For dinner, we had white dried or brown (pinto) beans, corn bread and water. For supper, we had corn bread and buttermilk.

We did not fare much better in the weeks

that followed, for my wife and I were learning to weave wool and were paid by the piece. I drew for my first week's work only \$1.41, for I had got off only 56½ yards of cloth at 2½ cents a yard. The second week I made \$2.71; the third week, \$5.59; the fourth week, \$9.76, and the fifth week, \$7.52. I copy the pay record. My wife earned a bit more than I did.

The house we are living in today is a small frame house of two rooms and a small kitchen. The rent is \$10 a month. The only convenience is a hydrant in the kitchen. As for the bathtub, it hangs on a nail on the back of the house when not in use.

The house was used for a meat market until it burned down, and it had been repaired only three weeks when my father-in-law rented it. However, the fire did no damage to the large sign painted across the outside of the house. It reads:

Meat
Market
Poultry Phone 40
Butter and Eggs

The landlord has promised to have it painted, but it is not painted yet.

IV

Each weaver has two looms to run. A loom is a machine for making cloth. There is a large spool called a warp beam, which is placed at the rear of the loom. When the beam is wound full of threads and installed in a loom it is called a warp. This warp or thread runs lengthwise in the loom and is crossed by filling. Filling is spun wool or cotton wound on a bobbin, which is placed in a shuttle. The shuttle is a small box fourteen inches long and one and a half inches wide. The shuttle is hollowed out so that the bobbin fits into it and it tapers to a point at each end, which is capped with steel that is ground to a needle point. There is a shuttle box on each side of the loom which holds the shuttles while they are not in motion.

Looms run from one to six shuttles, depending on the kind of weave and

pattern to be made. When the loom is in motion, a shuttle is automatically hit by a stick which sends it along on a groove running through the warp. It is caught in the other end of the loom by the shuttle box, which drops down just as soon as the shuttle lands in it. There is another box on top of that box containing another shuttle, and it is likewise hit by a stick and slides along the same groove through the warp to the other end of the loom, where in turn, it drops down, making ready for the next shuttle to come by.

Sometimes the shuttle box hangs or does not drop and two shuttles are hit at the same time, one from each side of the loom, and they meet in the middle of the warp. As a rule they break out about a foot of warp, which takes an hour to tie back in. As there is nothing to hold the shuttles after they hit with their terrific speed, they are apt to cover twenty-five to thirty feet unless stopped by hitting something, and frequently it is a person. The fear of being hit by a shuttle and the nerve-racking noise created by the loom sticks hitting the shuttles certainly had me ill at ease for a while.

It is not unusual to see a girl or woman crying because her patience has been exhausted trying to run her loom with a bad warp. A bad warp keeps a loom standing most of the time, as the weaver has to tie in so many threads. The men don't cry. They cuss.

There is just so much any machine can do, no matter how complicated it is, and any person of average intelligence or less can in time learn to operate it. I made

\$16.17 last week. I wove ten bolts of cloth. The best weavers never exceed eleven bolts in one week. Next week I will draw \$8.32. (They hold a week's pay.) I had to wait on filling, and one loom was broken all day, and that's the way it goes. One week a fair pay day, the next week not so good.

Barring accidents, I may be weaving five years from now, and ten, and twenty, but not thirty years from now. I'll be only fifty years old then but my eyes will be too weak to see how to weave. If I am still in the mill, I will get the job of sweeping the floor or carrying filling, or some other minor job that requires only a weak mind and a back hardened to pain. I have not exaggerated the picture. An ordinary mill hand is supposed to be content with his lot and the bosses higher up do not look for material in the rank and file for promotion.

I am still ambitious to advance myself to a better job which will pay me more and enable my wife to quit working. Instead of worrying about the bills I owe, as I used to, I spend my time studying and preparing myself for a job which will pay me enough to pay my debts. However, I am not blind to the fact that high-school and college graduates get the pick of the jobs. A man must possess unusual ability to rise above and against such odds. Whether or not I possess it remains to be seen.

I have a good wife and a few books, and I delight in playing with our baby. He is just beginning to walk and tries to tell me what it is all about with every other breath. If it were not for them, I'd hit the highway before daybreak and I would be headed North.

THE BROWN STALLION

BY H. L. DAVIS

HE WAS a registered German coach stallion, turned four years, with muscles like currents of a stream slipping across one another without a sound or a hitch. His hide was as firm and slick as the face of a pond; not shaggy and burr-tailed, like that of the work-horses. He stayed in a box-stall by himself, because when they let him out with the cow-ponies and work-stock he tried to kill them. That was merely stallion instinct, for he didn't dislike them; indeed, the loneliness of being kept away from them tortured him. He would stand listening all day for the horses coming in from work, and begin plunging and whinnying when they were still a mile away. When they trailed past his stall, he would crowd himself into his window until the sills bent like bows, and stand nickering after them half the night.

His eagerness was pitiful, but the work-horses paid no attention to it, except to shy off going by his stall. They didn't care whether he took on about them or not. He was beautiful and they were homely, and they well knew that, for all his fuss over them, he would kill them if he ever got a chance. Even the mares shambled past hanging their lower lips as if they didn't care if he fretted himself to death. For all the good he did in the world, he might as well have. The boss had imported him from Europe, in a spasm of public spiritedness, to improve the Eastern Oregon horse-strain. A set of neighboring cattlemen agreed—or he thought they did—to whack up on the expense. But when he came, they all backed out and left him on the boss's hands. He had cost too much to shoot and

he was not broken to work, so he lived in his box-stall in idleness and loneliness, and the boss advertised him for sale, and cursed whenever the sagebrush weeklies sent in their bills.

To add to his forlornness, the men would have nothing to do with him, either. A tubercular half-breed named Sitkum fed, watered and handled him, but Sitkum did it grudgingly, and nobody else took any notice of him at all, except, when he startled them by whinnying unexpectedly, to wish that somebody would knock him in the head. Sympathy for dumb animals is a weakness that cow-hands aren't bothered with, anyway. But I was young, and it did bother me. The stallion, I thought, was getting a dirty deal, and it was not his fault. Why should he have to suffer because the boss had palavered himself into a useless investment? Being neglected was an unjust punishment, and I decided, since nobody else would have any traffic with him, to befriend him myself.

It was in the middle of haying, and all the hands were gone. The cook was busy indoors, and the half-breed roustabout was asleep in the haystack, soaking in the sun. The stallion had his head out of his window, waiting to trumpet when he heard the horses coming. I lounged over and reached out my hand to stroke his nose, feeling like the bearer of a beautiful surprise. It was one, but it was I who got it. The stallion struck at me with his naked teeth so fast that, though he missed the flesh, he got the sleeve out of my shirt before I could even quit feeling benevolent. I fell down, and got muck in my hair and down my neck. The stallion looked out

over me without appearing to care whether he had killed me or not. He didn't want my friendship, but the horses'. They didn't want his, and now I was glad of it. If I hadn't been afraid that I would have to pay for him, I would have killed him. It would have taken that to even me with him. He had almost scared me to death.

I got up, thankful that nobody had seen me, and the half-breed roustabout came up behind me while I was dusting the dirt off myself. He wore moccasins, and I didn't hear him until he coughed on my back and upset my nerves all over again. His cough sounded more like a subterranean gong than like anything out of a human pulmonary system. I jumped and looked silly, and he took in what I had been up to. He was dying of consumption; his eyes were dry and black, his flesh was as bloodless as rawhide, and he picked up my shirtsleeve and threw it at me, glaring as if he wished I had been killed. In a shallow, gasping whisper he told me that if I fooled around his horse any more I *would* be. Not by the stallion, either. He didn't mind my having failed to befriend the brute; what made him savage was that I had tried to.

"You *potlatch* dead!" he said, losing his breath at every word, and keeping between me and the stall. "*Dead! Muerte! Keel!* You no good! *Kuitan te nika!*"

He thought I was scheming to take his job away from him. He stayed on the payroll only because nobody else wanted to fool with the stallion, and he didn't want me trying to steal a stand-in, for fear I might beat him out. It was the only thing he did, and it meant that he could spend almost all of his time asleep in the sun. It wasn't all laziness that made him anxious to hold on to it, either. I don't suppose that he would have wanted to work, anyway, but, in his stage of consumption, he couldn't. He was too near dead.

His threats didn't bother me, and, when he stopped in a fit of coughing, I told him that I wanted nothing to do with his job, or his stallion, either. What did bother me was the thought that he might go ped-

dling the story of how I had dived into the stable muck. I tried to explain to him that, if he would keep that to himself, he could have his stallion and be damned to both of them, but I couldn't beat it into his head. All he could see was that, as long as I stayed there, his job was in danger. Explaining did no good, for the punchers had lied to him so much for fun that he had quit believing anything. I promised solemnly never to come near the brown stallion again as long as I lived, and he showed how much stock he took in my word by shooing the stallion back inside his stall and stopping the window with a plank shutter. Then he planted himself in front of it as if ready to stand off an assault. He breathed painfully, and his eyes were dry and dull like bits of charred wood.

There was no chance of getting him to understand terms, let alone agree to any, and I went to the house to eat. I had given him my promise, and that might settle him down when it got soaked into his head. And, even if he did take a notion to tell how foolish I had looked, there was nobody on the ranch to tell it to except the boss, who objected to hearing the stallion mentioned, and the cook, with whom he was never on speaking terms. A bargain with him would have made me feel easier; still, the way things turned out, it was as well I hadn't struck one, for when I got to the dining-room I talked myself out of all I had offered for my side of it, and into the very job I had promised the half-breed I would let alone. I pinned myself to the contract of driving the stallion in harness, and, talking still wilder, of breaking him so the feeblest living man could wool him around like a bird-dog.

II

The man who baited me into it was the cook. His was one of the two specialists' jobs, the other belonging to the half-breed. The two men were so different that they might have belonged to different species. Sitkum was grayish-yellow gristle, beard-

less, like all Indians, and taciturn. The cook's face, behind a seal-colored mustache so enormous that he appeared to manage it only with an effort, was as white as lard, and he talked at a trot all the time. Sunlight, in which the half-breed slept as much as he could, the cook detested. He went out of doors so little that he had almost got out of the habit of wearing shoes, and went about in cotton socks except when he was making a bluff at resigning, or when his wife and children came to visit him.

They came regularly once a month. That meant a week's trip, going and coming, from Thief Creek, where the wife held down a homestead. Their visit lasted but one day and one night, the boss having so ruled because, even in that time, they ate as much as a crew of twenty men. It was not that they were starved, but merely that they enjoyed food. Their looks showed it. How the pale, soft-meated cook could have sired such a set of burly, rubber-bellied, cow-voiced infants will always stump me to account for. There were seven of them, all alike except in size. They looked something like their mother, and a great deal like barrels haired over on top. Their hair was coarse and whitish, their eyes fat and narrow, and their mouths enormous and loud. It was hard to believe that the cook had ever really taken a good look at them, to see what they did look like.

He had, however, and he was proud of them. When they came, he put on his shoes, locked everything up, and, with his wife carefully adjusted on his arm, took them for a walk about the ranch. To see them trailing behind that whey-faced little meat-burner, who looked as if he would melt away in the sun like a sliver of suet, was outrageous. What was he doing at the head of those purple-cheeked, muscle-bound brats? How had he ever managed to convince himself that they were his?

His wife, I suppose, was enough to have dispelled all suspicion. She was very large and bulgy, with tow hair and bright scar-

let face, and the simple exuberance in life of a quart of fresh-picked huckleberries. The seducer who tackled her would have had to be wicked beyond the capacity of humanity. To carry it through, not once, but seven successive times, was simply outside earthly cussedness. No, they were the cook's, unquestionably.

They were as proud of it as he was. The simplicity with which the whole retinue took it for granted that their father was the chief stud-buzzard of the place was so frank and matter-of-fact that it embarrassed one to listen to them.

"There!" he would say, deploying them from column into line in front of the horse-corral. "That animal yonder is the best work-brute on the outfit. He's got blood in him, that horse has."

It might be some decrepit old hay-hauling plug; that made no difference, for they didn't look at the horse, anyway, but at their father.

"I bet it takes you to git the work out of him, don't it, pa?" one of the children would bray worshipfully, and the others would chip in with admiring growls until he ordered them to be still.

"Never take that attitude with a horse," he would warn them. "That ain't the way to succeed with 'em. You need kindness. Show 'em who's boss, of course. . . . Now, here's a new rawhide rope we got in the other day. Injun braidin', eight strands, sixty foot long. That cost money, that rope did."

The children would gawp at him reverently, and make response.

"I bet you could shake rings with that rope, couldn't you, pa?"

"Of course not," he would say, hurriedly, for fear somebody might be listening. "I ain't handled a rope for over eighteen years. Shut up, now. . . . Here's a saddle. Them mountin's are solid plated silver. Them's carved flowers, too—done with a knife, by hand. Wild roses."

They would dab at it carefully, ask the expected question, be told that of course he didn't buckaroo, because he was all out

of practice, and follow him to the next show-piece. They never looked at anything until he had pointed it out to them, and they never loitered over anything that he had left. They were religiously obedient, kept their single file well-closed, stopped when he did, touched things only when he told them they might, and never bothered or had anything to do with any of the hands. Nobody amounted to anything except their father, so why waste a visit on anybody else?

It was the stallion that upset the system. The cook led the parade his way by accident, and, when he wanted to move on, they wouldn't stir. Even the red-faced woman balked. They formed a circle around the stall-window, and stared.

The stallion didn't mind. Admiration neither gratified nor bothered him. But the cook did. It was not only that he wanted the admiration for himself, but that he was afraid of the stallion. And yet he couldn't explain that to them without losing their worship, which he wanted; even, no doubt, needed.

He set supper on the table and laid his trouble before me, while my own experience with the murderous brute was still worrying my mind.

"They're gone," he said, to my inquiry about his family. "It's an awful thing to say, but I'm glad of it. I didn't enjoy a minute of it. I ain't had an enjoyable visit with 'em since I don't remember when."

I wondered whether he had come to realize what kind of looking litter he had fathered. He hadn't, of course. It was the stud-horse that had spoiled everything.

"They git there, and stand and stand," he said. "I can't git 'em away. They won't even take time to say two words to me any more. Nothing but lallygag at that devilish stud-horse. I don't know what to do."

"What do they want of him?" I asked.

The cook lifted the pan of dishwater off the stove, knelt down and poured it through a knothole in the floor, remaining silent until it was all gone. Then he sopped up the floor with his apron.

"They want to pat his nose!" he whispered. "It's all I can do to keep 'em held back from tryin' it."

I asked, dishonestly, why he wanted to hold them back.

"Because I ain't raised 'em and worked myself out of health for 'em to have 'em killed," said the cook. "That stud bites like a rattler. If you or me laid a hand on him, he'd have it bit off before you could say scat! He'd kill 'em!"

I didn't like being grouped with him or his children, and I pretended a lie. "He wouldn't kill me," I said. "Let him try it! I'd clock him with a pitchfork handle."

"You would, hey?" cried the cook. "He'd chew you up and spit you a mile! That horse takes a mean man to handle! You ain't mean. And you ain't a man, either!"

He added, apologetically, that one wasn't a man until twenty-one, but I was roiled, and I went too far. I said I would work the stallion to harness, or break him to jump through a hoop, or anything else I took a notion to. Instead of arguing back, the cook grew wistful.

"I wish to God you, or somebody, would!" he said. "I've tried to persuade that half-breed. . . . He don't like me; nor my children either. . . . I love my children," he added, almost apologetically. "If anything happened to 'em, it would kill me. I wish that stud-horse——"

He stopped, and scrambled dishes into the cupboard. The boss had come into the kitchen, and stood behind me listening. I wondered how long he had been there. Too long, it appeared.

"I've got a job for you," he said, ignoring the cook, as he always did. "A chance to try the stallion in harness. It's time he was doing something to pay for his keep, and it seems an ambition of yours to work him."

I said, hurriedly, that there wasn't any other horse to work with him. I was thinking of double harness, and he stopped that coldly.

"You can work him single," he said.

"It's nothing but raking hay. If he can't do that alone, I'll have him destroyed. It'll give you a chance to rub some manners into him. . . . Do you want to do it or not?"

I was fourteen years old. The question was not whether I wanted the job or not, but whether I wanted to back down on a brag. I said I would go. Other men in the country had been killed handling horses; good men, some of them, too. Maybe I would be remembered as a good man out of luck, instead of as a youth who talked too much. It was the best I could hope for; the stallion, I knew, would butcher me. Why not speak up, say so, and call off the contract? I thought of doing it, and couldn't. The boss was describing the hay homestead and how to find it; the morning, I thought, would be a better time to crawl, and I let him get away thinking I was bowlegged with nerve, when the truth was I didn't have any.

I lay awake all night thinking of getting killed and inventing speeches to get myself out of it. I couldn't make any of them sound actual. The reason was that I knew none of them would ever be delivered. In the morning I got up and went to breakfast, prepared to drive the stallion and die.

III

The cook had fried four eggs for me, which gave breakfast something of the tone of a hanging-meal; eggs were so scarce, on account of the coyotes, that only desperately injured men got them. They did very little good, except to the cook, who as good as told me that they put me under obligations to him, and that only bringing the stallion back tame would square us. I was too nervous to eat them. When I left the table, the cook ran and peeped through the front window to see me drive away.

The half-breed had the stallion harnessed, and stood at his head waiting. I didn't have the nerve to look at him, but I could feel that he was murderously angry. He said nothing, and stood squarely rigid,

instead of swaying listlessly or staggering with a cough. Taking the reins from his hands, I noticed that he was as cold as ice. I would have been willing to suspect he had doctored the stallion to make sure of getting me killed, except that there was no reason why he needed to. The start alone almost finished me. He let go the bit and jumped clear before I had set my feet, and I travelled the first half-mile balancing and grabbing to keep from going under the stallion's hoofs.

He went as if he had a burr under his tail; not pulling the hayrake so much as yanking it in great fierce swoops. The road to the homestead was nothing but a wagon-track, littered with boulders. I couldn't guide him, or do anything but fight to stay on. After hours of that, I discovered that he had made a wheel and was carrying me back to the ranch. We were on the hill above the barnyard before I could collect enough strength to pull his head round and turn him. We had been travelling all morning then, and every jump he took making up our lost ground banged me down against the rake-seat hard enough to raise a bruise. He was playing to frighten me into giving up and going home. If he hadn't started by beating me half-senseless, I probably would have done it. As it was, I rode the bumps, hung on, and hoped he would fall dead. The hayrake thumped across the boulders like a tin can tied to a dog. My legs and arms went perfectly numb, and I was battered and bloody from waist to ankle.

I held the reins by keeping them wrapped round my wrists, and I guided by throwing my dead weight from one rein to the other. When the feeling went out of my legs, the pain let up so that I could philosophize as I bounced. The deal struck me as ironical. Here was the stallion, who wanted to go back to his stall and do nothing, charging across the country at a dead run in spite of all I could do to stop him; and here was I, who didn't want to drive him or have anything to do with him, pounding myself to a pulp to keep from losing him.

And on what account? Nothing, so far as I could see, but the cook—a little, clatter-mouthed, insignificant, belly-robbing cook whom everybody despised and made fun of. This was what he wanted, and I was doing it for no other reason than that he wanted it.

It got late. The sun sank, and the red-gray plain pitched into a lake of shadow. The sky, from a close, not very clean blue ceiling, swelled up into a great trembling bubble of blue-whitish light. That was another irony. Why did I have to put up with such misery, when everything else in sight was lying out quietly under that beauty? The dark was wretcheder still, for there were as many boulders, and I couldn't see them until we hit them. The stallion had not broken a run during the whole day. He only slackened when the moon came up on a white hayfield, and then, probably, because he smelled water.

It was the hay homestead, and pure luck to have found it, for I had lost the road and all track of everything except keeping my toes locked on the axle and the stallion pointed to where he didn't want to go. He turned into the place himself, which was more luck, for I couldn't have guided him to save me. It was the water that drew him. It was a spring at the bottom of a steep hole, fenced to keep stock from falling in. He stopped with his nose over the fence, and I fell off and lay on the ground.

Not only all the feeling, but all the strength was gone out of my legs. It must have been half an hour before I could make them bear my weight. The stallion was almost as badly off, for he had travelled at full pelt since early morning. He was plastered with lather, and the thumping of his heart jarred the ground under me. I got up, expecting him to shy from me, but he didn't offer to move. He wanted water. I rummaged about the cabin and found a rusty bucket for him to drink out of. Having swigged out of the spring until I felt on the point of foundering myself, I dipped it and crawled back through the fence.

He came after the bucket without wait-

ing to be unbridled. I knew that the bit in his mouth would make him waste half the water, and, forgetting what he did when strangers monkeyed with his head, I reached to unbuckle the throat-latch. He backed with the rake, reared in the shafts, and struck with his forefeet. The wind of them blew down my ear with a click. An inch closer either way, and he would have had my brains in the grass.

He wasn't altogether to blame, being impatient with thirst; but I had stood too much from him already to be fair. I threw the water-bucket over the fence, worked a rein loose from the back-ring, and snubbed down to the post so hard his nostrils flapped on the wood. It took some time, for I was weak and he was stubborn, so I could only work his head down a couple of inches at a time. When it was done, I cinched the dally with seven hard knots and went into the homestead cabin to sleep. It was nearer a dizzy-brained stupor than a sleep, and, after a couple or three hours, the pain in my bruised legs hurt so I woke up. It was about dawn. The sky was filling with light, and I was too tired to move. I lay hurt, watching the stallion through the door.

He wasn't making out very well. The spring, being twelve-months' water, drew all the prowling animals, and they scared him. He would wind a strange smell, and plunge and rip and fight trying to break loose and run from it. A couple of coyotes loped out of the sagebrush, dropped over the fence close to him, and lapped out of the spring. A big gray owl thumped down on to a post, scaring them away, and the stallion went into a suicidal frenzy. If the rein held, I made sure he would either yank the fence up by the roots or fracture his neck. Everything held, though, during that fit and a worse one which he threw over a small wildcat which ran away without drinking, alarmed by the straining and plunging and snorting.

It alarmed me, too. He banged himself into the fence as if he wanted to dive through it bodily. Every time he hit it, I

looked for it to smash, and, if it did, he was as good as dead, for he would be sure to foul one of the splintered poles and gut himself. It didn't seem to matter to him whether he got killed or not. It did to me. He had such beauty that the terror which made him try to destroy it seemed bigger than nature. The sound he made in his fear was nothing compared to the feeling I had of being overshadowed by a tremendous fear. There was no sense in it; he ripped at the fence-poles in a perfect rage of fury to get away from a little porcupine; yet it was so big that being so close to it made me uneasy.

I thought of going out and cutting him loose, so he could relieve his fright by running, and not upset me with it. But, when I undertook to get up, my trousers had stiffened with blood till they were like boards, and stuck to the raw bruises on my legs. The agony of pulling them loose drove me almost as crazy as the stallion. I decided to put up with him rather than go on with it. The sky was filling with light; it was at the stage when one could see that there was as much space behind the stars as in front of them, and the stallion stood quiet. Either he had at last given out, I thought, or the animals had quit moving. I turned over against the wall, and heard him begin a new struggle with his tether. This time, however, he was not frightened. He whinnied, a frantic blast that could have been heard for miles, and, from a long way off, got an answer. The wild horse-herd was coming, and he whinnied again for them to hurry up. The floor under me began to jar faintly with the rhythm of their hoofs as they came on.

IV

They came massed on a wide front, with a broad yellow sheet of dust bellying out behind them like a cavalry standard. From their formation, I judged they intended to charge and sweep the stallion bodily away with them. They do sometimes charge staked horses, but this time they fooled

me. Instead of holding their column, they slowed, shied off, and went past in single file at a cautious gallop. The last straggling colt had gone stilting past before they even let on to notice the brown stallion at all. Then they all stopped, smelled the wind, and came trotting back.

The stallion had been doing his best to call himself to notice. He slewed the hayrake into the fence, tugged at his strap till his headbones cracked, and, when he thought the herd had passed him up, trumpeted after them pitifully. He would have been better off if they had. They made a circle round him, reminding me of the cook's family, and the herd-leader, a little scrubby black stallion with one ear, walked close to him and looked him over. It was a contrast—the cayuse rat-tailed, muddy, patch-haired, angular, with burrs in his mane and scars of old fights all over him. Even as he stood, the brown stallion was worth twenty of him and looked it. The cayuse saw it, too. He inspected the stallion head and heel, and then, seeing it was safe, reared, squealed, and tore a long gash in his sleek brown quarter with his hoofs.

I ran out, tearing my stiffened trousers loose from my legs, and yelling and waving my arms without realizing how damnable it hurt. The wild herd let out a snort and ran. Their yellow banner of dust raised and went over the ridge after them, and the brown stallion trembled and nickered to himself. It was the first time he had ever been fleshed, and the pain scared him. I felt, suddenly and clearly, that I could get the best of him, after all. I could stand more than he could. My legs were worse hurt than his quarter. I had lost over twice as much skin, and was bruised to the bone besides. He had done it, and he hadn't beaten me down. Partly because the enormousness of his fear had made me so uncomfortable, and partly because he had called out to the wild horses with such confidence, as if I had ceased to have any control over him, I felt pitiless. He had tried to bully me. I would show him some bullying of my own. I went and opened the

gate to the hayfield, and cut a willow sapling for a whip. We would go out and rake hay until one of us fell over.

Perhaps it was the stallion's nervousness, or it may have been that, in the excitement of having found a good determination, I moved abruptly to loosen him; at any rate, when the strap came loose from the post, he went up on his hind-legs and tried to break my hold on the reins. I held on and waited for him to come down, feeling, not resentful, but merely impatient for him to get through and let me get down to business. I jumped on the rake, and, when he made a lunge, I pointed him for the hayfield gate and welted his skinned rump with the whip. He went through it in two jumps, and we began to rake hay.

It was probably the most frantic job of hayraking in the history of agriculture. He hit a gallop, and, whenever he tried to slack from it, I pasted him a couple more. It was hard ground to hold the gait in—deep, soft, with a topping of cut hay to wade through. The dust must have made his thirst worse, too. I had finally to whale him continuously, and he lumbered and shed great wet hunks of lather into the stubble. I spent the time shuttling between pity for him and spite for the way he had acted every time I had offered to be decent. My trouser-legs were stiff with dried blood, and as rough as files, and he had done it. Whenever they raked my raw legs, I put the gad to him again. He was unearthly strong, or he would have fallen dead. By sundown we had the field laid off in windrows, such as they were; but, instead of knocking off, I started crisscrossing, raking them into bunches.

Sundown came, as it had done on the runaway. Then it got too dark to see anything, and I raked by guess and whipped where I could hear him panting. It was cruel, but it was no picnic for me, either. My bruises bled again until blood squelched in my boots. The pain was worse than it had been, or than I had imagined I could stand. Yet the bruises from the runaway had hurt me horribly, whereas now I

didn't mind them. Pain even gave me a kind of satisfaction, for, if it was bad with me, it must be torturing the stallion unbelievably, and that was what I wanted. He was thirstier than I, and sleepier than I; he hadn't had anything to eat, and I had; and he had to run and pull the hayrake, while I had nothing to do but sit on it and whip. I got lost in the dark, strayed all over the field, and tore up windrows it had taken hours to make. When the moon came up and discovered the damage, I didn't mind. I wasn't working to rake hay, but to beat down the stallion.

He had slacked to a trot, and was slowing in that, when the rake struck a boulder that he couldn't pull over. He tried, and then lay down in the shafts. When I got off, I fell and couldn't get up. My legs and arms were dead. I felt certain the stallion was dying, but I couldn't move to raise his head out of the dust. After a long time, I felt that I could get up, but I was afraid to try it for fear I should find some horrible incurable injury about myself. A muscle cut in two, perhaps. I had some that felt as if they were. While I lay trying to stiffen my nerve, the stallion got up. He didn't offer to leave, but stood in the stubble while the light came into the sky all over again. Likely he was too dead beat to move, or likely he remembered the prowling animals, and decided he was better off where he was.

I got up, and, since my legs hurt so infernally, decided not to get back on the hayrake. When I walked through the windrows to the homestead cabin, the stallion breathed deep and followed me. I unbuckled his bridle at the fence, but he didn't shy, or move, even when I took the bit out of his mouth, bringing with it a rind of hot, bluish skin from his lips and tongue. I got the rusty bucket and watered him, and piled hay against the fence. When I went into the homestead cabin, he nickered and fidgeted until I came out again. It made him nervous to be left alone. I sat in the door and looked at him, and he looked back as mildly as an old plow-plug.

The excitement of overcoming his strength was going down, and my nerves raced all the faster because they had nothing solid to grind on. The stallion was broken, I thought; he was a tame horse; my feeling that there was an incurable injury had been right; there was one; not in me, but in the stallion.

He was gentle now; as well-broken as any tub-footed old harness-plug in the country. He would probably be put to haul hay with one, and the hay-hands would doctor his harness-galls with axle-grease, or a handful of dust rubbed into his raw flesh. The suet-faced, milk-muscled little cook had his wish. Now he could strut out and bully the stallion to show off before his big-mouthed, bawling children and his scarlet, flapping wife. The tubercular half-breed would lose his job and have to go to work. That, I didn't particularly mind. Treating him kindly was no particular object to me. Yet I had lied to him, and he could blame me for it. Not that I was to blame. I had worked the stallion out on the hayfield, but only after the country itself had already worn him to a peak. Alone, I could never have done it, for he had me topped. Nothing could have broken him but the country itself.

If he had been a common scrub, it would

have let him alone, no doubt, and he could have lived in it, strange to it as he was, without ever feeling its weight and its brutality. He was too strong and too splendid. The boss, in ordering the finest stallion that money could buy, had shopped too well. A punier and homelier horse would have suffered infinitely less, and, for a work-brute, would have been as good or better. A punier and homelier horse might even have escaped the envy of the weak, timid little cook. It was only beauty that got in the way of these things, and suffered from them.

With every grain of my conscience, I knew that I was not to blame for it. Yet I could not have felt worse if I had been. It was almost as if I had been injured by smallness, too, and knew how shameful and irretrievable its injuries were. If I had broken his spirit single-handed, if I had tortured him till he went insane, I couldn't have looked at the poor tame brute with more remorse and horror than I felt when, harnessing him to go home, he lowered his head and opened his mouth for the bit anxiously, trying not to flinch his wounded lips from the iron. I fumbled for his mouth with it, and he still held it ready, until the blood from his torn flesh welled up into a round, dark drop.

EPISODE IN AN ARTIST'S LIFE

BY LEONARD HALL

DUTCH PARKS, the city editor, and I went out to my room after work one blistering July afternoon and had two hookers of adolescent rye.

After the second Dutch said, "Let's go up and call on Hubert Flint," and I said "Fine! Let's go!"

Hubert Flint was the leading male movie star of the world. At the moment he was in our mid-Western town with a small company, taking scenes for a new picture that would be finished in the great foundries on the Pacific Coast.

Flint was under contract to make three pictures a year. Pash opera, the trade called them; they were filled with acrobatic love-making and erotic tableaux. For his labors he received \$5,000 a week.

His mail was enormous. Huge bags of scented notes from smothered spinsters and moonstruck girls fell daily upon his studio. Crazy women stalked him on the streets, sued him for breach of imaginary promise, waylaid him at the gate of his canyon home, and even went so far as to thunder upon the portal, demanding entrance in the holy name of love.

Dutch and I, a couple of small town boys, had met the star and had liked him immediately.

He was six feet tall, slim and blond, and for all his mauling at feminine hands and all his own predilection for amorous dalliance, turned out to be frank and frolicksome, and as mighty at the convivial jug as at love.

"He's a regular guy!" all the newspaper boys said.

So Dutch and I went over to the Cosmic Hotel, were announced, and rode up to the

suite Flint shared with his director, Frank Busby.

Dutch pounded on the door and shouted, "Hey! It's Dutch Parks and Joe Ryan!"

The portal opened like the lid of a jack-in-the-box and Flint shot out, dressed in lounging-robe, socks and slippers.

Behind him was Busby, grinning.

Without a word Flint dived at Dutch's legs, and both went down in a heap.

"My God!" I thought. "There goes ten million dollars' worth of movie actor!"

But they got up with no bones broken, and we went into the rooms, the actor with an arm around each of us.

On the table in the centre of the living-room were two bottles of whiskey, a lot of charged water, ice and glasses.

"Have a drink," said Flint. "Scotch or rye?"

As movie critic, hotel reporter and columnist, it was my turn to speak.

"I'll have rye, please," I said.

"The same for me," said Dutch.

Busby made four highballs. I could see that he and Flint had already had a few, just to pick them up from location.

"Well, over the river!" said Flint.

"Skip the gutter!" we replied, and drank.

"My God, it's hot in this town," said Flint, mopping his yellow head. "We were out in that damn sun four hours this afternoon, shooting around the old Dobbs house. Nothing like a two thousand mile location trip just to get the real McCoy, hey Frank?"

"You said a mouthful," said Busby, sucking a piece of ice.

"Have a drink," said Flint.

The house telephone rang, and the star answered.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he called nervously. "Oh yes. Send her right up."

"It's that what's-her-name girl from the *Sun-Star*," he said. "My God, have I got to get arty now? She's one of these dames who call pictures 'the cinema.' Oh Lord Almighty!"

"Aren't you going to put on any more clothes?" asked Busby.

"Oh, the hell with her! Give her a thrill!"

Miss What's-her-name of the *Sun-Star* came in, and her eyes got as big as saucers when she saw Flint's bare legs beneath his dressing-gown.

It was almost like beholding God in His undershirt. She was awed, but game.

"Have a drink," said Flint.

Soon the lady reporter had the star backed into a corner, and we could hear her mooing about camera angles and nuances.

Flint was seeing her and raising her a blue chip.

"Isn't he a darb?" said Busby. "He hates all that hooley, but he has to put up with it sometimes. Highbrow reporters expect all that bunk. Nobody can stop old Hubert. But he's just a happy ham at heart."

A few more people drifted in. There were two or three newspaper men, their tongues hanging out. Movie actors, lobbyists and press agents are always fair game for journalistic drink-cadgers, and they can whiff liquor through a brick wall.

Flint finally broke away from the soulful *Sun-Star* girl, and she quickly fluttered out.

He came over to Dutch and me.

"Thank God *that's* over!" he said. "What tripe! You could put all the art in pictures in your eye and have room for a clinker! And take me! Why do I have to stand for all that boloney? I'm just an actor that got a lot of good breaks, that's all. I hate pictures and I hate picture people, but who can laugh off five grand a week? Make me a drink, will you,

Frankie? Then I raise the devil, and loaf, and squawk about my stories, and can they fire me? Not those pants-pressers! I mean the do-re-mi at the ticket-wagon, that's why they can't fire me, the dirty little lice!"

Flint tugged manfully at his highball, ran one hand through his taffy-colored thatch, and scowled at the ceiling. The passion flower of the silver screen was fading on its wilting stem. His eyes were glazing.

The rum-hounds of the press said goodbye, and left.

"There goes nothing," murmured the star, sinking deeper into a big chair. "The door opened, and nobody walked out. Let's all have another."

"An' love. Where do I get off with love? Believe it or not, I'm always waiting for a street car! My girl thinks I carry on with all the dizzy wenches that chase me. They chase me and I chase you, my pretty little damosel!"

He wagged a reproving finger at a photograph in a silver frame.

"It can't be long now," whispered Busby.

Flint's head fell forward on his wish-bone.

"Myra, oh my Myra!" he sing-songed. "Though Summer skies are blue—morn-ing brings the sunrise, love, but nothing brings me you!"

"Myra's his girl," whispered the director.

We knew it. The name was that of a lily of the films.

"Myra—oh, my Myra!" mumbled Flint, and went to sleep.

"Well, there you have it. Grab his feet, boys!" said Busby. The three of us carried five million dollars' worth of actor into the bedroom and laid him on the bed.

"He's got a personal appearance tonight at nine-thirty," said Dutch, looking down at the body. "He'll never make it!"

"Oh, won't he!" said his boss. "You don't know this guy. He bounces back like a tennis ball. You boys drop in around

eight-thirty and we'll all go down to the theatre together."

"What a lad!" said Dutch, as we went confusedly out of the lobby and dispersed in all directions.

"He'll never in the world make that show. And ten thousand dames will be battling to see the hottest lover on the screen!"

II

At eight-thirty that evening Dutch and I, collected by a little food, went back to the Flint suite at the Cosmic, and Busby let us in.

"Come on in, boys," he said cheerily. "You're just in time to see what this baby will do for his public with a little help."

A big pot of coffee stood on a table, and there was a tureen of thick soup.

"Work in the hot sun all day, and then a few drops of alcohol before dinner," said Busby. "It ain't right."

We took off our coats and went into the bedroom. Flint still lay on the bed like a dead man. But he looked remarkably nice and boyish as he lay there sleeping.

"Run a cold tub, will you, Dutch?" said the director.

Busby and I hauled Flint into a sitting position on the edge of his bed, and got off his dressing-gown.

"Myra—oh, my Myra!" he murmured.

"Come on, big stiff!" yelled Busby into his ear. "Hit the deck! Boots and saddles!"

With that he hit Flint a slap in the face that could have been heard down the hall.

The actor's eyes opened slightly; then closed again.

"Hey! Your public, big boy, your public! On your toes! Everybody up and dance!"

He cuffed Flint again.

"My public, oh my public!" muttered the star, sleepily.

"Get his other arm," Busby ordered, and the two of us marched him into the bathroom and soused him into the tub of stinging cold water, head and all.

He came up spitting and snorting, and

for a few seconds the air was purple with language.

"What in the hell is this all about?" he bawled.

"You've got a personal appearance in less than an hour, that's what it's about. And you're on your way, if I have to carry you."

"You don't have to drown me!" screamed Flint, and scrambled out of the tub. Like a shot, Busby was on him with a big rough towel.

"You're due at the theatre any time," said Frank, going over his star like a hostler. "Get his dressing-gown, Joe. Now you pour some coffee and soup into you, and we'll shove off."

Flint forgot he was angry, and broke into a grin.

"My public, oh my public!" he chanted. "My silly old public! A Flint never throws down his silly old public. And here I am, tired as an old horse and tight as a new boot!"

He threw back his head and laughed like young Bacchus, his teeth shining.

"Shut up and eat," ordered Busby. "We'll help you into your clothes."

In twenty minutes Hubert Flint was dressed faultlessly and had drunk a quart of blistering coffee and eaten a plate of pea soup.

He pulled back his chair, took a deep breath, gave us a flashing smile and stood up, steadying himself.

"Now I'm going to walk, Frankie, oh my Frankie!" he said. And walk he did. Only his eyes betrayed him.

"Am I walking or am I walking, oh my Frankie?" he demanded proudly, strutting stiff-legged up and down the room.

"You're walking," said his director. "Sure you're all right?"

"Do I look crippled, oh my Griffith? Have I one leg, oh my De Mille? How about a little drink, oh my Vidor?"

"One drink, and only one drink," said Busby, "and we blow. Call a cab, will you, Dutch?"

Flint poured three fingers of Scotch into

a tumbler and drank it off neat. I could hear Dutch ordering a taxi.

And I could almost hear lines of braided flunkies in the lobby passing the call from lip to lip.

"Cab for Mr. Flint—cab for Mr. Flint!"

"Well, I guess we're set," said Busby.

Flint put on a snowy panama and picked up a light Malacca stick.

"Do you want to see some mind over matter, oh my silly old newspaper men?" he asked. "Keep your eye on Uncle Hubert. *Allez!*"

Swinging his stick like a drum-major's baton, he led us out into the hall.

"Isn't he a darby?" whispered Busby.

III

The Mastodon Theatre was the largest picture cathedral in our town.

That week it was showing Hubert Flint's latest picture, "Love Pangs," in honor of the star's visit. The peak of the seven days was this personal appearance.

As we drew up at the bright door of the house I knew we were in for it. Farmers had cranked up the family cars and driven in from miles around. Six policemen fought to keep open a path to the entrance. The lobby was roped to hold back the pushing crowd. I could see that Busby was worried.

"Sure you're all right?" he asked.

"Watch me walk, oh my Frankie! Hear me speak!"

"Well, hold everything," said the director, and we got out of the cab.

Flashlight powder boomed. Policemen surrounded us and rushed us in. There were handclaps and cheers as the party pushed through the lobby. The star smiled and bowed.

I was astounded at the man. He looked as fresh and fit as a halfback in training. He was all smiles and graciousness—as debonair a figure as the world held. There were only the tell-tale eyes.

These were some of his 20,000,000 idolaters. Smiling at them in his heart, he kissed his hand and bowed.

As we went down the aisle, picked up by a spotlight, the whole house rose to stare and cheer. Hands reached out to touch the actor.

I breathed easier when we were in the box.

"Love Pangs" rolled to a close. The orchestra blared a brassy chord, and the house manager, in a dinner coat, stepped from the wings. The house fell instantly silent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it is our privilege tonight to present to you one of the greatest figures of the screen world—the star of the magnificent super-special and epic production you have just witnessed. He's not only a great actor—he's a real he-man; a regular four-square fellow that you'll all love in person as much as on the screen. Ladies and gentlemen, the Mastodon Theatre takes great pleasure and pride in presenting to you in person that prince of good fellows and king of stars, Mr. Hubert Flint!"

He looked toward our stage box and held out his hand.

"There you are, big boy," whispered Busby, giving Flint a push on the back. "For God's sake, be careful!"

Flint, who had been sitting like a wooden man, stood up, mounted the box rail and vaulted lightly to the platform.

"I can't look," I groaned to Dutch, who was stiff with fear. "He'll break a leg, sure!"

But he didn't.

With incomparable ease and grace he reached the stage, turned, and drank the spotlight.

He looked as though he had just stepped from a haberdasher's bandbox. On his face was that wonderful, winning smile of his, disarming and lovable. He held out both hands to still a thundering house. At last there was comparative quiet.

"Friends," said Flint, "you don't know how pleased and touched I am by this wonderful reception you've given me. That's what we picture people miss most—the personal touch with the folks who have

made us what we are. We miss the applause—the friendly touch of outstretched hands. I'm glad you like 'Love Pangs,' and I think you'll like my next picture even better. As you know, we're making some of the scenes right here in your beautiful town, and I hope you'll all think of me as a sort of fellow-citizen of yours. Most of all, though, I want you to think of us of the screen as just ordinary, regular folks like yourselves, with the same joys and sorrows. And I hope to see you all again sometime, and—well, I guess that's all. Thank you!"

With that he flashed them another smile, and was back in the box.

"That's the old kid!" said Busby, patting him on the back. "Great stuff!"

"Get me out of this!" said the star. His voice was thick.

"On our way," said Frank, and through the cheering theatre we went, and in a minute were in the manager's office.

IV

Once in that bright, close little room, a terrifying change came over the star.

His legs went to jelly. His eyes rolled. He sank into a big chair at the manager's desk.

"My public, oh my public!" he mumbled. "Art of the cinema, oh my hat— Oh my Frankie, am I cockeyed or am I cockeyed?"

"You're tired out, kid!" said Busby. "Take it big!"

Then to us, "I knew that hot theatre would knock him off."

The manager, almost in tears, brought Flint a glass of water. Two assistants hovered, all big-eyed solicitude.

The desk telephone rang, and the manager answered.

"Hello. Long distance? For you, Mr. Flint. From Hollywood."

Flint took the receiver.

"Hello," he said, as though his mouth

were full of cereal, "Hello, damn it—hello. Yes, this is Flint. Oh—it's you, my pretty little damsel! Amy—oh, my Amy, though Summer skies—what?"

The phone sputtered.

"I'm tired, oh my Amy! I'm so damn tired out. I'm the art of the cinema, oh my—what?"

Sputters.

"Would you leave your mother for me?"

More sputters.

"Would you leave your sister for me?"

Buzzes from the instrument—dollars' worth of buzzes.

"Well, would you leave your husband for me?"

For seconds the telephone clattered a monologue.

"Oh my Amy—" and here he broke into quavering song, "Would you leave your old Kentucky home far away?"

There was a loud click and the two thousand mile line was broken.

Flint's head fell forward.

"Myra, oh my old Myra! Oh my God, I'm so tired!"

He was asleep. The spirit, past its limit of endurance, had gone dead. The star had gone out.

I beckoned to Busby and he and Dutch and I went outside and shut the door.

"I guess we'll beat it," said Dutch. "It's been a great day, and thanks a lot, Frank."

"Don't mention it," said Busby. "It's been a lot of fun."

"Frank," I said, "I'm terribly sorry about Hubert. He's all in, with one thing and then another. He'll not get out to work in that heat tomorrow morning. He needs a day's rest. That sun is godawful."

"Oh, won't he?" answered the director. "Little do you know. That boy'll come up like the sun. He's a steel spring!"

"Well, good night, Frank," I said. "Give my best to Hubert in the morning."

"Good night, boys. I will. Tell me— isn't that guy a darby?"

EDITORIAL

SILLY public speeches by high officers of the Army do not seem to be as frequent as they were just after the war, but it should be added in fairness to an heroic corps of men that such of them as harangue the populace at all maintain a very creditable level of silliness. Their text, of course, is the patriotism that is their trade, and their message is the menace of Bolshevism.

According to the Articles of War, it appears, any man who is in favor of the Bill of Rights is a Bolshevik, even though his forebears hanged their full share of witches and sold their share of codfish to the ragged Continentals. To take the Kellogg peace treaties seriously is to flirt obscenely, not only with imbecility, but also with infamy. It is the prime duty of every citizen to assume that the next war will break out Monday a week, and to keep his blood up against the day. Internationalism is a chimaera of pathological minds, poisoned by Russian gold. The Liberal weeklies get their very ink from Moscow, under the false brand of caviare. The only true gospel is to be found in the minutes of the D.A.R., the Jr. O.U.A.M., the P.O.S.A. and the K.K.K.

Such highfalutin nonsense seems to go with the military art and mystery, at least in the United States; its emission at due intervals is accepted as a sound gauge of a general's professional equipment. So, indeed, elsewhere. History is almost bare of soldiers who had anything really sensible to say, and knew how to put into it plausible phrases. I can recall Bonaparte and Frederick the Great, but there, for modern times, the chronicle seems to stop. If Grant said, "Let us have peace," then it was only, as Mr. Lloyd Lewis has been lately demonstrating, at the command of Abraham

Lincoln, a slacker: Grant himself, let alone, would have proceeded to butcher the Confederates after disarming them, as the French General Staff was in favor of butchering the Germans. His colleague, Sherman, is credited with "War is hell," but on the one hand there is some doubt that he really said it, and on the other hand he was widely regarded in the Army as insane, and more than once went before a medical survey to have his bumps felt. Wellington, from end to end of his long life, never uttered a sound that was worth hearing—not even "Up, guards, and at 'em!" or the somewhat dubious remark about the playing-fields of Eton—, and neither did Kitchener. Neither did Sheridan, nor Thomas, nor Meade, nor Stonewall Jackson, nor Longstreet, nor either of the two Johnstons, nor Beauregard. Neither, for that matter, did the sainted Lee. I pass over Washington in consideration of the Farewell Address—written, no doubt, by Hamilton.

Who was the greatest captain in the late War to End War? The Elks, of course, will not agree, but I suspect that the military historians of tomorrow, viewing all claims judicially, will give the place to Ludendorff. He didn't win, but with even odds he would have had a walk-over. Well, Ludendorff has been dedicating his genius since the peace to proving that the war was caused by the Jews, and to arguing that the only way to rid Germany of them is to cashier their protector, Jahveh, and restore the worship of Woden and Thor.

The world, which has a certain homely wisdom under its motley, shows no sign of being made uneasy by this low mental visibility of the military gents. It admires them without thought of their I.Q.'s, just

as it admires movie stars, bootleggers and Presidents. It hears them respectfully, bespangles them with medals, and heaves no dead cats. So far as the records reveal no Army officer has been lynched in America since the Revolution, and not more than two or three hundred enlisted men have been hanged. No lieutenant, so long as he is able to engage the floor without holding on, is turned away from a dance, and no general, however badly he may carry his liquor, ever gets the bum's rush from Kiwanis.

I hint that this amiability is wise: what I mean is that perhaps the best thing that can be said of soldiers, taking one with another, is that they are not unduly pregnant with ideas. If they were brighter lads they would be far more dangerous than they are today, content with their few simple fatuities. Suppose they had the sinister acumen of Yale professors, the lush ideational flow of Hearst city editors, and the implacable eloquence of insurance-agents? Suppose West Point trained them as ardently in logic, salesmanship and vision as it trains them in the care of horses?

Certainly no great imagination is needed to conjure up what would ensue. A military fever would sweep the country, and we'd all be doomed to the goose-step. Every objection would be reasoned into absurdity, and even the most academic kind of pacifism would take on the occult and furtive indecency of voodooism or teetotalism. The lone constitutional guarantee that the logic choppers of the Supreme Court have left to console us—that "no soldier, in time of peace, shall be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner"—would vanish with the rest, for all of us would be soldiers, and there would be no more citizens.

From this and worse we are saved by the fortuitous but capital fact that the military career tends to slow down the racing of the mind. We survive because soldiers are simple-minded men, with a preference for stereotyped nonsense.

II

I have said that the military career tends to slow down the mind, but it may be that the thing works the other way—that it naturally attracts men who are not excessively intellectual. Whatever the process, it is plainly to the advantage of human progress that the business of killing and getting killed should be handed over to men who, however worthy otherwise, are not remarkable for their contributions to thought. The same may be said of the police business, the trans-Atlantic aviation business, the booting business, and various other highly necessary and honorable avocations. The human race would be in a sorry state if men abandoned these crafts, but meanwhile it apparently suffers no calamity when fortune plays them ill. Always, when a war is in progress and the heaps of slain pile up, there are pessimists who predict that civilization will collapse at the peace, but always, when the clouds blow away, it turns out that plenty are left to carry on—nay, that carrying on seems to be rather more facile than it was before.

I do not know the reason therefor, but certainly it cannot be that progress is speeded up by killing all the best men. There are objections to that theory which any logician, however upset by the new mathematics, could adduce. The uncomfortable fact seems to be that war naturally sucks in those who can be most profitably spared, and lets go those whose talents are really useful. One hears, now and then, of promising young men cut down too soon, but the science of statistics scarcely justifies the accompanying mourning. Let us turn, for example, to the Civil War. In the Union Army, during the four years of the war, there were 2,666,999 men who reached the field, and of this number 110,070 were killed in battle or died of wounds, 199,720 died of disease, and 40,154 perished otherwise—murdered, killed by accident, or done to death in prisons. Of those who were murdered or died of accident or disease, probably 100,000 would

have died anyhow. Deducting that number, the total net loss comes to about 250,000. How many men were wounded is not certain, but probably the number ran to at least 1,000,000.

We don't know, of course, what the dead men would have done if they had lived, but we may reach some approximation to it by examining the wounded who survived. How many of them, after the war, contributed anything that was genuinely valuable to civilization? Searching the record for weary days and nights I can find but three names: those of Major Ambrose Bierce, Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Private George Westinghouse. Captain Holmes alone survives, now as Mr. Justice Holmes—a just and enlightened judge, an ardent and indomitable friend of liberty, and a completely civilized man.

What other hero of those days is to be ranged beside him? I can find none. The typical survivor of the Civil War was the shallow political plug, McKinley, as the typical survivor of the late War to End War is the even shallower plug, young Teddy Roosevelt. All the really important men of the post-Civil War era, all the men who developed and fecundated such culture as we now have, from John D. Rockefeller to Walt Whitman, from Grover Cleveland to William James, from Mark Twain to Cyrus Field, from Andy Carnegie to Mark Hanna, from William Dean Howells to Bronson Howard, from John Fiske to James Russell Lowell, and from Willard Gibbs to Brigham Young—all these men were slackers, and leaped not to the cannon's roar. The three exceptions that research reveals I have listed. Apply the ratio to those who perished, and it appears that the Civil War cost American *Kultur* exactly three-fourths of a really valuable man. Call Fitz-James O'Brien, who died of his wounds, the other fourth—and the net loss comes to one man.

The melancholy conclusion that the science of statistics thus points to is amply confirmed by a study of military history.

Of all the arts practised by man, the art of the soldier seems to call for the least intelligence and to develop the least professional competency. Every battle recorded in history appears as a series of almost incredible blunders and imbecilities—always, at least, on one side, and usually on both. One marvels, reading the chronicles, that any major engagement was ever won. Even the greatest generals—for example, Bonaparte—walk idiotically into palpable traps, and waste thousands of lives getting themselves out. The lesser fry proceed heroically from disaster to disaster, as Burnside did during the Civil War and Joffre during the World War. The simplest problem of their ancient and elemental business flabbergasts them. They seem to be congenitally incapable of reasoning clearly, even when all the facts are before them. And at the enterprise of unearthing those facts they show only the gross and pathetic ineptitude of a second-rate lawyer or a third-rate pedagogue.

Whenever, at the practice of their art in the field, they confront a problem of any complexity, they have to get help from civilians, *i.e.*, from men not paralyzed by training in their professional numskullery. It was so, as everyone knows, in the World War: the great captains on the two sides lay locked in a bloody and horrible embrace until engineers, chemists and press-agents came to their rescue, and pried them loose. All the while, behind the lines, they were laboriously drilling their recruits in the archaic marchings and counter-marchings of the Old Dessauer! . . . Yet the human race, after watching such bunglers perform their gory buffooneries, cheers them when they come home, dazed and empty-headed, and thrusts its highest honors upon them! What a certificate to its judgment, its common sense, its sense of humor, its right to survive on earth! . . . But perhaps a better day is dawning. The English, having had time to ponder the lessons of the late war, have made one of its great lights a policeman!

H. L. M.

AMERICAN SONS OF TH' OULD SOD

BY FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

OLD Mr. William Laffan—a quizzical, gifted little Dublin gentleman who succeeded Charles A. Dana as owner of the old New York *Sun* of blissful memory—would sit near a window of Manhattan's almost painfully correct Union Club, and between infrequent puffs at a dollar's worth of lengthy cigar and idle glances at the exclusive New York *Evening Post* of those days, he would gaze thoughtfully over his rimless spectacles at the men and women constantly passing in and out of St. Patrick's Cathedral, just across the side street.

"A queer people, these Irish," he would sigh in a detached, slightly troubled way. "Me old friend, Dochter Austin O'Malley, best described thim in wun av his books. 'Th' Irishman,' says he, 'is th' human enthymeme—all extremes an' no middle.' Yes, a very queer people, these Irish, in manny, manny ways."

Mr. Laffan, like his newspaper, was a conservative. I, being more liberal, should say that we are a queer people in virtually all ways. And as I herewith sketchily consider our weird oddities I, like Mr. Laffan, do not mean by "these Irish," of course, the handful who still remain in their native land from choice, nor the millions who, because of poverty or American immigration restrictions, cannot escape from their sad, deplorable little island. I am chiefly concerned here with the Duffys and Blakes, the O'Rourkes and O'Malleys, the Kellys and Burkes and Sheas whose offspring within little more than a century have rooted themselves for all time in our own cities, mountains and plains, from the Aroostook to Tia Juana.

The professional Irish among our American citizenry—the sort who still in fancy are always astride a prancing white stallion, Excalibur in hand, and daily destroying perfidious Albion—these strong-lunged champions tell us that at least one out of every five Americans you pass is Irish. Allowing for the carefreeness of Hibernian statement, this should mean that at least one in every ten or less, is largely of Irish blood. I have no exact figures at hand. All I know with any precision is that during the Al Smith presidential campaign I felt that we were too few—and that during the rest of my life I have often felt that there were far too many of us around me.

All my life I have had fairly intimate relations with Irish-Americans, but I did not really close in with ourselves in the raw until the outbreak of the war that ended war and made the world safe for democracy. (Mr. Wilson, alas, also was Irish.) More than two years before America entered the war I was in the thick of it, with the Irish-Americans fighting all around me. To be more explicit, throughout the whole four bloody years I daily did my bit amid the shock of battle by reporting for the *Sun* the delirious doings of the Friends of Irish Freedom and the friends of the Friends, all of whom were constantly crushing England all over Manhattan. Then all night and every night, so long as they held out, I carried on a private war of demolition of Teutonic products, especially the golden output of Munich, at a table at Lüchow's or Jack's. Nothing else in those emotional days so completely filled one with a childlike faith in the holiness of the Allied cause as a fourth cubic

foot of German or Austrian beer. A fifth, and I hated even Austrians. Came the dawn and I was always crying in my beer over a gentle Britannia, her back to the wall, suffering the rape of her high principles, losing all but virtue; weeping more bitterly for a fair France that had gone forth to battle wearing—as France, alone among nations, always does—shimmering white wings and a golden halo. It was always I who at daybreak led in the singing of the Marseillaise in the Battling Nelson Grill at Jack's.

Doubtless you can have some notion, therefore, of the way my soul was torn when the *Sun*, influenced by my surname, forced me for four years into a ringside seat daily and made me witness the further rape of Britannia and, indirectly, of her allies, at the hands and lungs of the eloquent young Jeremiah O'Leary, M'dame O'Donovan Rossa, Dr. Gertrude Kelley, the two Cohalans, and the fire-eating little General Ian Williams of the unbeaten Army of the Irish Republic—in short, all the cast of the stock company which, each in his turn and sometimes all together, set Ireland free at least seven times a week from rostrums all over the Greater City. Once at Carnegie Hall and again at a Sunday afternoon meeting in the old Madison Square Garden—the United States had been at war with Germany for months—I heard reports of progress of the Germans toward the English Channel lustily cheered. There were moments when I all but had the courts change my name to Plantagenet or Cohen. Once, indeed, I almost offered my sword to my country.

Each day I would enter the *Sun* city-room hoping against hope that a good, meaty divorce case, a murder of sound news value or a gloriously fatal fire in a crowded orphanage had just happened by way of journalistic relief—preferably a fire in a Yorkville or Hoboken German-American orphanage, stuffed with fat German babies that would burn with a clear blue flame. But always the boss, Kenneth Lord, would promptly crush my hopes.

"Your relatives are at it again," he would say. "The meeting began at Carnegie Hall about an hour ago, but—"

"Yes," I would break in wearily, "and there was a big row right at the kickoff, and half the Irish marched out and are holding a rump meeting in some other hall. Which hall?"

"You are our Irish-American reporter. Find out. Want a kid leg man to help you?"

"Two," I learned to answer in time. The last months of the war were on us, however, before I had hit upon this plan of sending one of the callow youths to the Carnegie Hall rumpus and the second one to the rump meeting elsewhere. Then, following my instructions, the two lads, late in the day, would report to me at my beer-table at Lüchow's.

II

The plan caused trouble for me only once. The cub that I sent one afternoon to the Carnegie Hall section of the meeting was a Harvard youth. Worse, he had just completed brief postgraduate work at Oxford. Harvard has as thorough an English course as we have in the country, and it turns out the rottenest newspaper men on earth. Oxford—but I have no time here for that. That evening I wrote a few introductory paragraphs about Ireland's latest freedom and tacked to the introduction the typed observations of the Harvard-Oxfordized lad. I should have first at least glanced through what he had written. His Carnegie Hall meeting that afternoon had been, it seems, a particularly dignified assemblage, doubtless because the Right Rev. Michael J. Lavelle not only had lent his name to the programme but was present in a lowest-tier box. The Oxfordized-Harvard boy had seen the eminent churchman's pontifical title printed on the programme crudely as Mgr. It still troubles me to remember that the *Sun* said next morning: "The meeting was held under the management of *Manager* Lavelle." Leave it to Harvard, backed up by Oxford, to

change a harsh Mgr. to Manager! If only in justice to the old *Sun's* meticulous copy-desk, let me add that we had just learned that Mr. Munsey had bought the plantation, taking over also all the slaves, and we were all extremely drunk.

The next day even Mr. Munsey partly sensed that something was wrong. He asked me whether that "Manager" Lavelle was correct. I told him it was and changed the subject. But I did not get off so easily with the Friends of Irish Freedom and their friends. Long before this the more ardent of the liberators of Ireland had accused me openly of having been bought by British gold. Even my really sincere pleas to them to slip to me unostentatiously the address of the nearest British gold distributing center in Manhattan did not convince them that I had not as yet got mine. To the professional Irish of New York that "Manager" Lavelle was, for some reason that I never quite could fathom, the dirtiest stab in the back that the Cause had ever received at my traitorous hands. They agreed—so far as Irish-Americans can agree—that an O'Malley *must* have known perfectly well what Mgr. stood for, especially before the august name of a Lavelle. Only Monsignor Lavelle himself remained wholly calm and undisturbed. All the rest accused me of deliberately descending to flippant slurs at a prince of the Church. A pervert's notion of humor. It was all most distressing.

The eminent Daniel Cohalan did me the honor to summon me to his chambers. In his quarters in an Irish-American-owned building, just back of the City Hall, the then Justice had a transcendental doorman—his name escapes me—who radiated hotly at all local meetings where Ireland was freed. This super-doorman and his broad green sash and weighty white charger were annually in the forefront of the only "regular" and official St. Patrick's Day parade, which, marching north from the Washington Arch to the Plaza, glared blackly the length of the line each year at the only "regular" and official St. Patrick's

Day parade simultaneously marching south from the Plaza to the Washington Arch.

He was a super-doorman especially gifted at glaring. When he saw my name and "The *Sun*" on the card I was sending in to Justice Cohalan he gave me a glare freely that an Emil Jannings could have sold at Hollywood for a big bunch of money.

"So ye are th' young bucko!" he barked. "Ye—an O'Malley"—he uttered the magnificent name almost reverently—"an' wun av us!"

"One of what, brother?" I asked in hurt tones.

"Wun av us Oirish, av coorse."

"No," I said, with wartime zeal. "I was born in Pennsylvania, and I am an American."

"O-ho-o-o!" said he. "So ye're ashamed av ye're nationality."

"Dry up. Why should I be ashamed of being an American?"

"That's not phwat I mean, an' damn' well ye know it isn't!"

Damn' well it wasn't, and damn' well I knew it, too. Heroically I repressed a hideous temptation, as I was led to the inner sanctum, to hum a strain or two of "The Battle of The Boyne Wather"—we reporters were supposed merely to get the war news, not make it. Therefore I was still all in one piece as I was ushered into the presence of the eminent Justice Cohalan.

Now that I am older I realize better the importance of that conference. It was my ill luck that day, however, to be in the all-but-death grip of a malady that prostrates so many newspaper men. What I mean is that I had just then decided to write a play—still intend to write it when I can get round to it. Therefore, now, years later, I still blush to think that while the noted jurist was kindly giving more than half an hour of his crowded day to orienting my jumbled notions of the Cause, I was straightening out my second act. I never heard a doggone word the great man said.

It means a full life, this matter of being of Irish blood, especially to those of us whose forebears were wise and good enough

to escape from Ireland and bring us forth in a broad land that gives us unhampered opportunity in our life work of raising hell. Residence in Ireland itself fatally cramps us. Ireland with admirable persistency produces its Dukes of Wellington, its Bernard Shaws, Northcliffes, and Kitcheners, its Victor Herberts and its ancestral strains that culminate in Henry Fords. Always, however, before Erin's worthies swung into their upward stride one of two things has to happen to them, usually both: their immediate ancestry has to be leavened, balanced, with English blood, or the lads have to pack up and board the outgoing boat at the North Wall Docks of Dublin and seek some other land in which to do their stuff. If the Duke of Wellington had remained in his native Ireland, he would have lived and died a Sackville street cop. If our Henry's progenitors had not escaped from Cork to the Detroit neighborhood just in time, Henry today would be merely just one more of those filling-station "mechanics" that I encountered during a recent motor trip in Ireland. Delightful, breezy chaps, these far-scattered motor repairmen, so I found when engine trouble caused me to stop at their garages; but always we had the same old argument before I could convince them that the engine of an automobile is *not* under the rear seat. Our Henry, but for the looser emigration quotas of an earlier time, would be one of them today. And Young Edsel would have meat, if lucky, only on Christmas Day.

I went to Ireland not long ago to put in a month there, and remained a week. It was my first visit. It was and always will be my last. I am afraid that in so short a trip I unearthed only fundamentals. I learned, to my astonishment, for instance, that there are worse cooks and cooking on earth than the English. Although I already knew that the so-called fighting Irish never have been able to produce *in* Ireland an acceptable third-rate prize-fighter, it all but stunned me to learn that there isn't an Irish bartender *in* Ireland who can mix

a decent drink. I did find one sandy-haired gentleman who presided acceptably at the Shelbourne Hotel bar in Dublin, but his name was Hans, and he had studied his art, he told me, in Chicago's old College Inn. Not a third-rate native fighter! No barkeeps worthy the name! *In Ireland!* God! I got out.

In my race toward Dublin and an outgoing night-boat I kept an eye out, despite my law-breaking speed, for those ingulfingly ravishing natural beauties of mountain and dale which Irish authors and lecturers in America had told me about. I remembered how John McCormack, singing of the beauties of the Shannon and the Vale of Avoca from the Hippodrome stage on Sunday nights, had left even case-hardened Head Usher Izzy Schoenfeld weak from weeping, and me an emotional wreck. I'll wager now that if I wanted to take the matter into our courts, I could force John to pay me my admission money back. As realtor boosters he and the rest of the Irish make even a Californian talking to a Florida man seem inarticulate.

During this unsuccessful search through Ireland for scenic beauty that would compare with even my own State of New Jersey, the old and obvious truth came to my mind again: we Irish, especially in America, will brook no half measures; we can hypnotize ourselves into extremes of ecstasy as real-estate boosters, even with nothing to work on but a grubby island, soggy with peat bogs occasionally graced by a lone tree, hideous domestic architecture of the packing-case school, main streets filthy with manure, the worst hotels on any earth, nowhere a window box of posies, rarely even a lone flower to brighten the clammy, rain-swept dreariness; poverty, ugly and ghastly. We can't in decency say these things in public, with a lot of Protestants and truck like that listening. Well then? Well then, being Irish, we go to the other extreme. High on the soap-box we mount and—Exhibit A being a safe three thousand miles away from our American audiences—we yowl gloriously, never

letting up until we have made of this most utterly worthless Erin the most over-advertised hunk of real estate on earth. The human enthymeme—that's us.

III

For years my illusions concerning the racial world-record superiorities of us Irish had been tottering; most of the last of them sank forever in the bogs of Ireland itself; and the war had left few to sink. Most painful to lose was my notion—not an uncommon one in America—that Irish blood and a sense of humor are all but synonymous.

It is true that when we Irish in America are not submerged in a sea of melancholia, or driving our children to drink because of our congenital neurasthenic irritability round the house, we have a blithesomeness of spirit that is surpassed only by Negro roustabouts or the jazz pianist in a Harlem house of ill-fame. We, like America in general, have a quick appreciation of the broad and lowly comic, a faculty which, especially in America, is almost always mistaken for the rare, intellectual, analytic sense of the incongruous, the real sense of humor. America's Prohibition circus; millions of otherwise fairly sane citizens growing delirious over a Harding or a Coolidge; an old Presbyterian college don at Versailles acclaiming himself a world-leading statesman and simultaneously, humbly, signing on the dotted line at a word from a cheap ward-precinct showman like David Lloyd-George—these things are funny, even uproariously funny, at the moment, and are ever after of rich, mellow humor. But America can't see it. As for us Irish, we have just as keen a sense of humor as a Methodist parson or the average run of Presidents of the United States. In brief, we Irish have no sense of humor at all.

This is why we can go solemnly through with our meetings of protest and oratory without laughing ourselves into hysteria. I recall that at one of my first wartime newspaper assignments to an Irish meeting

at Carnegie Hall a swarthy little man from Ireland named Redmond—not the eminent John—was the chief speaker. He had been imported all the way from Ireland, chiefly because of his oratorical reputation. When you send three thousand miles for a speaker he must have his points. As a matter of fact, I found him one of the most delightful orators that I had ever listened to, and his brogue was rich and rare.

"Me frinds," he began, "let ye first understand that in the message I bring to ye from dear Erin to-night I will not discind t' abuse. 'Tis me pride that not wance in me long years av service in ould Oirland's cause have I ever discinded to uttering wun unkind word against even Orangemen or other Protestants—dirty, low, unscrupulous, infamous, blackguard, lying bigots though they ar-r-re!"

Tremendous applause. Although we reporters, as I have said, are not supposed to egg on the news but merely to get it, I climbed high on my press chair and cheered that magnificent opening thought. Unfortunately I could not stifle my laughter when the applause had died down, despite the reproving black looks that stabbed me from all sides. I should have known from the utter lack of even a smile among the rest of the great audience that there was nothing to smile at, certainly nothing at which to laugh. Ireland was again being freed, right within the hour! Who could be frivolous at so momentously historic a moment? It took a threat to throw me out of the hall to quiet me; I would not let myself be excluded from that speech for a great deal. It was a wonderful address—far more wonderful than either the solidly Irish-American audience or even the Irish orator knew. With the same solemn reverence and rapt attention which they and their fathers had accorded the Hon. William Jennings Bryan through three presidential campaigns, they drank it all in portentously, leaving me alone in my laughs. And what, incidentally, was there humorous about the Commoner?—kindly tell us Irish-Americans *that!*

A valuable gift in a material way, this utter lack of a sense of humor. See what America itself has accomplished, with nothing to start on except her natural resources and no sense of humor at all. Even with no material advantages to begin with, any lad will go far in America who is supercharged with neurasthenic energy, abnormal jealousy of the success of others in big things or small, a deep sense of racial and social inferiority, no sense of humor, an unbounded ambition to rise above lowly origins and, once he has begun to rise, the histrionic gift of pompously highhatting mankind. Give me a bright boy with these American virtues and I shall bet you at any odds you demand that before he is forty he will achieve a full-page portrait in the *American Magazine*. Snobbishness helps, too. Little does the rest of America appreciate the extremes to which Almighty God went in the matter of endowing us Irish-Americans with all these qualities, so necessary to New World Success.

Please do not make the mistake of thinking that my own full measure of Irish blood causes me to boast this way about us Irish-Americans. I can submit undeniable facts. Take any of the qualities that are so important to the American notion of Success—pompousness, for instance. The humblest Tenth avenue Irish saloon-keeper never found it any trouble at all to sire a son who, elevated to the bench by Tammany, could by the sheer impressiveness of his mere entry into a dingy East Side municipal court-room change it instantly to a gilded throne-room. Have you ever been fortunate enough to be among the awe-stricken when a white-whiskered Knight of St. Gregory and Wall Street advanced to his chair on the dais at a Friendly Sons of St. Patrick dinner?

One Sunday morning at a swagger American Summer resort I saw a gentleman—once as lowly a carpenter and builder as the humble Nazarene Himself, but now far above that sort of thing—proceed up the aisle to his front pew in the church edifice

that he had paid for wholly from his own purse. Note that he did not walk up the aisle; he proceeded. Then, a few months later, I saw the Pope, surrounded by all but oriental splendor, carried on high into St. Peter's. The Irish-American's entrance to his personal house of God was the more impressive. He needed no Papal Guard. Say what you will, the blue blood of our ancient kings will tell!

These gruelling, intense, quick climbs to Social Register pages at which we Irish-Americans are so adept call, too, for a unique and heroic trait of character that is unknown and unnecessary among American climbers of other bloods. In our struggle up the ladder we must leave behind us, even trample savagely under foot, our earlier and most cherished prides. This sacrifice of ours is heartrending at times and always embarrassing. An American Smith or Jones is a 100% American when he steps on the lowest rung of the ladder, and is still proudly waving his racial Star-Spangled Banner when he reaches the top. We Irish-Americans are raucously, belligerently and at least 200% Irish on our way to the foot of the ladder, but once we step upon the lowest rung we have to steel ourselves to give the very ideal we have been shouting about a swift kick in the slats. Far too little do you outsiders know of the heartrendings this face-about causes us.

I remember and knew intimately one of these heroic Irish-American families. I knew many, but this typical one will suffice. The Irish-born founder of the house in America, old Patrick Joseph McDonald, was, like so many of his kind, content with his accumulation of suburban real estate, his three-story McDonald Block, his hand-painted saloon ceiling at the corner of Main and Washington streets, his rise in the local Ancient Order of Hibernians, and his free exercise in America of a daily act which, back in Ireland, had been only an inhibited dream—the simple but satisfying pleasure of wiping his bar with a large British flag. It was a graceful life, large with virtuous contentment, and leaving

duce other sets. In man, the number of diverse sets that may thus be produced is very great; although it is, of course, not unlimited. But what the limitations are cannot be stated from general biological principles or from what we know of any other organisms; they can be discovered only by concrete studies of man himself.

If general biological principles cannot by themselves solve the problem, it appears doubtful whether the biologists are the only experts entitled to be heard. After all, the question whether human intelligence is the product primarily of heredity or environment involves both the laws of heredity and the nature and working of intelligence. It is by no means self-evident that a life devoted to the breeding of corn, peas or guinea-pigs automatically qualifies a biologist as an authority on human intelligence.

Indeed, the work of anthropologists and psychologists seems decidedly more relevant to this inquiry. East speaks with lofty contempt of the writings of newspaper men and bartenders, but possibly even service in these lowly occupations gives as clear an insight into the working of the human mind as that gained in his professional labors by a professor of botany.

II

If we turn, as Jennings proposes, to concrete studies of man, we are immediately overwhelmed by a raging torrent of statistics, based mainly on the famous intelligence tests.

Intelligence, in truth, is a difficult word to define, and the claim that it can be accurately measured is certainly open to question. Of the numerous tests, probably no two measure exactly the same abilities. Nevertheless, some tests apparently measure with moderate accuracy qualities which are included in the ordinary meaning of the word intelligence.

There are, however, two difficulties about the interpretation of the deluge of figures provided by the testers. First, the statistics which are supposed to deal with the same facts and relationships disagree.

Second, a very large proportion of them, even if they are accurate, shed no light whatever on the question at issue.

Part I of the Twenty-Seventh Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education is devoted to the influence of nature and nurture upon intelligence. It contains an enormous mass of figures, from which we learn the following facts. The correlation in intelligence between brothers and sisters brought up together, as measured by various tests given by different experimenters, is about .60, or it is .42, or it is .49. The correlation between parents and their children is .35, or perhaps .53, or it may be .56. Similar variations might be cited by the hundred. Thus the science of statistics gives diverse results.

The fact remains, however, that all the figures show a tendency for the children in the same family to resemble each other. Children also resemble their parents. The strength of these tendencies appears to depend on conditions, or possibly on the preconceived opinions of the statistician. But what does the resemblance itself prove as to the influence of heredity?

Clearly it proves nothing at all. Brothers and sisters have a similar heredity, but they also live in a similar environment. Parents are responsible for the heredity of their children, but they are likewise responsible for their environment, especially in the formative years of early childhood. So the statistics as to resemblance have no relation to the point at issue.

Another huge accumulation of figures suffers from an equally obvious fallacy. Francis Galton, the father of eugenics, wrote a book to prove that distinguished men are likely to have distinguished relatives. His followers still devote apparently inexhaustible quantities of time and paper to learned researches, showing with a wealth of statistical detail that a man whose name appears in "Who's Who" often has a relative in the same august volume.

But the low value of these researches can be illustrated by concrete examples. The

present Senator La Follette was elected to succeed his father. Statistically, this is perfect evidence of inherited ability. He may indeed, be an able man, but an elementary knowledge of Wisconsin politics suggests that inherited ability is not the only possible explanation of his election. Similarly, Mr. Lloyd George has both a son and a daughter in the new British Parliament. Again Theodore Roosevelt was once Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and later his son held the same position. This last no more proves that Teddy the younger inherited aptitudes as a sailor than the election of Ma Ferguson as Governor of Texas proves that she inherited her husband's political genius. Acres of such statistics on hereditary ability indicate merely that it is an advantage to have powerful relatives and friends.

Alexander the Great was a son of Philip of Macedon, and they were both men of extraordinary genius. But before we rush to the conclusion that Alexander must have inherited his brilliant qualities from his father it is well to consider that Philip chose Aristotle as Alexander's tutor. Intelligent men and women are likely to bring up their children more successfully than morons. But this is no evidence that intelligence itself is an inherited character.

Another exhaustive statistical study is that made by F. A. Woods of mental and moral qualities among the royal families of Europe. He found that here also children tend to resemble their parents. And he offered his results as decisive evidence, on the ground that the members of royal families *all* enjoy an unusually favorable environment. He believed, therefore, that the differences must have been due to heredity. In other words, the son of the last Czar of Russia, brought up under the influence of Rasputin, lived in an atmosphere as stimulating intellectually as that which surrounded the son of Philip, brought up under the influence of such a man as Aristotle.

The eugenic enthusiasts who compile statistics are often incredibly naïve!

III

Statistics which may be affected either by heredity or by environment, or by both, are obviously meaningless in explaining differences in intelligence. A realization of this fact has recently led to attempts to separate the influence of the factors. The results of two recent efforts to deal with the question through an investigation of the intelligence of foster children are published in the Yearbook previously cited.

Miss Barbara S. Burks of Stanford University carried out an extremely detailed study of the intelligence of 214 adopted children, correlated with the mental age of their foster parents and with their home environment. These children had all been legally adopted and were placed in their foster homes at an average age of three months. A similar study was made of 105 children in their own homes, who were carefully selected so that their parental and home environment was as nearly as possible equivalent to that of the foster children.

The scales by which home environment was judged certainly show a conscientious effort to omit nothing. They cover several pages of highly entertaining reading. An extract from the portion of the so-called Whittier Home Scale, dealing with "1. Necessities," illustrates its thoroughness. We learn that the following home is entitled to four points:

Income: salary and tips of headwaiter in a large hotel. Clothing: neat, well-kept, apparently made to last. Good table set. Half modern bungalow. Furniture: good quality, plentiful. Wicker and reed chairs, piano, rugs, good pictures. Rather poor lighting from windows, but modern electric fixtures. Running water, modern sanitary conveniences. Rear porch bedroom, couch in living-room.

This home gets five points:

Architect, well-to-do. Well-dressed. Tableware indicates abundant food. Large modern bungalow, frame construction, well finished. Furniture: fine quality, plentiful. Fine carpets, rugs and pictures. Modern conveniences, built-in cupboards, electric fixtures, plumbing.

The scale neglects to tell how the tableware indicated plenty of food, but perhaps

much fireside leisure in which to instill in his children the all but self-evident facts that the only land worth living in was Ireland, just so long as you could come and especially go at will, that the only race on earth worth its salt was the Irish and that the only Irish worth a tinker's dam were the McDonalds.

An idyllic Hibernian-American household was the McDonalds', especially while the children were young, what with its dinner-table small talk about the shortcomings and worse of all friends and neighbors, the blackness of Protestant bigotry, the local and national glories and achievements of True Church, the new pastor from the wrong part of Ireland, the disgusting airs of his old-maid sister, oral massacres over family differences of opinion, justly deserved and unanimous censures of affluent parishioners of painfully low Irish origin and the damning of Britannia and all her works and pomps. In brief, just a good old-fashioned, happy Irish-American home.

Then one day, down in the bowels of the earth almost a thousand feet below the McDonald real estate, a rich vein of anthracite coal was discovered. All the McDonald children had a part, as I remember it, in forcing father to retire from his active mercantile calling and, over night, to destroy a really costly green and gold street sign bearing the noble legend: "Patrick J. McDonald. Wines, Liquors & Seegars." To be associated now with the institution known about the house variously as "the store" or "our place of business" was unthinkable to the younger McDonalds. But it was the eldest daughter, the queenly Miss Bridget, who alone and bravely took the first tentative step up the long ladder that leads to the skies. She changed her name to Bridgetta.

A simple change to make, you say? Ah, you of a colder patriotism, you cannot grasp what it means to us when circumstances beyond our control force us to relinquish the full sounding glory of a name like Patrick or Bridget—to change these glories to the more high-toned

Bridgetta and to Packy or Pee Jay. Changes in name like these weigh us down with the guilty thought that we are ashamed of being Irish.

Old Honorah—Mrs. McDonald—herself realized but vaguely, I fancy, just when and how she had begun to refer to her spouse less and less as Pat. As a concession to the children she began to give him his full name of Patrick, but the children were still troubled. They were little more pleased when she spoke of the head of the house as Himself. Pee Jay in the end was her closest to a solution of the distressing problem. Let me say for the old gentleman himself that one of the last prayers he uttered from his solid mahogany death-bed was a cry from the heart, "In God's name, Honorah, call me Pathrick, or get ye t' hell from the room!" That was only a few hours before Miss Bridgetta changed her name again, this time to Belle, and announced to a visitor at the old gentleman's bedside that the correct spelling of the family name was MacDonald, and that the family itself was Scotch-Irish. Old Pee Jay glared glassily at Belle for a moment, groaned deeply, and died.

Pee Jay MacDonald, Jr., the new head of the house, survived the founder of the family fortunes only a year or two, but before he too died he had turned the MacDonald mine and mining over to a coal-carrying railroad on an impressive royalty basis. I remember Pee Jay, Jr., sharply as the first man who wore spats openly in our town, and because of his daring appearance one warm Summer night at an open-air band concert—daring to the extent of appearing in evening clothes *without an overcoat* to conceal the ostentation.

The social rise of the younger Pee Jay was so rapid, in fact, that in no time the rest of us Irish-Americans thoroughly detested him, as was natural. Then he was seized with that fatal combination of maladies which too often lays low the more successful Irish-Americans—ulcers of the stomach, cirrhosis of the liver, and uræmic coma. The combination, they say,

results from a too sudden leisure when combined with our racial extremist propensities. He left a son, Aloysius—Alan, they call him now for short—who is the present head of the house. The old Scotch strain in his ancestry has come through more strongly in Alan than it did in his father. What with his cross-country riding on Long Island and his atavistic passion for the late-Summer grouse shooting on the moors of bonny Scotland, he keeps himself as fit as his two lovely boys, young Angus and Malcolm Macdonald.

IV

So many of us financially—therefore socially—successful Irish in America go Scotch over night because, I suppose, the Scotch route is so easy a way out. But, Lord, what a sacrifice! Back in Ireland, to call oneself Scotch openly was a thing that was simply not done. Scotch-Irish was a fighting term. We Irish may sometimes confess to slight personal faults, and, God knows, a great part of our lives is given to lamenting over the faults of our Irish friends; but whatever our racial shortcomings, we heartily exult in our superiority to those dour Caledonian paper-saving, string-picking yes-men to an English King.

Perhaps it is the acknowledged Protestantism of the term Scotch-Irish and all things Scotch in a Protestant America that tempts us beyond our strength. (In God's name, don't quote me as saying this!) The Irish Catholics are so pitifully few on the top rungs of the ladder. The "pervert" McCartney, a Protestant, shins up the ladder much more quickly than his cousins, the McCarthys, of St. Rose of Lima's parish. The switch from Catholic Mc to the Protestant, more swagger Mac is so easy. It is we O's who have the hard tussle. My own efforts to make the Social Register have been heart-breaking, lacking, as I do, the seven-figure bank account that always levels the path to social success. Imagine my chagrin when, just as a place in the O-section was all but mine, I was crowded

out by an ex-prize-fighter and, still later, by an ex-convict! I tried the hyphenated F. Ward-O'Malley for a while, but Broadway still greeted me with its accustomed "Hello, you big harp!" I am handicapped, too, by my firm belief in Catholicism.

The sufferings of us Catholic Irish who are socially ambitious, however, are as nothing compared to the grief of an Irish-American Protestant cursed with a pronounced Hibernian name. A patriotic Englishman listening to an Irish to-hell-with-the-King speech has a positive love for the Irish compared to the feeling toward all things Irish which the socially ambitious Protestant Irish-American entertains. Perhaps that is why the Protestant Irishman among us can out-smart the most imaginative of his Catholic brethren in the matter of name furbishing. Their Murphys become Morphys, even Morphees. Their Dugans become Dugannes—pronounced *Duganne*. At one time in my old home town in Pennsylvania we had a Y.M.C.A. secretary be th' name av Wesley Flanagan. He was the most suave, Christ-like, Methodist gentleman I ever knew—and to be an active Methodist, a Y.M.C.A. secretary and a gentleman simultaneously is no mean attainment. Then one day I thoughtlessly addressed him as Mr. Flanagan. In an instant the only noticeable difference between him and the rest of the insane was a difference of residence. What he said to me was so ungodly that I never failed thereafter to remember that his family name was distinctly pronounced Fl'*nawgan*. He was, I learned, one of the Scotch Fl'*nawgans*.

It took the English a long time to learn empirically what we of the old Dana-ized *Sun* had to know instinctively—that you can down a man much more effectively by making him appear ridiculous than you can by losing your head and savagely walloping him. Whereupon England, although still continuing to take odd punches at Ireland, above and below the belt, began to build up a large library of books and plays devoted largely to the idea that an Irishman was, at best, a side-splitting

wheeze. The earlier Americans took their library and stage literature over bodily from England; therefore by the time we Irish had begun to land in America in numbers we found that our reputation as asses and laughable blatherskites had preceded us—a false reputation which, as any sensible Irishman will tell you, was just one more instance of England's centuries old propaganda against us. Then we Irish, once established here, started right in to prove that England was right.

Although so many of us, at least in the first generation, give much time to making complete asses and nuisances of ourselves, we have had unnumbered saner folk among us who have proved also that we Irish-Americans can in one generation rise more quickly from the depths to commendable heights than our non-Irish neighbors can. In what is generically known as "the professions," especially the law and medicine, we, being Irish and therefore ignoring all middle distances, are far more adept at leaping in one jump from Shantytown to Success than are any other first-generations of the newly Americanized. In our American medical world we produced in no time a Daniel McCarthy in Philadelphia and a John Murphy in Chicago and, grading down from giants like these, tens of thousands who, born in the slums of ditch-digging immigrant fathers, arose over night to become lawyers, doctors or bankers quite as ethical and brilliant as any of their colleagues of far gentler birth and opportunity. Our Irish-American successes in politics? Well, if you don't mind, I should rather not go into that, especially in a soap-box panegyric like this. Oddly enough, I remember only one Irish-American who went in for politics, the Hon. Alfred E. Smith.

I do not quite understand why we Irish-Americans have done so little in literature, especially when I stop to think that, as oral word-slingers, we lead the world. Our chief indoor and outdoor sport is shouting, and we can bring it to a very high art. William Lyon Phelps will back me up—

has backed me up—when I say that Æ, the Irish critic, is the champion long-distance talker, also the most interesting, on earth. The late James Gibbons Huneker, whose forebears were chiefly Irish, was America's most magnificent conversationalist. Perhaps the rest of us take so much protracted pleasure in listening rapturously to ourselves that we have no time left for the writing desk.

But paltry though our contribution to the arts may be, we Irish have instigated and brought to perfection about everything else worth while, not only in America but all over the world, and since the earliest times. We even have a healthy national organization, the American Irish Historical Society, which, by working night and day on its books and pamphlets, has proved to its own satisfaction that while God may have created the universe without Irish help, He was taking a terrible risk in so doing.

One night years ago in a Gramercy Park club I heard one of the brilliant research workers of this Irish-American organization dilate on Irish achievements to a small round-table group that included white-maned old Mark Twain. The Hibernian expert proved conclusively that the then waning American idol, Admiral Dewey, was wholly Irish, that the Irish Brigade won the battle of Gettysburg and thus saved the North from annihilation, and that George Washington would have got nowhere if he had not surrounded himself with a succession of Irish advisers and Irish aides-de-camp. By the time he had worked back to the fact that Columbus's navigating officer and most of his crew were Irish the club bar closed, and there was no place to go but home.

"Jimmy," drawled Mark Twain as the party was breaking up, "you have about convinced me that Christ Himself was Irish."

"Sam," replied the Irishman sonorously, a proud lift to his chin, "I'm working on that now."

STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE

BY LOUIS LE FEVRE

ARE the differences in intelligence which manifestly exist among men mainly due to inheritance or to the influence of environment? One of the most important and fiercely fought battles in the intellectual world is the dispute over this question. There is no lack of confident dogmatic assertions by the combatants. We are assured categorically, for example, by Professor E. M. East that the mentality of man "is due fundamentally to his hereditary endowment, to his inborn traits." But Dr. John B. Watson believes, on the other hand, that any normally healthy baby, by the proper environmental conditioning, may be developed into "a genius, a cultured gentleman, a rowdy or a thug."

This difference of opinion clearly has vital significance. The proper behavior of parents, teachers and voters in countless contingencies must depend on which view, if either, is correct. What, then, is the layman to do when he is faced by one of these contingencies? Professor East has a logical answer to this question. The layman should listen to experts. The biologists are the only experts in the laws of heredity. Therefore, we should accept what biologists tell us about inheritance and ignore the writings of "amateurs and dilettantes."

In view of this scorn of the amateur it is disconcerting to note that Gregor Mendel, who discovered the first of the fundamental laws of heredity, "was not really a biologist." As Dr. East himself points out, "biology was one of the numerous avocations of his active life, like playing chess, organising fire-brigades, running banks, and fighting government taxes."

Perhaps it was for this reason that it took the professional biologists thirty-five years after Mendel published his epoch-making work to realize that anything worthy of their notice had happened.

But no doubt Mendel was an exception. In general, it is unquestionably desirable that the amateur should take his knowledge of heredity from the biologist. There are still difficulties, however, which make one hesitate to swallow the gospel of the omnipotence of heredity blindfold, humbly trusting in the infallibility of the official instructors.

In the first place, biologists of the highest rank disagree as to the application of the laws of heredity to the inheritance of human intelligence. Furthermore, most of the arguments which are intended to prove the dominant influence of heredity on intelligence rest heavily on masses of statistics which are entirely irrelevant to the problem. Finally, certain dogmas of the more ardent believers in the power of heredity are contradicted by observed facts discovered in recent investigations.

The disagreements among biologists of high standing on this subject have been adequately set forth by Dr. H. S. Jennings and Dr. Raymond Pearl of The Johns Hopkins. One feature of this disagreement seriously complicates the problem of expert testimony. Says Jennings:

Every creature has many inheritances, which one shall be realized depending on the conditions under which it develops; but man is the creature that has the greatest number of possible heritages. Or, more accurately, men and other organisms do not inherit their characteristics at all. What their parents leave them are certain packets of chemicals which under one set of conditions produce one set of characters, under other conditions pro-

the dishes had not been washed. It is also a little difficult to see the connection between wicker chairs, fine rugs or modern plumbing and intelligence. The home of Socrates, I fear, would have ranked low on an Athenian equivalent of this scale. The home of Einstein might rank equally low, since he has never possessed the income of a headwaiter. Nevertheless, by its existence, the scale undoubtedly sheds light on certain aspects of intelligence in modern America.

In this investigation, besides the Whittier Scale, another was used, based on the vocabulary of parents, the education of parents, the interests of parents, the home library, and artistic taste. Thus each child, each parent, and each home was carefully rated and given an exact statistical value.

By the Stanford-Binet test the average intelligence quotient of the foster children was 107.4; the average I.Q. of the own children used as controls was 115.4. Since the environment of the two groups, according to the statistics, was equally favorable, the difference of eight points in the average I.Q.'s must have been due to the superior heredity of the control group. On the other hand, at least part of the seven points by which the adopted children exceeded the normal average of 100 was presumably due to the favorable environment in their foster homes.

Miss Burks estimates that the average innate intelligence of the foster children was slightly above normal, perhaps 102 or 103. This inference is supported by little evidence. About 80% of these children were illegitimate, and they were all given up by their mothers within a few months. In these days of birth control it seems very doubtful that the parents of unwanted, illegitimate children rank above the general average in intelligence.

These measurements, however, are merely preliminary. The figures so conscientiously accumulated soon roll over, play dead and jump through hoops. In the end we learn that 17% of the differences in intelligence among the foster children are due to

home environment, and 37% of the differences among the control children are due to the combination of home environment and parental intelligence. It is then hastily decided that the remainder of 63% unaccounted for by the statistics must be due almost entirely to heredity. Thus the total contribution of heredity "is probably not far from 75 or 80%." The question is settled by statistics—and statistics cannot lie!

Unfortunately, these statistics are based on the assumption that there are no significant differences in environment between the foster and control groups which might influence the intelligence of the children in the two groups unequally. This assumption is pure guess-work.

Even the figures that are given show differences that may well be significant. The average family income of the foster parents is \$6,200; that of the control parents is \$4,100. The average number of children in the foster families is 1.5; in the control families it is 2.3. In a family with two children and an income of \$4,100, there will obviously be little surplus to employ nurses or servants. With an income of \$6,200 and one child, the situation is different. The homes are rated on a basis of chairs, rugs and plumbing, but the scales say nothing about servants. Yet it seems likely that a nurse might influence a child's intelligence rather more than a rug or a bathtub.

It is assumed that the relationship between the foster parents and their adopted children is precisely equivalent to that between the control parents and their own children. But if the foster parents are more likely to delegate the care of the children to others, this assumption is clearly unfounded. In that case the most significant correlation to indicate the influence of the environment might be with the mental age of the nurse, rather than with that of the foster parents.

Finally, no two children ever born, not even Siamese twins, have had exactly the same environment. No method of evalu-

ating parental care or many other influences by statistics has yet been discovered. The attempt to cancel out all environmental factors by statistical averages is, to say the least, excessively ambitious.

IV

When intelligence tests are given after an interval to children who have been previously tested, the results of the tests on the same individual in most cases do not vary greatly. There are often wide differences in a relatively few cases, but these differences generally cancel one another, so that the average is seldom materially affected.

For example, 1112 children in the Lincoln School were given two or more tests. The median gain in I.Q. between tests was slightly less than one point. Sixty-one children gained 15 points or more, the highest gain being 51 points. Thirty-nine children lost more than 15 points, the greatest loss being 32 points. Five hundred and seventy-three children varied less than five points. Again Dr. John Munroe, after testing and retesting 700 individuals over a period of sixteen years, found that variations of as much as 35 points were not extremely rare.

The occasional wide variations are doubtless sometimes due to errors or to the imperfect reliability of the tests. On the other hand, they sometimes seem to indicate authentic variations in intelligence. The stability of the averages means only that within a large group gains and losses are likely to offset each other, which is natural enough, but it does not imply that intelligence cannot be changed.

Another study of the intelligence of foster children, made by Professors Frank N. Freeman and Karl J. Holzinger, and Mrs. Blythe C. Mitchell of the University of Chicago, gives interesting results on this point. A group of 74 foster children had been given intelligence tests before being placed in their new homes at an average age of eight years. They were again tested after several years and it was

found that they had made an average gain (after correction for the difference in age) of 7.5 points. The corrected gain by the 33 children placed in homes rated better than the average was 10.4 points. The corrected gain by the 37 younger children in the group, who were placed at an average age of six years, was also over ten points. According to the investigators, the results show "that children placed at eight years of age in relatively poor homes gain significantly in intelligence. A greater gain might be expected had they been placed at an earlier age in higher grade homes."

Doubtless seven or even ten points is not an enormous gain, since the ordinary variation in I.Q. among an equally large group of children taken at random would cover a range of at least seventy points. Nevertheless, 33% of the unselected group would fall within ten points, and 57% within twenty points.

Another phase of this Chicago study appears to be significant. We are constantly being warned by eugenic enthusiasts, armed with horrifying statistics, that the children of morons and criminals inevitably inherit the evil qualities of their parents, and that drastic sterilization laws are needed to save America from being destroyed by hordes of the unfit. According to eugenic standards, the true parents of the Chicago foster children were certainly a bad lot. Out of 401 children, 120 had one parent and 26 more had both parents reported as mentally defective. One hundred and forty-five had one parent and 73 others had both parents rated as morally defective. In many other cases information as to the parents was lacking. Twelve children had insane fathers and 28 insane mothers. Forty-eight children had fathers who had been imprisoned, while 27 had mothers imprisoned or placed in institutions for such offenses as murder, adultery, disorderly conduct, forgery, and excessive drinking. In many respects these figures are comparable to those for the Jukes family, over whom so many eugenic tears have been shed.

These foster children, however, had been separated from their true parents and placed in a new environment. Under these conditions their average rating in intelligence, corrected for age, was entirely normal—about one point less than that of unselected children. Furthermore, only 32 of the entire group presented serious problems of misbehavior. Again the science of statistics gives various results.

One favorite dogma of the heredity cult has been that feeble-mindedness is inherited according to the Mendelian Law as a simple recessive unit character. In that case, all the children of two feeble-minded parents would be feeble-minded. Much effort has been devoted to the collection of statistics to prove that this is true. A child both of whose parents are feeble-minded does not grow up in a highly intellectual atmosphere, but such considerations do not worry an enthusiastic statistician.

Both parents of 26 children among this Chicago group were reported as mentally defective. The average I.Q. of these children was 81, which is low, but eleven points above the level of feeble-mindedness. Only four of the 26 were feeble-minded. These four had all remained with their own parents till they were more than six years old, and three of them till they were more than eight. They all had younger brothers who had been separated from their parents by the time they were four years old; and these younger brothers were all normal. It is fortunate that the application of the laws of physics to building bridges gives more consistent results than the application of the laws of biology to feeble-mindedness.

V

Perhaps the most interesting and significant evidence as to the relative importance of heredity and environment may be gained by the study of identical twins. These twins, who are always of the same sex and very much alike physically, are derived from the same fertilized egg. Thus they have exactly the same heredity.

Francis Galton collected a marvellous assortment of wonder tales about twins whose mental characteristics remained closely similar through life. By the same method he could have collected an equally striking assortment of data on the activities of vampires, werewolves, ghosts and witches.

There is also the usual flood of statistics to prove that such identical twins resemble each other in intelligence. For example, the results of one study show that ordinary brothers and sisters have an average difference in I.Q. of 13.14 points, and that boy and girl twins, who are always non-identical, have an average difference of 8.48. But non-identical twins of the same sex have a difference of 7.37, while identical twins show a difference of only 5.08. So far as these figures prove anything at all, they seem to favor the influence of environment, since there is no apparent reason why heredity should cause non-identical twins to resemble each other more closely than ordinary brothers and sisters do.

The only critical evidence is that dealing with identical twins brought up separately. Unfortunately, very few such cases have been scientifically studied.

One notable case was investigated by H. J. Muller, who published his results in the *Journal of Heredity* in 1925. Identical twin girls, B and J, were separated at the age of two weeks. They were brought up in the same part of the country in a generally similar social environment. B, however, had only four years of formal schooling, while J went through high-school and took Summer courses in a university. B went into business and travelled widely; J became a teacher. When studied, they showed a remarkable similarity in intelligence, both of them ranking far above the average, with an insignificant difference as measured by the tests employed. But they differed very widely in emotional reactions, about as much as two unrelated people taken at random. If this case stood alone it would be good evidence that heredity con-

trols intelligence, while emotional and temperamental characteristics are determined by environment.

Professor H. H. Newman, however, has recently described three other cases in the same journal. His first pair of twin sisters, O and A, were born in England. They were separated at the age of eighteen months, and soon afterward O's foster parents moved to Canada. After seventeen years A joined her sister in Canada, where they were studied a year later. These twins had about the same amount of education, but the difference in social environment between London and a small town in Ontario was naturally great.

By all the mental tests O is decidedly superior to A in intelligence. By the Stanford-Binet test O has an I.Q. of 96.9, while that of A is 84.9. The difference in mental age is twenty-three months, nearly three times the average for identical twins brought up together. In other tests the difference is even more striking. In the Thurstone test, which was standardized by the scores of 16,554 college freshmen, O would rank thirtieth in a random group of 100 students, while A would rank eighty-second. On the other hand, in emotional and temperamental qualities these twins are very similar. Thus in this case the results found by Muller are exactly reversed.

Newman's next pair, twin girls, E and G, were adopted from an orphanage, E at eighteen months, G at two years of age. They were completely separated for nineteen years, but had been reunited for several years when tested. The foster parents of both twins were uneducated working people, and there was little difference in home environment. The education of E, however, ended with the fifth grade in a parochial school, while G graduated from high-school and took a three-year normal-school course.

Again by every mental test G is clearly more intelligent than her sister. According to the Stanford-Binet test, the difference is exactly the same as that between O and A, 12 points in I.Q., and twenty-three

months in mental age. Again, other tests show much greater differences. In the Otis group test there is a difference of fifty-one months in mental age. In terms of an index of brightness, in which 100 is normal, E ranks 32 and G 83.

A significant feature of this case is that, judged by the commonly accepted standard, E is a moron. While the I.Q. of G, 77.6 by the Stanford-Binet test, is low, it is well within the range of normal intelligence. Once more the "biologic law" that feeble-mindedness is inherited as a Mendelian recessive character is hard to reconcile with the facts.

In this case there is a remarkable temperamental similarity between the twins. Indeed, their differences in this group of tests were no greater than those which might appear between the scores of the same person at different times of the same day.

Newman's third pair of identical twins are boys separated in early infancy. They show a very close resemblance in intelligence. By the Stanford-Binet test the I.Q. of one is 99, that of the other 101, a difference less than the average for twins brought up together. In other tests the differences are much more pronounced, but not very great. The significance of this resemblance is somewhat diminished by two facts. The home environments and educational opportunities of the twins seem to have been closely similar; and their intelligence is at the average level (I.Q. 100), where the largest number of individual scores is naturally found.

In this case the emotional tests show much greater differences. In one test more than half the individuals in a standard group would come between the twins. And they seem to have impressed everyone who observed them as utterly different personalities.

These cases certainly appear to indicate that environment affects intelligence. On the other hand, since the difference in I.Q. as measured by the Stanford test in no case exceeded twelve points, it remains doubt-

ful, to say the least, that a favorable environment can change a moron into a genius. To be sure, other mental tests showed greater differences; it is also true that the differences in environment between the twins of each pair were by no means comparable to those existing among the whole population. At any rate, the dogma that intelligence is predetermined at birth and cannot be increased by education or any other environmental influence collides with stubborn facts.

It seems probable that both heredity and environment play a significant part in the determination of intelligence. Perhaps the relative importance of the two factors varies in each individual case. It is highly improbable that their respective contributions can ever be accurately measured by statistics. In the present state of knowledge dogmatic generalizations by biologists, statisticians, behaviorists, or bartenders merely indicate the dogmatist's exaggerated faith in his own omniscience.

VI

If this is true of differences among individuals, what are we to say of the exuberant proclamations of such popular prophets of the eugenic cult as Wiggam, Stoddard and company, who cheerfully rank whole races, nations and social classes in a hierarchy of innate mental capacity on the basis of differences in average I.Q.? Identical twins with precisely the same heredity may differ by twelve points, as a result of variations in environment trifling, compared with those which separate the typical Babbitt from a cotton-field nigger or an Italian immigrant. Yet because the Negroes and the Italians were inferior to the Babbitts in the famous Army intelligence tests, we are told that the Negro is and always will be hopelessly inferior, while Italian immigrants must be excluded to protect our sacred germ plasm from contamination.

Just a thousand years ago, in the year 929, the Arab Sultan of Spain, Abd-er-

Rahman III, took the title of Caliph. His Moorish Caliphate of Cordova was at that time beyond comparison the most highly civilized State in Europe. In Spain under the Moors there was a brilliant development of architecture, poetry, philosophy, and science. In England the barbarous Saxons and still more savage Danes were engaged in petty bickerings, punctuated by treacherous massacres. All Northern Europe wallowed in a bestial mire of ignorance, superstition and filth.

Today our intelligence testers consider a bathtub evidence of an intellectual home environment. In Cordova the Arabs established hundreds of public baths. Meanwhile in Christian Europe, "a lady saint recorded with pride the fact that up to the age of sixty she had never washed any part of her body, except the tips of her fingers when she was going to take the Mass." Many centuries after this, when the Christians reconquered Spain, bathing was still considered a heathen custom, and so dangerous to the faithful that Philip II ordered the destruction of all the public baths left by the Moors.

In Cordova there were famous schools to which students came from every part of Europe where dim sparks of intellectual life smouldered. In medicine, chemistry and mathematics the Arabs made especially notable discoveries. Arab poetry supplied models for the troubadours who later arose in Southern France. In Northern Europe nobody at all could read or write, except a few priests.

Under these conditions a Moslem doctor, Saïd of Toledo, describing our Nordic ancestors who lived beyond the Pyrenees, observed that they "are of cold temperament and never reach maturity; they are of great stature and of a white color. But they lack all sharpness of wit and penetration of intellect."

This sweeping verdict of the learned doctor of Toledo was perhaps as well founded as any generalization about intelligence that has ever been based on the science of statistics.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, clarifies an abstruse point in theology:

Brother Raymond H. Hampton, Bradford, Tenn., wants to know the difference between the kingdom of God and the kingdom of heaven. And he wants to know if the kingdom and the church are the same thing. The way I understand it is that the kingdom of God means that God is head of the kingdom—He is the king. The kingdom of Heaven merely indicates the headquarters, so to speak, of God's kingdom. When there was only one congregation the kingdom and the church were the same. But since the congregations have multiplied there are many churches and all of them put together constitute the kingdom.

CONTRIBUTION to psychology by the same learned man:

Brother J. T. Singleton, Adamsville, Tenn., asks what is the difference between the mind and the soul of man. The answer is that there is the same difference as there is between the body of a man and his foot. The foot is a part of the body. The body has a foot. Even so the soul has a mind, the mind belongs to the soul. Just as a man can't walk without feet so the soul can't think without a mind.

TRIBUTE to the memory of an immortal statesman of this celebrated Commonwealth, by a reader of the illustrious *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*:

Some people select as an object of their praise a Western sunset because of its mystic color, its silvery glow, and its colored radiance; some select a flower garden filled with roses, violets and lilies whose dainty perfume is wafted upon the morning air; others select a green clad river bank where the golden waves nightly lap its rocky sides and sing its sea melody to the moon; but for my present subject I select the grandest hero, the greatest genius, and the most wonderful individual known, a man made in the image of his God.

Thomas C. McRae was born on Dec. 21, 1851, in Union county, Ark., and was educated in private schools. In 1871 he graduated from Washington and Lee Law School. In 1903 he retired from political life and in 1909 was elected president of the Arkansas Bankers' Association. In 1917 he was elected president of the Arkansas

Bar Association. He was elected Governor in 1920 and served twice. In 1923 he announced his final retirement from politics and on June 2, 1929, he died, aged seventy-eight, after a three months' illness, leaving a wife and four children to mourn his loss. He was just like the country Ireland, where the amber, violet, and rose colored clouds hang over enchanted sea-gardens of blazing sunlight that flows in dazzling streams of heavenly wonder, making a jewelled fairyland of mortal dreamlight that reflects the ethereal clusters of fiery stars sparkling ever for the just and free.

FRANK W. BOTT.

Lexington, Miss.

CALIFORNIA

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the *Roseville Tribune and Register*:

MAGNETIC HEALER IN LINCOLN

Is going to open the place for curing sick people. I want to give one consolation to the poor in health, because I know that you will be glad to know that there is a man who can cure your suffering. But now that you know, you will be in a hurry to come and get cured of your headache, and the weak eyes, or the sore eyes, should be cured. Your sore teeth, or neuralgia should be taken from you. Rheumatism, shoulders and spinal cord, liver and kidney, sore throat, asthma, lungs, heart, stomachache, constipation and indigestion, the illness of the fallen womb, burns and running sores—and any other sickness in general. I am sure you will come and insist on my cure, and I will put you through and to be well forever.

Come to this address:
East Ave., Betw. 9th and 10th
Sts., Lincoln, Calif.
East Side of Lincoln.
Phone 120

JOHN DELGROSSO
MAGNETIC HEALER

Office Hours—From 9 to 12 A.M.; 1 to 5 P.M.; and from 6 to 8 P.M. The office is not open on Thursdays and Sundays—just five days a week.

ECCLESIASTICAL news from ever-marvelous Los Angeles, as reported by the *Times*:

"God was the first user of anesthetics," declared Dr. John Snape in his sermon yesterday at Temple Baptist Church. To prove his point, Dr. Snape said that the Creator caused a "deep sleep" to fall upon Adam and that while the sire of humanity was in that condition the Lord

took one of his ribs and "closed up the flesh thereof."

"That Adam recovered finely from the operation and was 'doing nicely' and escaped gangrene, erysipelas, lockjaw, and other ills is evidenced by the fact that he lived for 930 years, a ripe old age," said Dr. Snape.

CULTURAL item from the Hollywood News:

The fervor of Charles Loeb, German film actor, to gain an entrance into the Hollywood motion-picture studios almost cost him his life, and may result in serious illness, it was revealed today. Failing in efforts to storm the gates of cinema citadels, Loeb had himself shipped to the Pathé studios in Culver City. Last Wednesday, according to Culver City police, Fritz Straube, a friend, packed Loeb in a coffin-like box in Chicago. The box, labeled, "Statue—Handle with Care—Value \$500," was shipped by express to the Pathé casting director. When the box arrived at Culver City Saturday, strange noises attracted the attention of employees. The box was opened. In it lay Loeb, parched with thirst and exhausted. The actor was taken from the box, fed and given water, and turned over to Culver City police. A note attached to Loeb read:

"I've tried again and again to see you. [The casting director.] I want to show you my ability, but the portal of entry has been denied me by your trusted guardians. I had to tell you somehow, and this little trip will demonstrate how much I think of a chance to show you my wares. Now that I have arrived I can make but one request—give me a chance."

The coffin was equipped with a rubber hose leading from the bottom. Loeb carried three quarts of water, a can of patented food drink, a half dozen lemons, a mouth wash, peppermint, a mirror and a flashlight.

THE worship of Jahveh in San Francisco, as revealed by an ecclesiastical notice in the celebrated *Chronicle*:

7:30 P.M.—THEY'RE HOT AFTER HOOVER

Dr. Moats will answer these questions:

1. Why are certain organizations now turning their political guns on Hoover?

I WANT A GIRL

2. How can a young business man meet the right kind of girls?

THE HE-MAN

3. Can a fellow be a Christian and at the same time a red-blooded he-man?

Graccio Leggo Houlder, of Australia, will answer:

CHRIST THE WINE MANUFACTURER

1. Did not Christ make wine for the wedding feast?

WEAK WOMEN AND STRONG DRINK

2. Are not more women drinking under Prohibition than saloons?

THE LAUGHING STOCK

3. Hasn't Prohibition made the U. S. A. the laughing stock of the world?

30 Minutes Delightful Music

Madame Stella Raymond Vought, Director of Concert Prelude

11 A.M.—PERSONAL POWER

Escape: The trifles and common things that are defeating you.

Arrive: At a gateway to peace, health and power.

(How to discover, strengthen and use your life currents.)

Chorus Choir

GRACE M. E. CHURCH

21 ST. NEAR MISSION

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE sublime process of debate in the United States Senate, as reported by the *Congressional Record*:

MR. NORRIS—Cannot the Senator wait until I answer one question before he propounds another?

MR. CARAWAY—I do not think I will live long enough for that.

MR. NORRIS—Perhaps the Senator will not; he need not wait that long.

MR. CARAWAY—I do not have to wait.

MR. NORRIS—It does not make any difference to me. If the Senator does not want to wait, that is his business.

MR. CARAWAY—The Senator thinks he owns the Senate—

MR. NORRIS—No; I do not think I own the Senate. That is another statement the Senator is absolutely unjustified in making.

MR. CARAWAY—May I ask the Senator a question?

MR. NORRIS—Yes.

MR. CARAWAY—What is there about it that the Senator should become so angry, when I was merely trying to ask him a question?

MR. NORRIS—Will the Senator allow me to answer that question?

MR. CARAWAY—I suppose I will stop for the rest of the afternoon.

MR. NORRIS—Perhaps the Senator will; it might be well if he would stop here and wait and listen a little while. He might get some information perhaps that would be valuable for him.

MR. CARAWAY—I have listened for a good while, and have not obtained any information as yet.

MR. NORRIS—The trouble is the Senator does not listen.

MR. CARAWAY—Oh, yes; I do.

MR. NORRIS—He gets into the debate when there is no call for it.

MR. CARAWAY—I have been listening for eight years.

MR. NORRIS—Now, let us get to the Senator's question. He has interrupted me so many times since the question was asked that I have forgotten what it was.

MR. CARAWAY—I knew the Senator had, and I tried to set him right.

MR. NORRIS—Why does the Senator say I got so angry about it?

MR. NORRIS—If the Senator will keep still, I will answer it. The truth is that the Senator is entirely wrong when he assumes that I am angry.

MR. CARAWAY—The Senator does not make that kind of a face when he is in a good humor, does he? [*Laughter.*]

MR. NORRIS—The Senator has looked at so many bad faces that he does not know a good one when he sees it. [*Laughter.*]

MR. CARAWAY—I will not admit that.

MR. NORRIS—Mr. President, if there is one thing I cannot do after my long association here, it is to get angry with the Senator from Arkansas.

MR. CARAWAY—Then, do not look at me in that tone of voice.

MR. NORRIS—I have, however, seen him go wrong occasionally—

MR. CARAWAY—Yes; when following the Senator from Nebraska.

MR. NORRIS—And I cannot follow him when he goes wrong.

MR. CARAWAY—That is where I differ with the Senator. I follow him when he goes wrong; I could not follow him otherwise.

MR. NORRIS—The Senator would do better if he would follow me when I am right.

MR. CARAWAY—I have never found the Senator to be that way.

ILLINOIS

DIVINE worship in the immortal town of Herrin, as described by the *Illinois Central Magazine*:

"All Aboard" was the title of a railway sermon preached at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Herrin, by the pastor, the Rev. Frank W. Pimlott, the son of George Pimlott, a former railway engineer of the Michigan Central. The ushers used lanterns in seating the people and an electric train was installed and run by Walter Rodenburg to lend color to the service. A male quartet sang "Life's Railway to Heaven" and Eddie Smith played "Railroad Blues" on a French harp. Pictures of locomotives, the Lady Elgin, built in 1852, and the Fontaine, freak engine built in 1888, were exhibited. At the opening of the service C. B. Nesler, the orchestra director, started the train after the pastor had called "All Aboard!" The exhaust of the locomotive was heard as the train slowly pulled out. The bell rang, the whistle blew. When the train was speeding along the congregation began singing "I'm Bound for the Promised Land." At the close of the song the train was brought to a stop.

MICHIGAN

EDUCATIONAL news from the great town of Iron River, as set down in the *Reporter*.

Capt. J. E. Looney, member of the Board of Education of Stambaugh township since 1911,

resigned recently to accept a position as janitor of the Palatka school.

NEW YORK

PUBLIC warning broadcast over the sign manual of the Hon. Charles M. Wood, national supreme secretary of the National Fundamental Protestant Christian Association, 220 St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn:

In 1924 I sent Circular Letters out stating that I believe that FIFTY per cent of ALL the MONEY, BONDS, and POSTAGE STAMPS in circulation in the United States are COUNTERFEIT.

Brooklyn and New York City newspapers printed an article on SEPTEMBER, 16, 1924, stating that a gang of counterfeiters in Brooklyn had facilities for printing \$700,000 per week.

There was apparently nothing done to prevent a recurrence, as on JUNE 3, 1929, the Brooklyn and New York City newspapers printed an article stating that a gang of counterfeiters in Brooklyn had facilities for printing \$800,000 per week.

FIVE years intervened and apparently nothing was done to eliminate these counterfeiters.

I took this matter up with Mr. George Hinman in 1924, then Head of the Money Market Department of William Randolph Hearst's New York *American* and his other publications. Mr. Hinman is now deceased.

I learned that our United States Government has issued or authorized to be issued \$5,000,000,000 in notes and gold. I learned from George Hinman that there were at that time about \$20,000,000,000 in notes and gold on deposit in our United States Banks.

And that, including Bonds, Securities, Stocks, etc., etc., etc., that there was about \$60,000,000,000 on deposit.

Who are the ones that is supposed to know just exactly the amount of notes and gold that our United States Government is responsible for? If our United States Government is responsible for ONLY \$5,000,000,000, and there would be \$20,000,000,000 presented for redemption, what will become of the surplus of \$15,000,000,000, which of course, must be counterfeit?

This surplus would be of no value to the Banks or persons that it is left on their hands.

Our United States Government issues one note each of a certain number and letter "A" "B" "C" and "D." Four notes of the same number but different letters, "A" "B" "C" and "D." Is our United States Government going to call these notes in by NUMBER AND LETTER, or the first come, first served? Is the first note presented, to be considered the GENUINE, and any thereafter to be considered counterfeit? Which? Or how?

We learned that money presented at the Treasury Department for redemption was destroyed without a proper investigation being made as to the genuineness of the notes, and new "genuine" notes was issued in their place,

which caused the country to be flooded with counterfeit money. Possibly a thousand notes of the same number and letter exist in circulation. I believe that to call all outstanding notes, in, but NUMBER and LETTER would eliminate the possibility of United States being still flooded with counterfeit money. This should apply to all moneys in circulation in our United States. And the same thing and system should be done and applied to all Bonds, Securities, etc., and also Postage Stamps. DOES ANYBODY KNOW AND CAN ANYBODY TELL WHAT AMOUNT OF MONEY OUR UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OWES TO THE PUBLIC, AND WHY? I believe that counterfeiters have flooded our United States since 1880 at the average rate of \$100,000,000 a year, which equals about \$5,000,000,000. Our United States Government having \$5,000,000,000 of genuine money in circulation, counterfeiters having \$5,000,000,000 of counterfeit money in circulation, of course, make it FIFTY per cent each.

The aforestated has no bearing on genuine United States money that has been LOST in Oceans, Fires and been destroyed in a hundred different ways, which of course, our United States Government would be absolutely released from, and would not be compelled to liquidate.

There has been enough United States money destroyed in the last fifty years in the aforestated ways to almost absolutely release our United States Government from any indebtedness to the public.

If the Pennsylvania Railroad, or any other Railroad, or Company would issue \$20,000,000 of Stock or Bonds of their Company and they concluded to redeem the current stocks or bonds by issuing new stocks or bonds in their place, they would expect and ONLY expect \$20,000,000 in stocks or bonds to be presented for exchange—AND NO MORE—. The same thing applies to our United States Government.

Redeem the exact amount of money that our United States Government is responsible for, less the percentage for destruction of notes and gold. Will the ones that it is their duty to attend to these matters, attend to them; if not, WHY NOT?

THE REV. DR. FREDERICK W. EVANS, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Troy, as reported by the *Times* of the same town:

What we need in this country today is more persons like Abraham Lincoln and if we are to get them it will be through the Y. M. C. A.'s and the churches.

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the *Occult Digest*:

ONE PSYCHOPHONE FOR SALE. HALF PRICE. PERFECT. Contacts cosmic wisdom, makes suggestions to subconscious mind during sleep. Scientific genie. Chas. Powell, 129 Amity street, Brooklyn.

THE Higher Learning in marvelous Manhattan:

*His Honor the Mayor
and the Commissioner of Correction
request the honor of your presence
at the*

*Graduation Exercises
of the*

*Prison Keepers of the Department of Correction
At Palm Garden*

*306 West Fifty-second Street
at 8:30 P.M.*

Dancing, Music by Police Orchestra

MYSTERIOUS workings of the Holy Spirit in the grand old town of Newburgh, as reported by the Associated Press:

Struck by lightning while conducting a prayer-meeting last night, the Rev. Ralph N. Allen, pastor of the First Baptist Church here, was alive today. Mr. Allen was about to deliver an address at the prayer-meeting when the lightning struck and all lights in the room were extinguished except one above the pastor's head. When members of the congregation recovered from their shock they found Mr. Allen standing rigidly behind the reading-desk in a semi-conscious condition. Except for two burns on his forehead, physicians today said, the minister's condition was not serious.

OHIO

FROM the celebrated Cincinnati *Times-Star*:

Mrs. Eva Sells Jaeger of Columbus was a recent visitor to Cincinnati. Her genealogical table of her ancestry, which she has traced back to Adam, is attracting much attention throughout the country. Mrs. Jaeger is prominent in patriotic societies in Columbus. Her immigrant ancestor in this country was William Arnold and she has traced through him to William the Conqueror and his wife, Mathilda, through Kenneth McAlpin, King of Scotland in two lines, through Solomon and Nathan, and through Seth to Adam. The table, on a blue print, was presented by Mrs. Jaeger to the Dames of the Court of Honor, at the recent national meeting at the Sinton, and is a valued part of their archives. Mrs. Jaeger, in tracing her line, also incidentally traced that of Mrs. Lowell Hobart, the president-general of the D. A. R., for she goes back on one of Mrs. Hobart's lines. She has presented Mrs. Hobart with one of the blue prints of the line in unbroken data back to Adam.

PENNSYLVANIA

SOCIETY news from Pittsburgh, sent out by the United Press:

A group of twenty prisoners, including some of the most prominent Western Pennsylvanians ever sentenced to the Federal penitentiary at

Atlanta, left here today for that institution. United States Marshal J. C. McGregor and ten guards were in charge of the prisoners in a special coach attached to a Pennsylvania Railroad train. Among them are five politicians and ward workers, a former State senator and Fayette county banker, a former receiver in bankruptcy, a former postmaster, a former Prohibition agent, a man who at one time was an informer for dry agents and a bank robber. Their prison terms total thirty-one years, three months and eight days.

LAW Enforcement news from the lively town of Towanda:

Seniors of Luthers Mills High-school have been conducting a Noble Experiment of their own in an effort to obtain funds for the senior class's annual visit to Washington, it was revealed here today with the discovery of a huge still in the rear of the school. For several weeks, according to Walter J. Bell, field secretary of the Law Enforcement League, who turned over his evidence to the district attorney, a group of seniors have been distilling liquor in the woods back of the school. One who helped "cook" the stuff at recess time and at night said:

"There was talk that the boys and girls of this year's senior class would not be given the money to get down to Washington to see President Hoover, so a few of us decided to raise the money by making and selling moonshine. What's wrong with that? We would have all been down seeing the President in a week or so if some stupid bird had not gone and got canned and blabbed it all."

THE alert Associated Press discovers a new world's champion in the town of Sayre:

A vermiform appendix weighing three-quarters of a pound, described by Dr. Harry Fish as the largest ever taken from a human being, was removed from Melvin S. Austin of this place today. Dr. Fish is chief surgeon of the local hospital.

RHODE ISLAND

FROM a list of 100% American Rhode Islanders who perished in the War for Democracy, read into the *Congressional Record* by Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, M.A.:

Tony Daglis
Arthur Salvas
Reno Martina
Boleslaw Osmolski
Arthur LaFerriere
Joseph J. Bourdeau
Eugene Boisse
Louis Wolpert
George A. Rico
Louis Leo Pieraccini

Henry J. Langevin
Antone Perreia
Harold H. Jentzel
Wilmer H. Eicke
Joseph Brazeau
William Jolicoeur
Conatien Belhumeur
Isidoro Colella
Israel Couture
Luigi D'Antuono

George T. Aucoin
John Di Raimo
Otto Kammerer
Enovk Megrdochian
Nicola Torti
Napoleon Riendeau
Toni Klimaski
Eugene St. Amour
Joseph R. Coutu
Napoleon Languiran
Leo Schramm
Ray C. Bertherman
Ulysses H. Lavoie
Theodule Chouinard

Rene Gauthier
Andrea Pucci
Lucien La Riviere
Marino Marini
Donato Dimarco
Demetrus Dionne
Joseph A. Dionne
Peter Ducharme
Alexander Lmanian
Antonio Milewski
Domenico Tortora
Alphonse Yelle
Alcibiade Ceccarini
Salve Pisciotte

Joseph Harnois

GENERAL

THE HON. O. O. McINTYRE pays tribute to an æsthe:te:

One of the biggest art collectors is John Ringling, the circus man. At every auction he sits inconspicuously in the background, thumbing a catalogue and little interested until the treasure he seeks comes up. Among his most recent purchases was the bathtub in which Marat was lolling when stabbed by Charlotte Corday.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the correspondence column of the London *Evening Standard*:

In answer to the question, "Do Fish Think?" an experience of ours some years ago is interesting. We kept several large gold and silver fish in a glass tank, which became frozen over. One day the frost formed delicate fern-like leaves of ice, which shot down to the bottom of the tank, and enclosed the fish in frozen cells. They became so still and lifeless that we were alarmed. My father broke the ice, and, lifting the fish out, poured a few drops of brandy down their throats, replacing them in the tank in a more lively condition. Next morning, which was milder, we were astonished to find them all in a row, motionless, pretending to be frozen in.

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Times* of the same progressive town:

AMERICANS: Lady will sell infant clothes of Charles II for a price within the reach of all.

News item from the eminent *Daily Mail*:

Ruben J. Windows, aged 73, of "The Grove," Wandsworth, died in hospital from heart failure following his collapse in the street. He told people who assisted him: "I have swallowed my false teeth." Later his teeth were found at home. The story was told at the inquest to-day, when a verdict of death from natural causes was recorded.

BLACK ULYSSES IN CAMP

BY HOWARD W. ODUM

BEEN mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. I been to war an' I been back. Already told about it. War change times, never changed me. Like I say, me an' war same things. Had it all my day, gonna have it till I die. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me. Had some turrible times in France, diggin' an' workin' an' fightin'. Maybe I done forgot about it, maybe I recollects some things. Howsomever, hard times in American camps whut I'm talkin' about. Hard times after war whut's blowin' me down.

*I been down so long,
Down don't worry me.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!*

Wus drafted in service at 3:30 P.M. for Camp Meade. Thought Army life mus' be good. Nothin' to it for travellin' man like me. Gonna take it easy, didn't give a dam. Gonna see does the Kaiser know right from wrong.

*Joinin' Army to git free clothes;
What war's about nobody knows.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!*

First thing when we come into camp boys begin hollerin' at us. Hollerin' dam if they didn't send for train load of po'k an' beans an' here we come pokin' ourselves in camp instead! Some boys gittin' mad an' fightin'. Me, I ain't bother yet, I ain't bother yet.

So officer says, "What in the hell you doing standing here? Forward march!" So I marched up to 37 company D. P. o. p. B. B. 11. There I had to fix up my bed. Went 'bout mile away to horse barns to

get a tick of wheat straw and come back and went 'bout two miles to get a blanket. Then line up for supper at 11 o'clock that night. This was quite a nuisance to me, so I had in mind to leave and go back home the next day with my little white straw hat on and Norfolk coat.

*Ruther be in cornfield workin' hard,
Than be buck private in National Guard,
Lawd, I'm on my way an' can't turn back.*

Company commander come in and he says, "Any of you boys leave this camp without orders means A. W. O. L. If so, you gonna ketch hell." And I thought to myself if I should ketch hell on this side and misfortune and die and go to hell on other side it would be two hells in one. So it paid me to stay in camp.

On the first morning they gave me ten minutes to dress for reverlee and five minutes thereafter. Next morning at 5 o'clock the bugle blowed for reverlee, I arose and dressed in ten minutes, and went out, not knowing where to go, not even where I was. I dropped in line with some soldiers.

One boy says, "You can't stand here."

I says, "I stand where I please, ain't I in the Army?"

'Bout that time sargent come to me and say, "What in the hell you doing standing here? Get over yonder with them ruckeys."

I says, "I guess I am a ruckey then."

"Yes," says he, "a dam ruckey."

So after reverlee we goes in for mess and after that we goes to the supply-house, and gets clothing, returning to barret an' goes to Marnel Station for examination. Passed 20:20 in every thing, returned back to barret, goes to insurance offices and rested

the rest of the day excepting standing retreat.

Next morning, risin' up early, goes back to Marnel Station and taking a 'noculation, restin' remainder of the day. And for six weeks couldn't wash my face.

Camp sholy was roughish place. Some boys would form circle to say prayers at night. Whilst they was down to pray before taps, other boys was busy shootin' craps. Some old hero from Florida rose up and says, "Boys, why don't you get up? Look here who's serving the Lawd. Dam if you got any time to serve the Lawd," he says, "Serve Uncle Sam, he is our best friend."

This big sargent wus jes' too mean to live. Too turrible to talk about. Would say to us boys, "Well, damit, I'm here to-day. World's in trouble. I don't keer if sun never shine. I don't give a dam 'bout my mother, neither God. To hell with God an' Devil both! I looks toward risin' sun an' tells both God an' Devil to go to hell." Lawdy, any man would cuss his mama an' God won't have no luck!

After this I taken the flu, but they never would let me be excused. I served in all the drills and the medicine they give me wusn't nothing but pills. I served on detail three weeks building a road from the camp eight miles from town. In five days I couldn't eat neither drink. Made me stay on duty. And when I would report on the sick list sayin' I was sick they would say, "Die and prove it!" Lawdy, Lawd, jes' like times I worked on chain-gang! Foreman would say, "Damit, die, an' prove it." War camp ain't nothin' new to me. Buildin' roads is my middle name.

*It takes the rock an' gravel,
To make this solid road;
It takes a good-lookin' woman
To satisfy my soul.*

Jes' bound to git in devilment. Don't mean no harm, jes' feel my hell a risin'. Way it wus, officers started after me an' jes' 'bout time they gonna ketch me, I stoops down low an' two officers go pilin'

over me on groun'. Reason I wus runnin' wus officers took us out on parade an' tells us to right face. Some boys face about, some lef' face, an' I makes out like I don't know nothin' an' so starts runnin' like hell. Never could tell whether officers tickled at my funny ways or whether wus mad. Leastwise made me do without supper, double time two hours next day, an' give me ten days' kitchen duty.

So they seen couldn't do nothin' else with me an' transferred me back to my company. One night me and Jesse wus on guard an' we both got mean an' wished we wus in France on the firing line. As we walked our post late that night the day officer and his wife and little black dog come tramping along. Of course we hollered, "Halt! who comes there?" and the officer said, "Friend of the camp." So we said, "Advance and be recognized." So he comes little closer, an' we says, "Halt! who comes here?" He said, "Officer of day, wife, and dog." So I hollered out, "If you the officer of the day, what in hell you doin' out here this time o' night?"

The next morning early after reverlee we goes in for mess and wus ordered to fall in line an' march to the supply-house for over-sea equipments. Then, after returnin', goes out on drill-field. Drill from nine in the mornin' till five-thirty without eatin' or drinkin'. Look like I jes' can't make it. Next mornin' 'bout 4 o'clock sargent blowed his whistle, and every devil fall out with his pack rifle .45. Then we had a thirty-mile straight hike, return back on that night about 10 o'clock. Every devil fall out in line with bag and equipments. Here we had a three-mile hike to another barret. Jes' natchelly went to sleep with my pack on.

Next mornin' commander called us out, fall out in column twos, an' general lectured to us. Told us we had to be booked in a few days for overseas. Said we boys been seein' easy time on this side, and when we found it bad over there make the best out of it we can. Said he wanted every soldier to get a man before he died. So I said I'm

goin' over there and get as many as I can put in a tank an' dam if I ain't comin' back home.

Next morning after reverlee boarded train for Camp Afervail. Landed at Camp Afervail one night, booked next day. But never did sail that time. Turned back in few days to Camp Afervail and transferred back to old camp. Boys mad as hell. When came to town near camp, boys decided gonna have some liquor an' so tore out to barroom worsen than bloodhounds after raw beef. We act sociable long as money last, then we went snatching and jerking. In few minutes every barroom wus closed. But believe me, we soldiers had our shear!

*Well, me name is Uncle Sam,
And I don't give a dam,
If I takes a toddy now and then.
Ain't been sober since last October,
An' I don't know the reason why.*

So next day company commander had all soldiers form circle an' lectured to 'em. Called 'em all sorts an' kinds o' names. Told us if any of us go A. W. O. L. we gonna ketch hell. An' all time we thought we wus already ketchin' hell now! So we returns to barret singin':

*All we do is sign pay-roll,
All we do is sign pay-roll,
Lawd, all we do is sign pay-roll,
An' never draw a doggone cent!*

Thought officers mad as hell, didn't know what to do. Boys gittin' mighty rough. Oughta heard them dices ring, oughta heard them singin' blues, drinkin', cussin', gamblin'. Lawd, Lawd, makes me think 'bout old times in construction camps and women comin' out from town.

*Wouldn't give my high brown Belle,
For all madomesells this side o' hell.
Got them awful deep sea blues!*

We had hard time gettin' back to camp some nights. One night old James got hold of wrong girl an' some ole servitor beat him up so bad till he didn't know where he wus at, neither who he wus. Took me to

call him home to Promised Land with my good right fist. Brought him home, laid other fellow low. One time I got so drunk couldn't tell where I wus, neither who I wus, an' next day caught hell.

*Done give myself to Uncle Sam,
Now I ain't worth a good goddam,
I don't want no mo' camp,
Lawd, I want to go home!*

One night I wus out on guard duty an' been goin' on so till I wus tired an' sleepy. So I went to sleep settin' up 'gainst pile o' wheat straw. So some big officer comes by an' hollers to me, askin' who I is an' whut I'm doin'.

So I rises up, steadyin' myself an' says, "I am some sort of soldier. Who the hell are you?"

Officer replies, "I am some sort of major-general." So I says, "I guess I better bring you some sort o' salute, then." So I had company punishment ten days. I jes' *would* be gittin' into devilment all time.

Howsomever, I seen one white boy on sentry duty standing an' leanin' 'gainst haystack up 'bout Norfolk, froze stiff an' dead befo' he wus found. Mus a jes' got sleepy like I did an' in cold Winter of 1917. Jes' went to sleep an' never did wake up, leastwise 'scusin' it be in Heaven or Hell. War got that buddy, never got me.

One time crowd of us boys wus in town waitin' for way to git back to camp. So we sets 'round in circle an' starts rollin' them bones. Policeman comes 'long, sorter old-ish captain, an' says to us, boys, he knows he can't arrest us but we got to stop shootin' dices. So we asks him what the hell he's gonna do. So he walks over and says he can take our dices. An' so he does. I gits up in front of him an' tells him he's gonna give us our dices or me or him one gonna eat breakfast or dinner in Hell, don't make no difference to me which one. So other boys git up an' tells him that's right, we gonna have our dices back. So old man jes' grins an' hands 'em back to us, an' goes off mutterin' 'bout niggers runnin' this country, dam if they ain't.

'Nother time one Sat'day night I was goin' cross bridge of creek hollerin' and singin', namin' name of soldier, 'bout fohty wid breaks on. So Law come up to me an' says I better watch my step. So I don't do nothin' but pick officer up an' throw him over bridge in creek.

*Oh, I'm mighty warrer in the Army,
I'm mighty warrer fer my Lawd,
I'm fightin' soldier in the Army,
I'm soldier in Army of the Lawd.*

Got in trouble one time. Wus goin' on an' raisin' hell. Knowed officers couldn't 'rest me. Told 'em I wus in Army now, couldn't touch me. 'Bout that time seen M.P.'s comin'. Actual fact, chased me five miles up creek. Them wus hard boys! So I got to stop, either be blowed down, either got to go with them.

'Bout that time moved me to 'nother camp. Thought they move me more'n other boys, leastwise took me to seven camps, maybe eight, 'scusin' all I been in after I goes over seas. Can't name 'em all, take me till tomorrow night to tell 'bout it. Thought I jes' bound to be travellin' soldier, ruckey or no ruckey, feel my hell a risin'. Me and war same thing.

II

One time in camp up 'bout Portsmouth I wus walkin' along an' white lieutenant hollers at me, "Where the hell you goin'?" So I says, "Where the hell you think I'm goin'?" Neither does I salute him.

So he asks me if I knows I'm talkin' to officer, an' I says, yes, hell, does he know he's talkin' to enlisted man. So he stands there starin' at one 'nuther. He takes matter up with officers but nothin' to do 'bout it, 'cause he started ruckus not treatin' me like soldier.

One evenin' late, boys all wet an' cold an' tired from workin' in rain all day, loadin' box cars. So wus gettin' late an' boys didn't work very fast. Boys jes' natchelly tired an' don't want to work no-how. So lieutenant comes up an' hollered

at boys callin' 'em goddam niggers an' all sorts an' kind o' names. Wus white officer done it.

So we didn't do nothin' but beat that lieutenant up an' throw him in box car. Well, they had whole batallion 'rested, which I was one. Had hard time gittin' matter fixed up.

One day big white officer comes over to camp to see what could he do 'bout fixin' things up. So he comes on over to where big colored superior officer wus standin' an' comes up from behind an' hollers at him natural like, jes' same as if he wus in Birmingham or some place. Big colored officer don't do nothing but walk off with one o' them big short cigars in mouth whut he always smokin'. So white officer comes on over further an' hollers again. Colored officer don't look 'round but asks him if he knows he's speakin' to superior officer.

So white officer has to go 'round in front of colored officer an' salute. Colored officer takes his time, puffin' big cigar, then takes cigar out of his mouth an' salutes. Then he tells white officer to stand at 'tention till he gits back. So he walks off an' stays 'bout half hour, which he then tells major he can go. So after that thought we didn't have no mo' trouble, only moved us to 'nother camp. Lawdy, Lawd, always movin' on, but just suit me, just suit me!

Howsomever, had some mighty fine officers, both colored and white. Like I say if officers treat me right seem to take a likin' to me with my winnin' ways. Would let me git 'way with most anything. Howsomever, done sumpin' to fine captain one time didn't aim to do.

Wus this way. I wus pretty good fighter an' boys always havin' fights. Jes' scrappin' an' also fights with gloves on. If boys jes' have to fight would git gloves, give 'em to boys, an' tell 'em to go to it, damit, to fight. Would have time watchin' 'em bust one 'nuther open. Like I wus sayin' I wus pretty good fighter an' would step out an' holler, "Anybody better fighter than I is, ain't no wall between us." So nobody would step out.

One day, whilst I wus steppin' 'round talkin' 'bout it, little black boy runs up an' hits me upper cut an' knocks me flat. Boy slips out an' runs like rabbit. But I seen which way he goes an' so I jumps up an' starts after him. I wus mad as wet hen an' sholy gonna lay his body down. Boys hollerin' an' laughin' 'cause little fellow first one to git me. So I runs 'round corner where I seen him go and rushes up behin' him an' hits him on side o' head with left an' right, *bam, bam*, like pile-driver or sumpin'. Falls down like tree.

Howsomever, wus white captain I hit, neither wus it little black boy. Way it wus, this little fellow dodge behin' captain when he seen me comin' an' I wus so mad didn't see nothing but man standin' there. Lawd, thought I wus skeered o' myself! Didn't mean to hit captain. Oh my God, what shall I do?

Never did know how mad captain wus, never done much to me. Captain always bettin' on me an' would talk 'bout what good fighter I wus. Howsomever, had to do something with me, everybody laughin' at him. Thought it must abeen funny sight big black buck private knockin' white captain down, with *bam, bam* on side of head. So told me if I had to be knockin' sumpin' I could kill three hundred flies 'fo' I got any supper. Didn't, I would ketch hell.

Thought I wus gonna git off easy, but told me when I got through killin' all flies in world gotta peal four thousand potatoes. Reason kep' on givin' me mo' punishment wus other white officers would rag him 'bout gittin' knocked out by Tiger Gordon, champeen black boy fighter of world. Heard one officer come up to him an' say,

"Well, Captain, that black boy knocked hell out o' you, didn't he?"

Captain didn't say nothin'. So other officer repeats, "Well, Captain, I say, that nigger got a clean knockout, eh?" So captain says, "Yes, by God, and I'm gonna get one, too," but he misses other officer. Howsomever, captain don't hold no grudge 'gainst me and wus always whoopin' 'em up when I would git in good fight.

Had some big fights in camp. One black boy wus mighty hard for me to kill, but knowed I would git him some day. Name wus Job Jenkins, but called him Battlin' Cowboy 'cause he come from Texas. So fixed up ringside seats an' had big Sat'day night fight. Called me Tiger Gordon. One crowd hollerin' fer me an' 'nother crowd hollerin' fer Cowboy. Lawdy, Lawd, could fight better hearin' crowd yellin'. If yelled fer me, made me feel like bear-cat huggin' lion. If yelled for Cowboy made me so mad could see dry land through muddy water. Gonna knock hell out of Cowboy sho'!

Boys would say to me, "Oh, you Tiger, that Battlin' Cowboy sho' is hard. He's a son-of-a-gun. He boxed all over New York. Cowboy jes' gonna be too smart for you. You jes' natchelly too slow for Cowboy."

So I would say, "Yes, by God, I'm a Sunrose, I'm Hell, I'm yeller-hammer goin' North, I'm sober-headed big boy gonna shoot into him. Gonna bust him so dam hard till he's like scrambled eggs. Gonna hit 'im on side of head till he can't guide hisself. Gonna tear his rump."

So crowd would start hollerin' "Hurry up, Cowboy, hit 'im in that one spot! . . . Kill 'im, Cowboy! . . . I'd kill that ole crutch boy any time! . . . That got 'im! . . . See that Cowboy comin'!"

Boys would holler to me, "Whoopee, Tiger, I want you to cut his throat this time! . . . I ain't satisfied! . . . Break his neck! . . . Reason I went to church Sunday, was prayin' for you! . . . Step out, Tiger, he ain't no woman! . . . Hit 'im! . . . Give him jes' one mo' like that an' I'll be satisfied! . . . Hee, hee, ketch 'im Tiger, tear 'im in the rump!"

'Bout that time I seen Cowboy stop an' shake his head, look like he don't know where he is at. So I shoots him on other side of head, *bam, bam*. Sound like hame-string poppin'. Cowboy shakes his head like dog comin' up out of water. So I lands big uppercut an' Cowboy goes down. Won't be so iron-jawed with me no mo'.

*I'm fightin' man, from Devil's Land,
I'm greasy streak o' lightenin', don't you see?
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!*

We had heap other fights, big boys an' little boys. One of funniest sights I ever seen since I been born wus little black boy 'bout five feet high knockin' big black boy over six feet tall cold as monkey wrench. Little fellow wus too quick fer him, Lawd, Lawd. 'Nother funny sight wus when two boys been fightin', one boy knocked other down. Referee held up this fellow's arm signifyin' he wus winner. 'Bout that time other boy got up an' wus so mad knocked winner cold an' started fightin' referee an' eveybody else in ring. Took 'bout four men to cool him off.

Boys mighty rough in war camp, same as wus in road-gangs an' construction camps. One night in camp boys got to playin' game called dozen. Jes' would play dozen 'scusin' captains an' lieutenants not bein' 'round, cause been told not to do it. Mighty roughish game, boys talkin' 'bout other boys' folks. So one big boy tells 'nother big boy no use him worryin' 'bout his lovin' wife back home, 'cause somebody else shovelin' coal in his furnace. Told him she jes' like street-car, anyhow plenty folks payin' fare an' she ain't gonna starve. So this boy gits so mad he jumps up an' takes shoe-heel and busts other boy's head wide open an' kills him dead. After that captain tells boys he's jes' natchelly gonna shoot next man goes to playin' dozen. Oh, my Lawd, wonder does my baby know right from wrong!

*Rocks on mountain,
Fishes in sea,
Slacker got my woman,
Army got me.*

'Nother thing would do in camp wus singin'. Whenever major or general would come 'round captain would have boys sing. Maybe would be out on field drillin'. So would be 'bout thousand men, some singin' bass, some tenor, some other kinds, an' sholy would harmonize. Wished I could be

settin' off on hill somewhere jes' listenin' to 'em sing. Had all sorts an' kinds o' songs, take me till tomorrow night to count 'em. Couldn't name 'em all. Some Army songs an' some religious songs. Look like boys just made to sing, forgits troubles an' Army an' everything. Singin' an' war same things.

Officers like to hear soldiers sing with deep-rollin', boomin' voices. Would sing special war songs, like "Goodbye, Broadway; Hello, France," "Long Trail A-Windin'," an' others same as white soldiers sung. But what officers like to hear wus songs like "I Am Climbin' Jacob's Ladder," "Do You Think I'll Make a Soldier," "I Been Fightin' in Army of Lawd All My Life," "Do Lawd Remember Me," "Jesus Is Listenin' All Night Long" or maybe

*I want to be ready, I want to be ready,
Walkin' to Jerusalem just like John;
Oh Lawd, won't you come by here,
Lawd, won't you hear my prayer?—
Oh yes, Lawd, I want to be ready,
Yes, walkin' to Jerusalem just like John.*

Some boys would sing an' some would shout, "Lawd, Lawd!" "Yes, oh my Lawd!" an' would go trampin' on, little further on, marchin' an' singin' till visitin' officers jes' could hear 'em.

*We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind.*

III

'Bout that time moved us to 'nother camp. Told us we wus gettin' ready to go overseas. Howsomever, we stayed in that camp long time befo' moved us to last one. Had sorrowful thing happen. One of my chiefest buddies, Charley Alexander Hooper, got killed, neither could police find out who killed him. Boys called him Hoof, an' sho' wus some hooper. Me an' Hoof made powerful pair buddies. Found him all shot up one mornin' 'bout risin' of sun. Law

can't find out who done it. I'm gonna git that dam rascal if last thing I do. Ruther stick man killed my buddy wid bayonet than shoot Kaiser Bill with fohty-fo'.

Wus this way. Hoof wus big high-brown boy. Women belong to him wid his winnin' ways. Wus hawk like pizen to men foolin' wid him. Maybe Hoof would come to new town. 'Nother black boy would come up to him an' say he wus rooster on the roost, an' was 'bout time Hoof be gittin' along, 'scusin' he don't want no spurs stuck in his belly. So Hoof would say, hell, he wus hawk whut *eats* roosters, and any black roosters 'round better watch out. Look like they jes' skeered of him; leastwise nobody could run him off.

If Hoof wanted girl would jes' say, "Well, I believe I'll git that baby." So she would fall in love with him an' leave husband or sweetheart. Hoof would have mo' sweet mamas than he could be sweet papa to. Would give him money an' likker an' be sweet mama to him. Howsomever, in this town near new camp Hoof found him pretty high-brown. Thought he would leave all other women alone. Hoof wus crazy 'bout this teasin' brown an' she wus crazy 'bout Hoof. Eveybody else crazy 'bout her likewise an' Hoof scattered niggers like hawk swoopin' down on chickens. Still, this girl so foolish in her head 'bout Hoof wouldn't let other boys touch her. Would call 'em cheap skates, signifyin' she had handsome high-brown soldier hero. Would jes' go blind an' rave over Hoof. If he jes' look at her she jes' open up an' fall in his arms. Jes' wouldn't let him go, would do anything for him an' never tire. Hoof swear he's gonna stay with her till Hell freeze over.

Some black devil slacker bound to git po' Hoof, gonna lay his body down. Played bad on him. Must a sneaked up from behind an' shot him down. Onliest way could git him. So found him with hole in his head 'bout risin' of sun. Said I wus gonna git dam scoundrel shot. I'm bad man, bad as hell I know. Gonna find him out. Gonna lay his body down some day.

So I feels my hell a risin'. I gits soldier blues, homesick blues, railroad blues, ain't got no fare. Got every kind o' blues anybody ever had, cryin' blues, swearin' blues, don't-care blues, 'fo-day blues, downhearted blues.

*Oh my baby, Lawd,
You don't know my mind,
When you think I'm laughin',
Laughin' to keep from cryin'.*

Wus bound to git in trouble some way. Me an' war buddies, fightin's my middle name. So I seen big black preacher settin' up to this brown baby, talkin' sweet honey 'bout restin' in bosom of Jesus. I'm watchin' this black scoundrel. Don't like 'im, thinkin' 'bout po' Hoof. Got them crazy blues, hey baby, hey honey, don't know whether I'm gittin' sleepy, else gittin' hard as blue steel!

So I straggles 'long followin' black preacher an' high-brown lady takin' walk. I hears po' girl weepin' an' moanin', sayin' she ain't got nothin' to live fer. Wants po' Hoof. Say she don't believe Jesus is listenin' all day long, an' she don't give a dam if He is. Preacher says Hoof wus sinner-man gone to Judgment Day.

'Bout that time I feels my hell a risin', got crazy blues. Got ramblin' blues, got bad-man blues, gonna have them chain-gang blues. So I goes trompin' 'round, gonna git in front of dam nigger. Gonna call him ever name 'scusin' Son of God.

So I comes staggerin' up bellowin' like a bull. 'Bout that time me feets nearbout freeze to ground. I don't know whether I'm in Heaven or Hell. Don't know whether I'm skeered or fightin' mad. Me an' war same thing. Got fightin' blues, can't be satisfied. Oh my God, seen po' Hoof come floatin' in between big preacher an' high-brown girl, floatin' in coffin, lid poppin' off, oh my God! Seen hole in his head, seen blood gushin' out. Seen po' Hoof signifyin' to me big black devil whut done it.

Got them crazy blues, done gone mad, yellin' an' hollerin'. "Oh my God, po' Hoof, is you hurt? Is you shot? Where is

you at? I'm comin', Buddy, gonna kill that black nigger sho' as Hell!' So high-brown lady gits to screamin'. I'm comin' on tryin' to git my hands on nigger. Got him by throat, gonna choke him till eyeballs pop out, gonna break his neck jes' like chicken. Thought preacher begin to pray, Oh Lawd, to have mercy on him. Thought Hoof wus breathin' fire on him, eyes look like little red balls o' lightnin' flashin'. Oh my God, never seen such a sight since I been born. Preacher hollerin', lady screamin', I'm cussin' an' fightin' an' yellin' like Devil hisself.

*Shot my pistol in heart of town,
Big chief holler, "Don't you blow me down."
Oh, which a-way did po' girl go?
She left here runnin' is all I know.*

'Bout that time M.P.'s come up. Big black nigger went crashing through fence palin' an' woods like bear on hillside. Never did ketch him. Made his getaway like greasy streak o' lightnin'. But I'm gonna git him dam skin yet. M.P.'s got me an' took me back to camp. Good thing locked me up. Had them crazy blues, gonna raise hell. Been in Army longer than I stays in camp. Never stays more'n three weeks, leastwise never mo'n four in no one place. But I'm in Army now, nothin' to do 'bout it. Made me tote big rocks weighin' 'bout 150 pounds; made me carry wood mile an' half, made me cut cord wood, made me do all sorts an' kind o' things.

*Lawd, wish I wus in Georgia,
Singin' jail-house blues.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!*

Howsomever, got letter from my mother. Gits me to thinkin' 'bout sompin' else. Like I told you, las' time she wus mighty fine lady, always helpin' somebody an' always talkin' 'bout how good Lawd been to her. So she wrote me to do best I could. Told me 'bout me sister's husband dyin' with flu an' said she had letter from her. My sister wus in Washington an' Mama says hopes charity folks won't let her suffer. Wus writin' her to come on home and

would take keer of her an' children. Wus always doin' things like that.

Howsomever, in a few days got 'nother letter from my sister tellin' 'bout Mama dyin' with flu. Captain won't give me no leave, can't go home. Always tellin' me he's gonna see what could he do. Never done it. Signified gonna take us to last camp befo' we goes over. Can't go home.

*That old letter read 'bout dyin',
Boy, did you ever think about dyin'?
Then I can't read it now for cryin',
Tears run down, Lawd, tears run down!*

Make me think how mean I been, mean as hell I know. Jes' old Kid Bad workin' in me. Never meant no harm, jes' feel my hell a risin', always some other place better'n this, some other work easier, road callin' me on. This old worl' been a hell to me ever since I left my mama's house. Now she's done dead an' gone, sleepin' in her grave, I want to go home, Lawd, I want to go home! Funny how colored soldiers always wonderin' will they ever git back home to see sweet old mommer. Always singin' 'bout best friend in this world, somebody to tell trouble to. Then treat po' mother like fatherless child. I'm same way. Can't tell you reason why, can't name it. Must be me an' war same thing. Other boys same way, sorrowful, an' blue, singin',

*I'm gonna meet me mother,
Some day in Promised Land.
She stole away an' went to Heaven,
Hope I join her in the band.*

Soldiers got homesick blues, got far-away blues, got cemetery blues. Jes' set an' droop around, head hung down studyin'. Somebody would come 'round, tryin' to cheer 'em up. Wouldn't say nothin'. Can't see how other boys laughin' an' goin' on. Howsomever, don't do no good mopin' 'round, can't go home, jes' make matters worse.

*If blues wus whiskey
I'd be drunk all the time.*

Heap of boys skeered. Never seen much of world like I has, never been travellin' man. Skeered of everything. Skeered poison gas in water, think German spies gonna blow 'em up at night. Wus skeered to put lights out at night, skeered to cross that big water, can't study nothin' but wantin' to go home, Lawd, wantin' to go home. Boys would git mad cause wus skeered an' would start joreein' an' braggin' 'bout whut they gonna do on the other side.

Did you hear whut become of long tall boy called Spider Brown, started off with us? He wus powerful funny boy. Would dance an' sing and carry his box everywhere he went. Nobody couldn't git his banjo 'way from him. Love to play. Could step on it, wus some musicianer, and songster. Wus big talker, too, but always singin' an' lookin' 'way off like wus seein' sumpin' couldn't tell 'bout.

Went with us to Jacksonville. Wus mighty sad case. Couldn't do nuthin' with him. Got so homesick wouldn't eat, wouldn't drink, neither would he sleep. Said home folks died. Wouldn't let him go home to funeral. Officer couldn't talk to him. Red Cross man couldn't do nothin' with him jes' 'bout loses his mind, eyes stare an' look different. Worrination jes' got him. Officers would try everything. Couldn't do nothin' with him. Would cry an' holler. Give him box an' told him to sing. Didn't do nothin' but play an' sing homesick blues,:

*Wish to God some old train would run,
Carry me back where I come from.*

Mighty sorry to hear 'bout po' Spider. Thought a heap of that old boy. I seen other boys tryin' to get away, makin' excuses an' tryin' all sorts an' kinds o' tricks to get back home. Remember old boy called Gus Bigun, big boy from Mississippi. Well, Gus told 'em he couldn't hear nothin'. Couldn't prove he wus lyin'. Would ask him all sorts an' kinds of questions. Wouldn't open his mouth, neither signify that he wus hearin' whut they ask. So one officer says to leave it to him an'

he'll fix up this boy. So he does. They puts Gus in room where he can hear 'em talkin'. So they begins talkin' loud an' sayin' well they is sorry but have to send Gus back home. Says he can't hear and don't want no deaf soldiers in Army. So this officer goes in room where Gus is an' says right sudden like, "Well, Gus, what you gonna do when you git home?" An' Gus he says, "I don't know yet, Captain." So they puts him in labor batallion an' first makes him work at hard labor for week.

Heard 'bout other boys tryin' all sorts an' kinds of ways to git out of Army. Would play sick. Would tie rubber bands 'round legs to make 'em swell up. Would put soap under arms. Would smoke asthma tablets rolled up in cigarette to see could they git fever. No need to play sick, gonna make you sorry sho'.

Did you hear about old boy called Enoch Hoop? Well, would jes' leave camp an' couldn't keep him from it. Maybe would slip out one way today an' 'nother way tomorrow. Would put on citizens' clothes an' get away. Punished him same as other boys but couldn't stop him. So they filled up tank of water and put Enoch in tank. Then let water run in till gits nearly to his mouth. Then gives him thimble to scoop it up with. Howsomever, water runnin' in faster than he can scoop it out. Boy gits skeered an' strangled an' begins hollerin', oh Lawdy, will he ever get out. But never cured him. Look for him to go A.W.O.L. when he gits on ship. Don't know how he's gonna do it but sho'ly look for him to git away with sumpin'.

Yeh, we had big boy in one camp jes' like that. Jes' would slip out, like magic. Couldn't tell where he got out an' how he would get back. Tried all sorts punishment. So one time officer got man an' made him dig big grave. Stood over him with guns and made him dig his own grave. When got grave dug, made him stand up at end so would fall in it when firin' squad shot.

So gets six men with rifles lined up an' tells boy to git ready to tell his Jesus good-

mornin', 'cause he ain't got long to stay here. Boy swears he won't *never* leave no mo' without orders if they jes' spare his life. So lets him off. Never did aim to kill him. All boys with guns wus on to trick.

'Bout that time boys dyin' with flu like hogs with cholera back on Tello's farm in Mississippi. Captain told me to drive truck-load colored soldiers piled up dead; said thought that might keep me out o' meanness while. Lawd, never seen like since I been born!

*I looks into the East,
I looks into the West;
Lawd, I sees dead a risin',
From every graveyard.*

Look like Judgment Day. Folks dyin' back home an' writin' pitiful letters. Soldiers dyin' in camp. Boys sick in tents an' camp hospital. Hospital for sick, graveyard for dead. Couldn't count 'em, loaded 'em off in boxes. Never seen like since I been born.

Onliest one thing help po' boys in time of trouble. Red Cross officers in camp an' Red Cross ladies back home wus whut done it. Officers would help out in camp an' would git white folks to help back home. When my mama died an' captain won't let me go home, Red Cross man sends telegram. In 'bout two days he gits telegram back sayin' mama had good funeral, both white an' colored folks helpin', an' my sister is well an' takin' keer of all folks. So I feels better an' havin' telegram work for me helps my feelin's a heap. Thought I would try to do better.

Would say to myself, damit if I ain't patriot. Heard band play, got to marchin', buddies dyin' made me think maybe neither would I ever git back again. So I says to myself, any man that is of this country got to go an' sacrifice his life. I got to do the same. I wus principled up like this, if I had to go I could do it. Wan't no hero, wan't no coward. I can do what I have to do. Got to luck it. If I'm gonna git killed I'm gonna git killed. Howsomer, war never got me, never will.

IV

Like I'm sayin' I been to war an' I been back. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. I disremembers most things I done in France. Done told about some of them. Told about comin' back on big ship. Well, big ship docks. Whistles blowin', bands playin', everybody talkin' an' goin' on. Red Cross an' Salvation Army meets us an' passes out things to soldiers, both colored an' white. Big crowds cheerin'. Feel like soldier in Army of the Lawd. Feel like patriot, proud to have name of soldier. Gonna have good time, ain't gonna work no mo'. Howsomer, glad we gonna git our discharge, won't be long, Lawd, won't be long!

*I'm gonna lay my burden down,
Ain't gonna study war no mo'.
Down by the river side.*

So we takes ferry an' train an' goes over to same camp which we wus in befo' we sailed for overseas. Been mighty change since we been gone. Many long weary days have passed. Some buddies never did come back. Po' Shorty Geech an' Funny Sam an' other boys sleepin' in their graves in France. Feel powerful sorrowful, 'scusin' glad to git back. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me.

We stayed there from Wednesday 'bout three o'clock till Friday mornin' 'bout ten, when we left on train for Camp Gordon. Wus long train Pullman cars windin' 'round them curves. Boys mighty glad to git on board. Ridin' them cushions, settin' rared back. Ridin' them Pullman cars to the Promised Land. Mighty different now from whut wus when we started to camp, crowded all up in day-coaches like I told 'bout. Sho God different from ridin' in French box-cars.

So we goes on out to Camp Gordon on good old Southern road. Got in them good old cantonment barracks. Goodbye France, Hello Georgia, goodbye rain an' goodbye mud! Won't be long now, Lawd, I'm on

my way an' can't turn back! Lord, sun don't set in the morning. Got rainbow round my shoulder, wings on my feet.

*Some o' these mornin's bright an' fair
Gonna hitch my wings an' try the air.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!*

We stayed there jes' precisely one week. Didn't know what day neither hour would we git discharged. So boys stayed in camp. No trouble at all keepin' 'em in line. So they gives us uniform, maybe two shirts an' underwear, hat an' overcoat. Salvation Army done give us socks an' handkerchiefs. So treated us fine, better than we been treated befo'. Thought we gonna be livin' easy, gonna be livin' high.

*Well, ain't no use me workin' so,
'Cause, Lawd, I ain't gonna work no mo'.
Tain't nobody's business but my own.*

Thought I would go see my sister, also mother of white captain got killed, lived in same town my mama did. Been mighty change since I been gone, felt sorry for myself, my mama bein' dead an' buried whilst I been in Army. Nobody to carry my troubles to. Found my sister an' her children doin' very well. Leastwise, had used all money I sent home to keep till I come back.

Went to see white lady, mother of white captain got killed in France and lady my mama worked for. Told him when he died I would do so. Felt mighty sorry for po' lady. Ask me how did her son die? Did I see him? Was he sufferin'? Did he talk about his mother befo' he died? an' heap mo' questions which I wus tellin' her yes'm best way I could.

So I didn't stay there long. White lady an' husband told me would give me good job at house or workin' on college grounds. Howsomer, I wus not ready to settle down. Wus too restless, neither had I been to see my old friends, neither had I found black scoundrel that shot my buddy.

So I starts on road again. Thought I would ride cushions till my money give out. So first place I stops at wus town I

worked in befo'. My friends showed me good time treatin' me better, maybe better than I been treated befo'. Had my uniform on, told 'em 'bout France, made 'em think I wus talkin' French. Lawd, I wus boy back home, jes' natchelly been mo' places than anybody else.

Howsomer, white folks told me would give me half hour, whether would I take my uniform off or leave town. I tells 'em I'm soldier of Uncle Sam. I been fightin' in France, can't do nothin' with me. They tells me they don't give a dam, I ain't no soldier neither, nothin' but dam nigger an' can't have me wearin' uniform. So they sends crowd of boys askin' me will I leave or will I not. Nothin' to do 'bout it, 'scusin' maybe I'm mutterin',

*'Scuse me mister, don't git mad,
Gonna raise a ruckus to-night,
'Cause you look like sumpin' buzzard had,
Gonna raise ruckus tonight.*

So I leaves there, walkin' an' talkin' to myself, feels my hell a risin'. Nothin' to do 'bout it. I can do what I have to do an' maybe time come when I have to do it. Heard 'bout other boys in Tennessee an' Mississippi an' other States. Tore uniform off one boy. Nothin' to do 'bout it. White folks principled up like this, they don't keer if we been good soldiers or bad, we jes' come befo' them as man with black skin.

So we had some hard times jes' after war in South. White folks lookin' for nigger soldiers to raise ruckus. Heard 'bout sheriff's gittin' machine-gun, gittin' ready to blow us down, did we make attack. Heard 'bout whole town gittin' het up, thought colored people wus drillin' at night. Way it wus lodge wus havin' big initiatin' ceremony, marchin' round an' singin' an' goin' on.

So I starts out. Thought I would go back up North. Thought I would ride cushions till my money give out. Goin' to see my friends an' buddies, ain't gonna work no mo'. So I gits off at Philadelphia, place I been befo'. Too many soldiers back all

come under same gourd vine. Jes' lak never been to war. Nothin' to do 'bout it. So I'm movin' on, always some place better, road callin' me on.

Thought I would go to California. Been there one time. Thought I would like that better. Would walk away from bein' mistreated soldier. So I rides cushion some an' works my way some. Howsomever, don't like it out there, neither can I git much to do. Feels like po' boy long way from home, ain't got a friend in this world.

*I'm out in this wide world alone,
Got nobody to carry troubles to,
Good man jes' ain't treated right,
Oh, look down that lonesome road an' cry!*

So I feels my hell a risin'. Gonna roll them bones. Gonna git some money an' play bad. So I'm gamblin' man, startin' with little money an' raisin' 'em higher. Black cat-bones an' Adam an' Eve charm workin' this time.

*Come on, bones, an' treat me nice,
Roll 'em, soldier, roll them dice!
Tain't nobody's business but my own.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!*

'Scusin' I ain't soldier no mo'. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, ain't changed me. I'm travelin' man, I'm high brown, lean an' mean, ain't no soft-bellied green ruckey. Me an' war same thing. I been in all States an' foreign land. Been had trouble all my day. Nothin' to do about it. I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way. Gonna ride them cushions to the Promised Land. Goin' where water taste like wine. Gonna see does my honey know right from wrong. Gonna hoo-doo black devil shot my buddy.

*Thought I heard that K. C. whistle blow
Blow like she never blow befo';
Oh, she blow like she never blow befo'.*

So my money lasts till I gits 'bout to Wyoming. An' I works little an' gambles some mo' an' goes on to North Dakota through Minnesota an' Omaha workin' on Great Northern an' on wheat fields an'

whatever I could git to do. So I works an' gambles my way back through Minnesota, an' Ohio. Won't be long, Lawd, won't be long!

*I'm goin' back to sunny South
Where sun shines on my honey's house;
Tain't nobody's business but my own.*

So I comes back to Virginia an' North Carolina, then goes on to Georgia an' Alabama an' back up Mississippi to Memphis, Tennessee. Thought Memphis good place if know how to git on, 'scusin' also I stayed in Memphis little while in trainin' an' guardin' big bridge. So thought I would go on up to Tennessee see could I be satisfied. Had them Memphis blues, Lawd, an' can't be satisfied.

*Well, it's come an' go to sweet Tennessee
Where the money grows on trees,
Where the women do as they please,
Lawd, come an' go to sweet Tennessee.*

Howsomever, got railroad blues, can't be satisfied. So I goes on back to North Carolina an' Virginia, then on up to Philadelphia an' New Jersey. Thought I would road hustle to see if times be like used to be. Seen many buddies back from war. Can't be satisfied. Some boys say ruther be shot than go to war again. Some boys say they learned heap 'bout world in war, ain't so bad, Lawd, ain't so bad. Some buddies mighty bitter. Say country don't treat 'em right over fightin' in Army. Say don't see why should fight fer Uncle Sam if Uncle Sam always 'busin' them.

Me, I ain't bother yet, I ain't bother yet. War don't make things no better, maybe neither worse. Well, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. Heard some boys cussin' 'bout it. I don't give a dam. If I gits to thinkin' 'bout it, gits me mad as hell. So I ain't bother yet, I ain't bother yet.

Thought 'bout old times, workin' an' gamblin'. So I starts in road gang. Lawd, Lawd, look jes' like war. A man jes' natchelly don't count. Men an' mules an' wheelers an' captain an' walkin' boss hollerin' an' cussin'. Let wheelers roll, let

wheelers roll! So I wus thinkin' 'bout all them times we had in France, an' 'bout all places I been to an' all things I done. Must a got keerless 'cause 'bout that time stone-crusher come down on my arm. Thought it smashed it clean off. Captain hollerin' at me what hell I'm doin'. Oh my Lawd, how in hell I know whut I'm doin'? So I lost my left arm. Nothin' to do about it, goddam.

*Trouble, trouble been bad it all my days,
Trouble meet me at the do',
I'm goin' where trouble ain't no mo',
Lawd, don't you grieve after me.*

So I starts again as hustlin' sport. Maybe women's treat me little better with one arm, like po' boy needin' a friend. Can shoot with my good right hand an' maybe don't git in so many fights. Leastwise, I ain't bother yet, I ain't bother yet. Seen mo' buddies travellin' 'round. Heard 'em talkin' 'bout war. All come under same gourd vine. Heard Pullman porters an' cooks an' hustlin' sports an' rum-runners. Thought they have hard time.

White man gives me job as night watchman at 'lectric plant. Thought he treated me fine. He wus pleasant to me an' I wus pleasant to him. Thought maybe I would be satisfied. So one night somebody come prowlin' 'round. I been guardin' in Army an' so I says, "Halt, who goes there?" He don't say nothin' an' starts runnin'. So I tells him to halt, which he don't. So I shoots. Wus white man! Oh my Lawd, trouble, trouble! Been had it all my day, gonna have it till I die!

So Law 'rested me an' put me in jail. Big crowd white folks gatherin'. Crowd kept comin' thought better call out company of soldiers. Could look out of jail bars an' see soldiers settin' 'round an' standin' up. Thought about me bein' soldier, proud of name of soldier workin' an' fightin' in France. Now soldiers guardin' me to keep folks from stringing me up, all jes' cause I done whut I wus told to do in Army. Wus some other colored boys in prison. Oh my Lawd, hear 'em singing:

*I am climbing Jacob's ladder,
I am climbing Jacob's ladder,
I am climbing Jacob's ladder,
Soldier of the cross!*

*Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Soldier of the cross?*

Never hurt white man much. Jes' shoot 'im through chest. So good white folks got me off. Thought about it, Lawd, thought about it. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. Thought about trainin' in camp. Thought about war in France. Thought about my mama's papa's tellin' me 'bout fightin' tribes of Africa. Me an' war same thing. Been had it all my day. Gonna have it till I die. Howsomever, war never got me. Got my buddies, never got me.

Lawd, been mighty change since I been born. Lawd, I wonder is good old U. S. A. gonna blow me down. Thought about marchin' in New York, peoples cheerin' colored soldiers. Thought about singin' on boat goin' over when torpedo missed us. Thought 'bout singin' on ship comin' back an' train goin' home.

Thought about boys singin' in France, 'bout pack up yo' troubles in yo' old kit bag, an' me yodlin', "Oh, where shall I go for to ease my trouble in mind?" Well I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. Maybe some other crowd git me some other day. Maybe neither will they blow me down. Well, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. I'm leavin' here, won't be long now, won't be long. Gonna rock trouble to sleep, rain-bow 'round my shoulder, wings on my feet. Well, don't you grieve after me.

*I'm gonna lay my burden down,
Ain't gonna study no mo'.
Yes, by God, I'll be in Heaven
When I lay my burden down,
Ain't gonna study war no mo'
Down by the riverside.*

LAY POPES

BY HERBERT PARRISH

AMONG all the cranks, crooks, thieves, pickpockets, blackmailers, adulterers and adulteresses (James iv,4), robbers of poor-boxes, social climbers, saints and secretaries, bums and beggars, bishops and murderers that one finds in the Christian churches of the land, by far the most annoying to the rev. clergy are the lay popes.

Lay popes are men and women members in good standing who aspire to run the ecclesiastical machine, to keep the clergy trimmed, to interfere in the conduct of the services, to dictate what kind of music shall be sung, to direct how the minister shall pray, to indicate the sort of sermons he shall preach and the kind of socks he shall wear, to determine the color of his ties or whether he shall be permitted to wear ties at all, to tell his wife the kind of hats and clothes that are proper to one in her station, to nag him about the number of calls he should make and upon whom they should be made, and in general to decide the business and policy of churches on the theory that they, the popes, know everything that is worth knowing about such matters and the clergy know little or nothing at all. They are great nuisances. Always nosing around, suggesting, criticising, whining, putting wet blankets on the pastor's every enthusiasm, ordering how things shall be done and countermanding his orders, they are thorns in his side and are the reason why clergymen go wrong.

The Protestant churches of this country are hotbeds of lay papacy, for in them the laity are entrenched in the very system of control. Ever since Martin Luther per-

suaded the German nobles to kick the Catholics out of Germany and to give their money to the Lutherans and ever since Henry VIII decided that his matrimonial adventures were more interesting to himself than they could possibly be to the Holy Father at Rome, the lay element has been dominant in the organization of the Protestant churches. The temporalities, the property, the financial management and very much of the regulation of the services are in the hands of laymen. Laymen determine the sites, the materials, the style and architecture of the church buildings; they fix the pastor's salary; they provide and often furnish the house in which he must live. Lay boards, trustees or vestrymen hire him and in most churches they have the power also to fire him.

Under this system it is easy for a layman of dominant personality to establish in the church of which he is a member a position of almost complete authority. He can and often does become the virtual head of the parochial organization. He is the pope of the parish. The pastor becomes in all intents and purposes subordinate to him.

As a rule, the lay pope is a rich man. This, of course, is not absolutely necessary. A man of very moderate means, by dint of very active service of the Rotarian quality, may make himself so indispensable in the works that he can run things to suit himself. But an active and interested *rich* man is omnipotent. The entire board of trustees, the whole congregation, as well as the pastor, accept his directions as final. He owns the place. No pastor can afford to snub him. He may cut down his subscription, he may leave the church, he may

raise up a cabal against you that will force your resignation. He may—well, there have been instances.

In the theatrical world a rich man who backs an actor or, more commonly, an actress, is known, I understand, as an angel. Such a man may give his money lavishly, but I doubt that he would long be called an angel if he attempted to interfere with the artists in the details of their performance or with the business of production. In the churches a lay pope is an angel gone wrong. Neither the art of the preacher, his long theological training, his gifts at organization, his technical knowledge, or even his possible piety exercises any restraining influence upon the lay pope. By virtue of his wealth he is assumed to know more about religion, about church architecture, about the conduct of services, about ecclesiastical music, about pastoral duties, about preaching than all the rev. clergy in all the churches plus all the professors in all the theological seminaries.

Pecunia loquitur. The influence of money is paramount in the American churches. Nothing can be done without it. Not infrequently, indeed, the position of the lay pope is so important that the very church itself comes to be known as *his* church rather than by the name of the saint to whom it was dedicated or the street on which it stands or the material out of which it is built. People say, "That is the great Mr. So-and-so's church" rather than "That is St. Mary's, or the Fourth Street Presbyterian, or the Brick Church," as the case may be.

Of course, when the lay pope is on the pastor's side, and admires and backs him, he is no longer considered a lay pope. He then becomes a Tower of Strength, a pillar in the temple of the Lord. He is spoken of as a noble, loyal, self-sacrificing layman, a Splendid Type of True Christianity, an example for the youth of the land to follow and take note of. There are and have been many such laymen, rich men who not only backed their own pastors but whole

churches, or at least whole causes or parties in the churches. Such men as Lord Halifax or the late Haley Fiske were known as leaders in the Catholic Movement of the Anglican Church. Mr. Sebastian S. Kresge, the chain-store magnate, was a famous supporter of the cause of Prohibition and morals among the Methodists. John D. Rockefeller backs the Baptists, at least those who are not of the Straton type. William Jennings Bryan was a great Presbyterian Fundamentalist. Such men could and did sway the deliberations of whole conventions of pastors with their influence, their eloquence, or their money. Those who may have opposed them perhaps regarded them as the enemies of the Lord, but to those who sided with them they were mighty champions of the host of Israel.

II

A pastor who has no lay popes in his congregation, whose people are all well disposed, generally equal in wealth, station, rank and intelligence, and simple and kindly in character, is fortunate. He can be the leader of his group and the only pope in his parish. But if he has one or more lay popes, as generally happens, he must walk warily, keep them on his side or stay on their side, if he wants peace. Let him once offend a lay pope, let him tread on some corn, touch too pointedly on some concealed wickedness, rip up some dubious business or political deal in which his pope or popes have been engaged, and he will find himself in hot water. Rich men are touchy. They readily change their minds and find other uses for their money. A preacher who is too independent may find himself saying with Cardinal Wolsey,

O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

The support of a rich man for a religious cause is among American Protestants as

final an endorsement as a papal bull among Roman Catholics. Dives has the last word. If what he desires is heeded, he will give. If not, the sinews of war are weakened, prestige is gone, the well-spring is dried up, the cause fails. And the rich men of America are by no means adverse to letting their ideas be known about religion as about every other subject before the public. They assume and the country assumes with them that the possession of wealth is an evidence of wisdom in every department of life. No technical knowledge is necessary. Mr. Ford, for example, has universal knowledge. His opinions about war and Prohibition are as valuable in his own mind as his opinions about motor cars. If Roger Babson talks about religion over the radio, his ideas on immortality become for multitudes of Americans the ultimate revelation of divine truth. It is fortunate for the fine arts that our multimillionaires have not yet taken them up in a really serious way. So far they are content to act in relation to music and painting only as angels. But if they ever decide to regulate these arts as they have regulated religion and morals, God help the painters and the fiddlers!

Only the other day an eminent architect was telling me about an experience he had with a lay pope in New England. The architect had been summoned by the official board of a certain church to plan some necessary building and on his arrival at the place he naturally called upon the pastor. The pastor, he found, was a man of singular ability, of artistic tastes and of considerable architectural knowledge; moreover, a courteous gentleman. They discussed the problem of the new building for some time and the architect was delighted to find that the preacher's ideas were practical, reasonable and favored an ecclesiastical style that was correct. But as they went out to go over the grounds the lay pope of the parish appeared. The architect remarked to the lay pope that he was much impressed with the excellent suggestions of the pastor.

"Pooh!" said the lay pope, well within the hearing of his minister, "don't pay any attention to that fellow. He hasn't anything to do with this and he knows nothing about such things." Whereupon the lay pope proceeded to outline his own plans, which, so the architect told me, would have done fairly well for a factory but were entirely out of taste in relation to a church. The pastor excused himself and slunk away in silence.

But do not let anyone suppose that it is only the clergy of the Protestant churches who are liable to be insulted, browbeaten, snubbed and terrorized by the lay popes of their congregations. There are lay popes in Roman Catholic churches also. To be sure, the Protestant organizations go farther than Holy Church; they fasten lay popes upon the necks of the clergy as officials and virtual owners of the churches and any busybody who can manage to get himself elected to the board of a Protestant church can make life miserable for his pastor. Sometimes even sextons and organists occupy such positions. And it is true that under the Roman Catholic system the clergy are officially considered to be competent to run their own parochial affairs, and that the priest is generally pope in his own church. He directs its buildings, its services, and its music, and he controls its finances. He is able to keep the mass of his people off his neck by holding Hell before them. Not being able to meddle in things that they know nothing about, the people do not throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery. Thus the average Roman parish is a place of supernal peace compared with the average Protestant church, and the priest is a man of dignity and superior experience, used to business problems and with an understanding of human affairs that is denied to the Protestant minister.

Nevertheless and even so, Roman Catholic clergymen do sometimes have lay popes on their hands. A good many Roman Catholics whose ancestors came to America as poor peasants a generation ago have now reached a condition of affluence. And with

money they tend to become assertive. They may not, indeed, attempt direct action against their pastors as Protestant lay popes do, but there is another way. For example, a Roman Catholic priest, a man of uncommon culture and excellent taste, told me not long ago that he had had it put all over him by one of his own laymen. This priest had just completed a very handsome new church building in the Byzantine style, complete in every particular architecturally. It was simple, dignified, and stately. But one of his newly-rich laymen conceived the idea that he wished to put in a memorial altar in the new church. This layman was obsessed by the early Hibernian Gothic complex and he had chosen, without consulting his pastor, a most hideous example of vulgar and blatant Barclay Street design.

The pastor argued with him in vain. The lay pope would give nothing else. Finally, the pastor refused absolutely to receive the gift. Whereupon the parishioner went to the bishop of the diocese, soothed the episcopal soul with a generous gift to some diocesan project, and told the bishop how unfortunate Holy Church was to have such a stubborn son in the person of Father X. Within five minutes word came over the wire to Father X. It said, "Take what's offered and keep your mouth shut." So the handsome Byzantine Church of Our Lady of Mercy now has a hideous Barclay Street altar which nauseates the priest every time he says mass.

It is well understood and has been understood for ages that some bishops, Roman, Anglican and Methodist, will sacrifice anything or anybody to get money from a layman. Lay popes who understand this principle of the episcopate can generally dominate their pastors by going to the man higher up. Even Protestant lay popes get in on Roman Catholic churches—if they are rich enough. I have a friend, an American Protestant lay pope, who owns a château in France where he spends several months each year. He gives a good deal of money to the local parish church there and

frequently entertains the parish *curé*. He tells me that if he does not happen to like the *curé* for any reason, it is a very simple matter to get the bishop of the diocese to transfer the man to some other place and to send him somebody else.

This same man, by the way, has a sister who likes to sing in public. When she visits him in France, he arranges with the parish priest to have her sing a solo at mass. She does not happen to know any sacred music, but she tells me that the peasant congregation is always moved to tears when she sings "Old Black Joe."

Another friend of mine who is a Roman Catholic monsignor told me that when he became rector of his first parish, he thought it would be a good thing to call a meeting of his men in order to get their ideas about the needs of the church and so secure their coöperation.

"Never again," said he, in speaking of this experience. "I had there some seven hundred men, and no sooner did the meeting open than they all started to tell me just how the church should be run. Some wanted one thing, some another. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. Well, I listened for a while and then I said, 'Thank you for your interesting opinions. Now, this is what we will do and what I intend to have done.' And I told them exactly what they were to do. I never held another parish meeting. It is too dangerous. They would all be lay popes if they could."

It is an interesting bit of history that in Colonial days, before the Roman Catholic hierarchy was established in America, the Catholic churches in the colonies were held by boards of laymen very much in the same way as the Protestant churches are yet held. In consequence, there was nothing but trouble in the organization, and as soon as Irish bishops were sent over to these shores they began the work of obtruding the lay boards and taking over the property, for they saw the cumbersome futility of the system. But it was not until well into the Nineteenth Century that they finally got rid of their lay popes.

III

Perhaps you are chuckling to yourself and thinking that it is a jolly good thing that the rev. clergy have this burden to bear—that it is well to keep us down, tread on us, kick us and otherwise maltreat us. You recall the warfare of science with theology, the battle for the freedom of men's minds from clerical domination, priestcraft and obscurantism. You hate the way preachers dodge your facts, misinterpret your philosophy, sidestep logic, muddle thought, cling to defunct hypotheses, pry into other people's business, snoop and spy and tattle.

You remember the long history of savage ecclesiastical control, when men were burned at the stake for their opinions. You detest clerical meddling with legislation, the blackmailing of legislators to secure sumptuary legislation, the disingenuous arguments and special pleading by which from a thousand pulpits fanatical agitators stir up the masses to the most insane movements of which mass psychology is capable. You laugh when you think of the pastors who imagine that they have an inside, esoteric cinch on divinity, so that they alone can talk to God in his own particular *patois*. Perhaps you recall some of the theological professors who think that they alone have the qualifications that make them socially adequate for house parties in Heaven. Or a certain bishop has given you the impression that by virtue of the authority committed unto him he is one who can make the flaming splendors of eternity light up whenever he chooses to give the word and turn on the switch.

Reader, you are right. Left to ourselves, we clergy, some of us, would rapidly reduce you laymen to a condition of subservience, of terrorized obedience, that would keep you kissing our hands and toes, bringing us gifts, inviting us to dinner *ad infinitum*. We have the will-to-power. We would own the earth and the fulness thereof. The scene at Canossa would be constantly repeated. The Brahmin caste of India would pale into insignificance compared with our

greatness. There are those among us who would go out to seek and to save that which is lost—with a club. There are Roman cardinals who would like to see Einstein sizzle in a bonfire of his own theories. There are Methodist bishops who would express brotherly love by putting to death with cruel and unusual torments anybody who looked upon the wine when it was red. The Spanish Inquisition was a weak and gentle sister compared with the present American movement towards Holiness.

Therefore, it becomes a matter of rejoicing that the clergy have these thorns in the side, these lions in the way, these serpents in the wall, these messengers of Satan to buffet them, these Baalam's asses to rebuke them. In the providence of God the lay popes are accomplishing something that not all the opposition of science falsely so called or all the wiles of Apollyon could accomplish. They are rapidly reducing the Christian churches to a condition of impotence. For they require an humble and an obedient clergy to do their bidding. Clerical authority, power, originality, initiative worry them. When the lay popes have accomplished their work and are tired of playing church and turn to golf instead, there will be little left for liberal thought to think about.

In my study of lay papacy I have found two distinct trends. The first of these is the trend toward snobbery. The lay pope is not only generally a snob himself but he develops an atmosphere of snobbishness among the clergy and in the congregation he rules that is slowly but surely sapping the vitals of Christianity out of the churches. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" is as true now as it ever was. And Christianity is essentially a religion of the simple people, the poor and, if you please, the ignorant. There were not many rich, not many noble, not many wise men after the flesh. (I Cor., 1,26.) This religion was a religion founded by a carpenter and a gang of fishermen, peasants and crooked politicians (*i.e.*, publicans). They even had

an ex-prostitute in the group. But your modern lay pope and the social climbers, the representatives of the oldest and most respectable families who make up the backbone of our present-day churches, would not have liked that a bit. Imagine half a dozen of them sitting down at the Last Supper. Whew! The smell of fish, the unwashed peasants, the crude manners! Never!

A young clergyman I know, filled with enthusiasm for a Christianity that should have some Apostolic characteristics, took shortly after his ordination a Southern parish where he found the church about a third full, the congregation composed of a few old families and the place dying of dry rot. He got several motor-busses at his own expense and after visiting the region round about, succeeded in bringing in a large number of people who had never been to church before. The elderly colonel who was the lay pope of the place, coming to church on Sunday morning and seeing the new arrivals, sent for the clergyman.

"Sir," said he, "who are these strange people? I don't know them. They don't belong here. This church, sir, was built by our ancestors for our families and our friends. It's damned unpleasant, sir, if I may use such an expression in the presence of the cloth, to have such people penetrate these sacred precincts and come into the temple of God. Sir, I think that you have mistaken your vocation. Certainly we do not want you here. You had better go."

The young man went.

Sometimes whole congregations take on this color of snobbery and high-hat anybody who does not belong to their set, even out of the church. Sometimes it is a single family that rules the situation and so terrorizes the simpler members of the congregation that nobody dares to go to communion before its members have received. Religion under such conditions sets such a premium upon wealth and social importance that it can not long hope to continue to call itself Christian. It may perhaps build vast auditoriums and erect

Cathedrals of the Holy Sepulchre, but the buildings are mere tombs out of which the spirit of the risen Christ has long since fled aghast. There are quite a few of these in the land.

The other trend I have noticed is that the lay popes have now become so very rich and have so many more interesting things to do of a Sunday, playing golf, riding, going to week-end parties, that the game of amusing themselves with churches has begun to play out. It begins to bore them. It is no longer fashionable. As James Russell Lowell says, "When the Puritans made their fortunes they lost their religion." Mammon always wins, or nearly always.

As a consequence of this tendency the social climbers and the poor, who set their pace in the steps of the social leaders, follow the example of the little children of the rich and stay away from services. Hence the lay popes, having undermined religion in the churches, are now undermining the churches.

What Christianity remains is now largely outside of the churches. The churchianity that is left is quite different.

IV

It would be a bold prophet, however, who should proclaim this as the end. There have always been lay popes from the earliest days of the Apostolic period, ever since St. Paul ran up against Alexander the coppersmith, who did him much evil, and St. John wrote what he did about Diotrephes, who loveth to have the preëminence among them. The churches survive somehow. And as long as there is need for mob psychology and until light and liberty for the individual have become universal there will be the rev. clergy at their altars and in their pulpits, howling, pleading, preaching. I doubt even now that you would be quite safe driving down Fifth avenue in your Rolls-Royce if it were not for the cop on the corner with the map of Ireland on his face, who went to mass this morning and

would, perhaps in consequence, sacrifice his life to save you from a roaring mob of Bolsheviks surging up from the slums. We clergy are often fools and fanatics, but on the whole we do a certain social service in this land of ignorance and crime. For God's sake, let the lay popes keep off our necks and give us at least a free function in the sort of thing we ought to do!

In a recent report of the Commission on the State of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Province of New Jersey and New York it is stated that 25% of the clergy of this province are out of work. The general state of the church shows a calamitous decline in relation to the growing population. In suggesting remedies for this bad condition the report makes the following recommendation:

There is need of a wave of conversion, sweeping through the whole ministerial order, bishops and clergy; a call to repentance, a renewed conviction that our clerical disposition should undergo a change. There is too much pride of power, pride of wealth, pride of material surroundings, pride of clerical preferment and office, and too little downright consecration to service in His name, all of which the laity know and wonder why. Unless our ministry has a change of heart, is willing to make sacrifices, to woo the values of humility, and cast away ambition, this church cannot prosper, it will continue to disintegrate.

Bosh!

This paragraph must have been written by a very rich clergyman who lives in a palace of a rectory, keeps four servants and a chauffeur, and fares sumptuously every day. He is a favorer of lay popes. He does not realize that humility is the badge of all our tribe, that the rev. clergy are already so poor that, unless, like himself, they happen to have private means, they have absolutely nothing to sacrifice, and that most of us are a downtrodden folk,

snubbed, browbeaten, underpaid and cramped by lay popes to such an extent that we can raise no voice with freedom. What really is needed is to put the lay popes in their places in the pews and to give us a free hand to exercise our legitimate functions. The real trouble with the church is not so much a clergy with the lust for power; it is the lay popes and their lust for snobbery.

Speaking for myself, I am willing to admit that you may know more about the ways of God than I do. I may be quite unable to convince you that my theology is better than your own. If you know more than I, that is not surprising. Sir, I take off my hat to you! I kiss your hand, Madame! But if I can manage to keep your mind off golf, business, sex, food and diseases for one little half hour on a Sunday morning, I am doing a good service to you and the world. You should thank me and pay me for it. It is worth while.

In certain churches in rural England, *e.g.*, the church at Stoke Pogis, the lord of the manor, who is the lay pope of the living, sits in a pew separated from the rest of the congregation, a large room glazed off from the body of the church, with a rich carpet and deeply cushioned chairs.

In olden days it was the custom never to begin the service until the lord of the manor had taken his seat, and the parish clerk was accustomed to notify the clergyman when that important event took place. On one occasion the clergyman began the service inadvertently before the arrival of the great personage. He started the first sentence of Morning Prayer.

"When the wicked man——" he began.

"Please, sir," cried the parish clerk, "he ain't come yet."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

ESKIMO MUSIC

By DOUGLAS LEECHMAN

LIVING as he does in the most adverse environment on the North American continent, the Eskimo has nevertheless contrived to discover more than one precious jewel to reward him. Not only does he rank first among our aboriginies in mechanical ability, not only does his ivory carving give him a high place in the plastic arts, but in musical ability he is unsurpassed by any group of people whose material culture is in any way comparable.

And this in spite of a total lack of musical instruments capable of producing a graduated scale of notes. A single-headed drum, frequently of admirable workmanship, resembling a large tambourine minus the jingles, is his only substitute for a full orchestra. For music, to the Eskimo, is synonymous with song. Since the coming of the white man, the gramophone, the accordion and a crude home-made violin have made their appearance, and the bull-roarer has long been known as a child's toy, but these have had no part in developing the Eskimo's love for, and ability in the composing of, music. Isolated as he was from contact with other tribes since he first migrated from Asia across Bering Strait, for fear of the Indians to the south prohibited frequent intercourse between the two peoples, his music is absolutely autochthonous.

Singing and dancing, with or without the accompaniment of the drum, are the main diversions of the Eskimo. When a tribe on trek encounters another tribe, or a group of their own people, a dance is promptly arranged as a kind of welcoming ceremony. Each group sings songs, which are eagerly learned by the others, new

songs are sung for the first time by their composers, and ceremonial dances between dancing associates are performed.

Dancing songs form the largest group. Frequently they relate the adventures which have befallen the singer or they may take the form of travelogues which detail the various places he has visited and what occurred in each one. Lullabies are usually merely dance songs which the mother sings to her child, though what may be described as petting songs are used as lullabies in Greenland. Weather incantations are numerous, many of them being very old. Frequently they are sung by a whole group of people, with the *shaman* standing in the middle. The words are quite often archaic and understood by nobody, though their potency is in no way lessened thereby and the *shaman's* ascendancy tends, if anything, to be increased, a state of affairs not unknown among more sophisticated peoples.

Other songs are the rigmaroles sung by children while playing various games, and the interesting *nith* songs of Greenland. War songs are quite unknown, for the Eskimo did not indulge in war as an organized undertaking; love songs also are absent: love-making is for warmer climes and more leisurely hours than fall to the lot of the hard-headed Eskimo. Ceremonial songs, which are very highly developed among the Indians, are practically non-existent in the Eskimo repertoire.

As is to be expected in a tribal music which has developed for thousands of years without influence from exterior sources, there are certain features peculiar to it as well as interesting omissions. One feature, quite rare in other parts of the world, is the Eskimo habit of changing in the course of a song from a major to a minor tonality. The major tonality pre-

dominates in the songs as a whole, as seems to be the case everywhere. Among the Eskimo, however, this type of modulation happens so often that it may almost be considered a definite characteristic of the music. The minor appears to have the same psychological effect as among ourselves, being used to express various modes of the Eskimo inferiority complex.

Among the Indians there is a tendency for a song to begin on a rather high note and to show a downward trend. The Eskimo tends rather to begin his song on a lower note, to describe an ascending curve and to return to the level at, or near, which he started, often the keynote. In other, less common cases, the curve may be thought of as downward and then up. Again, the melodic content of Eskimo music is far richer and more varied than is that of the Indians to the south, and the Eskimo, also, is in the habit of fusing two or more songs, a thing comparatively unknown in Indian music.

It is impossible to represent Eskimo songs accurately in our method of notation. Tone intervals recognized by these people are not those with which we are familiar. Their fourth and seventh are especially strange to our ears, and to the listening white man it frequently sounds as if the Eskimo were flattening some of his notes, while others are too sharp: but if the same song is recorded several times on the phonograph it will be seen that these variations from our practice are not accidental.

While, as we have already seen, there is no musical instrument known to the Eskimo, accompaniments of a sort are played on the drum. Almost invariably, the drum rhythm bears no relation to the song rhythm. A song may be in 3-4 time and the drum accompaniment in 2-4. Usually the drum starts before the singer to get him warmed up, and sometimes it continues after he has stopped. Often also, and especially in Alaska and the Mackenzie River delta, the drum plays a series of tremolo passages with twelve or fifteen rapid, fluttering beats in each, but bearing

no relation to the time of the song. This in spite of the fact that the singer is frequently also the drummer. In dancing, which is often indulged in while singing, the tendency is for the drum rhythm to mark the dance time, the song remaining independent of both.

Many of the Eskimo songs consist of words which have been adapted to standard tunes, familiar to almost everybody in any given group. New words are composed on almost instantaneous notice to record some striking incident, the improviser filling in any awkward hiatus with meaningless burden syllables, *ai ye yanga*, or some other local form of *fol-de-rol-de-riddle-o*.

In "Songs of the Copper Eskimos" by Helen H. Roberts and D. Jenness, Miss Roberts says:

Perhaps the beauty and melodic richness of Eskimo songs as a whole may be mentioned again without over-emphasizing a truly remarkable gift of these people, who live in a land where there might seem so little to inspire them. We find plenty of single songs here and there in Indian music that are beautiful, along with many that are not, but from the country where it nearly always is Winter is brought a collection of songs that for their generally high musical merit, for real loveliness, it is hard to find a counterpart in more favored lands.

Turning away from the musical aspect of the songs, their verbal content next demands attention. Many of the songs are topical, as we have already seen. These are generally quite ephemeral compositions, enjoying a wide-spread popularity for a few months or a year, only to be replaced by other songs which in turn capture a popular fancy as fickle as among ourselves.

Another rather large group of songs, including the shamanistic incantations, is much more permanent and frequently widely distributed. Among these people, too, we find words which are used only in poetical contexts: the caribou may be referred to as "the one with the branching antlers," while the seal becomes "the blubbery one" or "the animal which supplies hot broth." In addition to archaic and poetic expressions we encounter in

some cases songs, the words of which are not understood at all by the singers, so greatly have they been transformed in the course of time. The same phenomenon is to be seen in some of the now meaningless syllables in our children's counting-out rhymes.

Among the more remarkable of the Eskimo songs from the standpoint of content are the *nith* songs of Greenland and Hudson Bay. These are composed long beforehand for singing in what may be described as a musical duel, in which the opponents sing in turn, each to the disparagement of the other, with the assembled tribe in audience acting as judge.

Each of the contestants calls to his aid every long-pondered item of scandal, his wit, his satire, his sarcasm, his oft-rehearsed invective, until one or the other, unable to revile his adversary longer, appeals to the audience. Travellers agree that this is a most useful and satisfactory substitute for the blood-feud. It has been prohibited by the missionaries.

Knud Rasmussen, in his recent book "Across Arctic America," quotes a number of Eskimo songs which have been translated with a certain amount of freedom. One of them he entitles "An Old Song of the Sun and the Moon and the Fear of Loneliness":

There is fear
In the longing for loneliness
When gathered with friends
And longing to be alone.
Iyaiya-yaya!

There is joy
In feeling the Summer
Come to the great world
And watching the sun
Follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya-yaya!

There is fear
In feeling the Winter
Come to the great world
And watching the moon,
Now half-full, now full,
Follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya-yaya!

Whither is all this tending?
I would I were far to the eastward.
And yet I shall never again
Meet with my kinsman.
Iyaiya-yaya!

William Thalbitzer, in his "Language and Folklore of the Ammassalik Eskimo," quotes and translates a large number of songs from Greenland. One refers to "The Kayak Paddler's Joy at the Weather":

When I am out of the house in the open
I feel joy
When I am out on the sea at haphazard
I feel joy
If it is really fine weather
I feel joy
If the sky really clears nicely
I feel joy.

May it continue thus
For the good of my sealing!
May it continue thus
For the good of my hunting!
May it continue thus
For the good of my singing-match!
May it continue thus
For the good of my drum-song!

The following lullaby, according to Thalbitzer, shows European influence in the use of the Eskimo word *wisalo*, derived from the Danish *visselulle*, a lullaby:

Lulla-lullaby my son!
Thy couch now is ready
To make thee fall asleep.
Thy mother talks to thee
To make thee fall asleep.

Two examples follow from the collection of Mr. Diamond Jenness, of the National Museum of Canada, which are possibly among the finest, and are translated with as close an adherence to the original as possible:

My arms, they wave high in the air.
My hands, they flutter behind my back.
They wave above my head like the wing of a bird.
Let me move my feet, let me dance.
Let me shrug my shoulders, let me shake my body.
My arms, let me fold them; let me crouch down;
Let me hold my hands under my chin.

The above is a Herschel Island dance song, sung by two women of the Mackenzie River delta, and gives a vivid picture of the typical movements of the women's dance. The one which follows is an old chant, which was repeated four times as an incantation to obtain good weather:

Falling tears
Falling tears
The old knee down there
The old knee down there
It splashes on it, it splashes on it.

Economics

THE "FAVORABLE" BALANCE
OF TRADE

By H. GORDON HAYES

THE foreign trade position of the United States is anomalous. The greatest possible effort is exerted to extend the sale of American goods abroad and to curtail the purchase of foreign goods. To the extent that we succeed in this, we are using our resources for the benefit of foreigners rather than for the benefit of Americans. And our success is marked.

During the calendar year 1928 our exports amounted to \$5,129,132,000 and our imports to \$4,089,930,000, or a billion dollars less. Such a situation is denominated a favorable balance of trade. It has been so designated for over 300 years and has been so regarded, one may guess, for a still longer period. National groups, at least the more vocal elements, always extol selling goods abroad and condemn buying them there.

Our total imports include the services rendered to American tourists abroad, the services of foreign insurance companies in which Americans carry insurance, the services of ship-owners who transport freight for American shippers, etc. There are, too, some export services of this sort, but they are of less value than the imports. After deducting the net value of such imports of services from the excess of goods exported, there is still a large surplus of exports, both goods and services, over our imports of goods and services.

The bank credits with which Americans are paid for these excess exports come principally from the sale of stocks and bonds of foreign industries to American investors. During the calendar year 1928 there were offered for public sale in this country approximately \$1,500,000,000 in such securities. After allowing for refunding, there was a net purchase of over a billion dollars' worth. These securities were paid for with goods. American automo-

biles, electrical equipment, food stuffs, raw materials, and other commodities went to pay for them. All such things are usable goods and if they stayed at home they would contribute to the economic welfare of the American people; or the material and labor they represent could be used to produce goods for the satisfaction of the economic wants of our people. We cannot eat, nor wear, nor ride about in the paper claims which we got in exchange for them.

These securities do, of course, give us claims on foreigners for goods and services to be delivered later. But the present national policy, which promises to be continued, does not warrant the conclusion that goods are ever to be imported in exchange for the goods now being exported in payment for bonds and shares of stock. The coupons on the bonds will be used to buy more bonds, and the coupons from them to buy still more bonds. Never, if the present doctrine survives, are the people of the United States to receive in usable goods the equivalent of the usable goods that now comprise our net exports.

In terms of labor, reckoning wages at \$1500 a year, which is above the prevailing standard in American industry, the foreign securities that we purchased last year represent the services of over 666,000 men. In other words, during 1928 we devoted the services of over 666,000 men to the production of goods for the use of foreign peoples rather than for the use of our own population. At the current rate of capital export, two-thirds of a million workers in America are working for the people of foreign lands. And the chief regret of the leaders of opinion is that there are not a full million thus engaged!

The situation, of course, is seldom put in these terms. Instead, it is commonly said that "American dollars are working abroad," or that "our surplus capital is seeking the most profitable market," or that "our savings are being invested where they will earn the highest rate." And the

implication is that all this is to the advantage of the entire population of the country.

President Hoover's attitude is typical. As Secretary of Commerce he gave especial attention to the extension of our exports, and resisted any extension of our imports. During his campaign last Fall he emphasized this feature of our national policy. He argued that our capacity to produce exceeds our capacity to consume, and that it is thus necessary to find outlets for exports. And no sooner had he been elected than he started on a trip to South America, for the purpose, in part at least, of extending our selling trade.

To sell, not to buy—to exchange goods for paper claims—that, it appears, is the royal road to national economic welfare! How well off we would all be if we should tighten our belts and use less food—if we should use fewer cubic feet of house space—if we should use fewer automobiles,—and export the amounts thus saved and take our pay in due bills that are never, never to be paid for with goods! The truth is that the current practice advances the economic welfare of the people of the nation in precisely the same manner that the economic welfare of the family of a miser is advanced when he uses his gains to extend his investments, the while he lives in a hovel and keeps his wife in rags and his children on short rations. The children may get something later—but not now. To be sure, any saving means the postponement of consumption, and that, we may assume, is advantageous to the persons doing it, whether the saving takes the form of purchasing domestic or foreign securities. But investment abroad, under our present policy, means an *indefinite* postponement of the utilization of economic goods by the national group.

The people of this nation have economic comforts beyond those enjoyed by large groups in any preceding age. But we are certainly far from the condition indicated by President Hoover's argument, referred to above. The Bureau of Economic Re-

search estimates that 85.9% of the income receivers of the country received less than \$2,000 a year each in 1918, and that 72% got less than \$1500. Undernourished and half-clad children in every American city cry aloud against the suggestion that we cannot extend our consumption—that we now produce beyond our needs. But despite the inadequate standards of living that thus abound, we take delight in the export of a billion dollars' worth of goods a year more than we import!

And most paradoxically, in order to maintain even the standard of living that we have, we must continue this policy. The National City Bank, in a bulletin of April 18 last, decries the credit stringency and dwells especially upon the fact that the rate of interest has risen to such a height that the bond market has been destroyed, and that as a result the sale of foreign securities in our markets has been checked. This in turn endangers our export trade and our national prosperity. The argument is clearly valid. Our industrial system is geared to exports. Our consuming public is not able to buy the whole produce of our farms, factories and mines, nor its equivalent in imported goods, at prices which are satisfactory to the producers. So with things as they are, things must be as they are. An alteration in policy would disarrange the machinery.

In the long run, of course, it is probable that our export surplus will be changed into a surplus of imports. But this is a long run view. As already emphasized, it is contrary to the policy which is currently advocated by the leaders of opinion. For years to come, any suggestion of increased importations is certain to provoke the erection of even higher tariff barriers than those now standing.

Why does this condition prevail? We find it not only in America but in England, Germany, France,—indeed, in all modern industrial nations. Everywhere the cry is for foreign markets—not markets in which goods may be exchanged for other goods, but markets in which goods may be sold

for money. The situation seems to arise out of the quest for private profit. If the national economy were conceived in the interest of the entire population it is unlikely that the present foreign trade policy would be followed.

To further clarify the point, suppose that government units owned and operated all of the leading industrial plants of the country. Under such conditions it is hardly probable that a President-elect, eager to extend the economic welfare of the nation, would attempt to do so by providing ways and means whereby our export of goods would be extended and our import of goods curtailed. It is not likely that exports would be held to be desirable, except as they resulted in the importation of goods. Viewing the problem of economic welfare in terms of the entire population, it doesn't seem possible that men could conclude that economic welfare varies directly with the excess of exports. The issue in this paper is not socialism versus capitalism, but only a consideration of the reasons for our foreign trade policy. But one inevitable conclusion is that the present policy depends upon private ownership.

Any producer of goods wishes to extend the market in which he sells. He wishes more buyers. And at the same time he wishes fewer competitors. Hence, the business men of any nation desire assistance in finding markets abroad and in restricting the competition of foreign sellers in the home market. Not all business men profit by this double-edged policy, but large numbers of them do, and they are sufficiently influential to make it wise for politicians to support their view. Hence the plans that arise when exports increase and imports decrease.

But this does not explain how we come to have an excess of exports, or in other words, how we come to export capital to buy foreign securities. Obviously, such securities are purchased because the buyers thereof believe that it will be profitable to buy them. Investment outside the country yields—or is expected to yield—larger re-

turns than it would bring at home. Why is this true? The explanation offered here is comprised of two elements: first, the inequality in the degree to which our country and foreign countries are supplied with capital, and, second, the inequality in the distribution of income in the United States.

The fact that the people of the United States are better supplied with industrial equipment than the people of many other regions tends to make it profitable to export equipment. After some nine or ten billion dollars' worth of equipment has been added during one year to our already large supply, it is more profitable to use the next billion elsewhere rather than at home. But what determines the ratio of profitable investment in the two regions? Why is it, say, 9 to 1, rather than 5 to 1? Why might it not be 100 to 1? This calls up the second element noted above.

Investments are made for the expected money return. It is not physical output that capitalists are interested in, but profit. One region may possess a large supply of capital, and yet offer better money-making opportunities for additional equipment than a region that is almost solely lacking in equipment. In the one region the mass of the people may be so well supplied with buying power that the builders of equipment will find ready sales for the consumable products which they make available, while in the other region there may be such a paucity of buying power that it would not be profitable to produce goods for sale. Hence, inequality in the degree to which two regions are supplied with equipment does not of itself make it profitable to invest additional capital in the region that is the less bountifully supplied. The relative ability of the two regions to buy the produce is the vital consideration.

Within any country that is well supplied with industrial equipment there is a group of persons that may be designated as savers and another that may be called spenders. The line between the two groups is not clearly cut, but for the present purpose we shall assume that it is. The savers,

in effect, produce goods for sale to the spenders. Now, the point at which it will be more profitable for the savers to provide equipment and produce goods for sale to foreigners rather than extend such processes at home will depend upon the ability of the spenders to spend. The lower the ability of the masses to spend, the sooner will the point be reached at which investment abroad will be more profitable than investment at home. In other words, the ability of the masses to spend, relative to the ability of the few to save, might conceivably be such that the production of equipment for the sale of goods at home might be more profitable than the export of such equipment abroad. Hence, the phenomenon under review, namely, the increasing necessity of exporting more and more goods in order to keep the economic machine going, seems to depend upon the inequality in the distribution of incomes in our own domestic market.

The most widely accepted estimates of income distribution in the United States are to the effect that the upper 1% of the people receive 14% of the yearly money income. In terms of dollars the richest 1%

are estimated to have \$8,000 a year or more a person, and the poorest 72%, as noted above, less than \$1500 each a year. These figures indicate great ability on the part of the few rich people to save, and but little ability relatively on the part of the masses to buy. It is because of their poverty that the masses cannot use the products which they produce—that 666,000 of them must produce for the use and benefit of foreigners.

The peoples to whom we sell our excess of exports are, as national groups, far less able to buy than are the people of this country, but the upper economic groups in such countries have more money to spend than do the lower groups here. Or, considered *en masse*, our foreign customers are more able to buy one billion dollars' worth of our goods than are the people here after they have bought what goes before. The larger the buying power of our masses relatively to the saving power of the few, the less will be the amount that it will be profitable to dispose of abroad in return for promises to pay later. The more even the distribution of incomes, the more able we would be to use our resources for the use and benefit of our own people.

THE CASE OF COMRADE KARACHUN

BY CHARLES RECHT & ADOLPH E. MEYER

WHEN, some years before the invention of the original Red Terror, Antoni Karachun quit his native fastness in the steppes of Imperial Russia and migrated to our great Republic, his motives were as simple as they were direct. All that he wanted in the New World, it seems, was a chance to earn some needed money. Once enough gold had poured into his bag, he hoped to lose no time in embarking for his beloved native hearth. Wisely enough, this simple-minded Karachun started to make his dreams come true in the best American style by going to work at the very bottom of the success-ladder as an unskilled laborer. As such he toiled for several years, drifting from place to place, and going wherever the lords of the labor agencies were pleased to send him. In this way he saw not only a vast slice of the American scene, but being normally sober and steady, he was actually able to stow away some of the Republic's treasured lucre. The process of hoarding up the shekels was of course slow—much slower, indeed, than he had ever anticipated. Yet if his march to fortune was a bit tedious, then it was more than offset by his extraordinary advance in education.

Thus, when the Republic joined the Allies in the war to end war Karachun had already advanced sufficiently to understand the meaning of their high ideals. And so he promptly laid down the pick and shovel and went to work for democracy in a munitions mill. Here for a time things went along fine. Not only was Antoni's new job much more dignified than his old one, but its rewards were infinitely more juicy. But in the end, as usual, Fate got tired of Kara-

chun's unmingled bliss. And so, to make a change, it shoved the old régime in Russia down the chute, kindled the revolution, and invented the Bolsheviks. Then it whispered into the ears of Karachun that American doughboys were to be shipped to the steppes to help the few remaining righteous Russians to exterminate the horrible Reds. No doubt Fate must also have whispered something about Democracy and Higher Patriotism, for in the end Karachun, forsaking his fine job, dashed to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted for service in Russia.

Life in the Army, as everyone knows, isn't quite as pleasant as in a powder mill, especially in times of war. At first there was the usual irksome rigmarole—fitting into misfit uniforms, drilling with decapitated broomsticks, and even perfecting the astounding intricacies of what was eventually to become a passable salute. All these never-ending *détails de guerre*, and many others, Karachun finally mastered, and if ever he had any doubts about the sweetness of patriotism, certainly he always kept them graciously concealed. Indeed, throughout the whole dreary routine of daily drill Karachun only grinned. Not that he had suddenly plucked the long sought gold, or failing in this, that he had at last been converted to American optimism. No. If Karachun grinned, it was simply because he rather liked this idea of getting a free trip to his home in Russia. True, his American buddies talked mainly of fighting and freezing. Sometimes, though not often, they varied their stupid clichés with facts about the vastness of Siberia, and pointed out unerringly the utter idiocy

of Antoni's childish hope of being sent to the environs of his native village.

But all this didn't trouble Karachun. All that he saw was a snowbound cluster of huts, soaked in the cold silence of the moonlight. He fancied himself coming alone late at night and knocking at the door of a log cottage. A frightened female voice would shout out "Who's there?" And he would hear his own laughing reply ruffle the night's stillness. The door would be unbolted, and soon the warmth of happiness would melt away forever the memory of the strange coldness of the Yankee.

II

If Karachun's cynical buddies laughed at his private hopes, clearly they knew nothing about the plans of Fate. In its best playful manner it brought the American grenadiers to a spot in Siberia known to its scanty denizens as Sviagino. Though barely recognizable even to map-makers Sviagino for the time being was important. For one thing, it was the basis of what the Americans called a sector; for another, it was but a short distance from Kraefski, where, strangely enough, lay the original model of the log cabin which the imaginative Antoni had so clearly visioned in his dreams.

To reach Kraefski all that Karachun needed was a little luck. And this fortunately was at hand. To be precise, luck visited Private Karachun at the exact moment when his buddies were absorbed in the job of hooking up telephone connections. It was then that he, bundled and heavily laden with guns, munitions, and an extra pair of shoes, slipped away from his toiling *Kameraden* and began his trek over the frozen plains to his snowladen cottage at Kraefski. The next day, unaware to the wandering Antoni, his name graced his commander's daily report. After it was the terse but interesting pronunciamiento that Antoni had been taken prisoner by the "partisan guerrilla Bolshevik bands."

Blissfully ignorant of his terrible fate,

Karachun eventually landed at his destination, and for a time was happy. But only for a time. For under the gifted direction of his fellow *moujiks* his American education began to be modified and even amplified. Thus he gradually learned that the Bolsheviks, just like the Americanos, had noble ideals, that in fact they, too, were quite willing to make the world safe for democracy, and were even ready to fight their own private war to end war.

What was more, all of Karachun's neighbors were actually doing their bit to advance the Great Cause. All these chaps, Antoni knew, were good, gentle fellows who despite their sad lack of the requisite guns and bullets were yet doing their hardest to make their noble intentions real. But that was indeed difficult; the damned Americanos were in the way. This irritated Karachun not a little. Hadn't these fellows from the Republic been publicly bawling their high altruism for the last several years? Indeed, hadn't they even crusaded across the Pacific for the express purpose of spreading democracy among the barbarous Russians? And now these damned jackasses were interfering. Plainly, something must be done.

Taking his guns, munitions, and the extra pair of shoes which he had once lugged from Sviagino on his trip across the plains, Karachun now struck out for the Bolshevik headquarters. What he said when he got there no doubt was brief and simple, and the Red commander listened gravely. Indeed, in the end he even handed Private Karachun an assignment and a rank. Still working for democracy, Karachun now, however, was an officer, and so obviously he had a great deal more to say. So impressive, in fact, became his exploits that most of them have been permanently embalmed in the annals of a court martial. Here, for example, is a report from Captain Johns, Twenty-seventh Infantry, A. E. F.:

I took over this Sviagino sector about May 20, 1919. The day that I relieved Company F, of the Thirty-first Infantry, I received a telephone message from Kraefski . . . that the station had been raided the previous night, the station-master ar-

rested by the Bolsheviks, and quite a lot of telephone accessories taken from him in the station. I took an interpreter and eight men and went to Kraefski. We found the station-master's wife there . . . I asked her to identify or tell me some of the persons who were in the band. . . . She said the only man she knew was a man named Karachun. About one o'clock in the morning of June 12 the railroad was cut. . . . At 4:30 in the morning—about 4:30—a Bolshevik detachment of 250 men attacked the American camp of 25 men of Company F, Twenty-seventh Infantry, at Kraefski, and killed one American, wounded one, and captured two. . . . I took over four Bolshevik prisoners who had been captured by the Americans, and helped bury eleven that had been killed. . . . Two days later I received a message from the partisan commander, Bolshevik commander, that he would release the private at a certain hour on a certain day, and requested me to release one man at that time, which I did. . . . At the same time I received a note written in longhand which read like this:

Commanding Officer, American Troops
Kraefski: Give my regards to all the Americans. Ex-American soldier, Antoni Karachun.

Up to this time I didn't know who this man was. I had heard of him after the raid on the Kraefski station when the station-master had been captured and taken away. So I reported to Vladivostok. . . . I received a telegram from the Chief at Vladivostok to make every effort to capture this man; that he was a deserter from the Thirty-first Infantry, and they sent me a thousand rubles—they were worth about \$110—to help secure information against him.

Plainly enough, Karachun wasn't privy to the fine points of war, but as a high Bolshevik commander, at least he had a theory. Complicated like most theories, its implication however was perfectly simple, *viz.*, that the Americans had been sent to the Siberian plains to guard a railroad. Now, reasoned the astute Karachun, if the boys from the Republic could be chased from that railroad, they would of course go home. So he spat on his Bolshevik hands and went to work with a vim. Again his doings reached the heights, as witness these words of Corporal Batchelder of the Thirty-first Infantry:

Part of the month of June I was stationed in Spasskoe, Siberia. . . . There was a detachment of my platoon stationed at Kraefski; we were stationed there about three days. I was sent out by the platoon commander, Lieutenant Rich, the morning of June 11. In returning about 3:30 the morning of June 12 I was captured with a private. And this man Karachun was there. I didn't know

him from anyone else until he passed the remark that he belonged to the Thirty-first Infantry. We marched back up the road towards Renovka, about two miles. . . . Commander-in-Chief Gurko with a few men started toward Renovka taking Private Burt and myself as prisoners. The balance of his men under the command of this Karachun here was sent down to attack the station. . . . The next day, about 9:00 or 10:30 o'clock, this Karachun showed up. He went on to tell me about what a great scrap they had down there; that he had shot the platoon all to pieces; that Lieutenant Rich was dead because he took a shot at him himself and saw him fall.

Despite Karachun's vast efforts the Americans continued to hold on to the railroad. In a way, however, this wasn't quite so bad. For, as the former doughboy had discovered, the freight-cars running up and down those Siberian tracks were loaded with marvelous canned meats, to say nothing of clothing and munitions. Naturally, all these Antoni and his comrade Bolsheviks could well use. So during the whole Fall they kept their eyes open and their guns greased, sniping and swiping as much as they could. When Winter came little remained to be pilfered. The few remaining first-rate cars and their contents had been pulled in by the Americans, and the abandoned ones were empty. Karachun had a presentiment that the doughboys would soon depart. With them, alas, would go all these fine supplies. The situation was again critical. But true to the demands of his rank, Commander Karachun again rose to the occasion. Here is the way Private Jennings reports it:

On this night that I was walking post, Karachun was coming down the railroad track; it was about dusk. I challenged him and in answer to my challenge, he said, "A Russian." I then advanced toward him and he says, "Aren't you going to advance me?" I then challenged him again. He began talking about the shipping—the ships leaving there, the property from the base, and asked me what was in the three cars that were there. I then told him. Then he wanted to know if I should like to earn some money. I asked him what he meant, and he told me to let him take some of the property from the cars and he would give me half of anything that I wanted from him. I told him I could not very well do it. As I was the only man there that night . . . I told him to come back the next day at four o'clock. As soon as the Corporal of the Guard returned that evening, I reported it. The next day at four o'clock the Corporal of the Guard walked out of the cars

and Karachun was out there. I started out behind the Corporal and met him as he was bringing him in. He was then turned over to Lieutenant Metler.

Now that Antoni was once again in the fold, the question naturally arose as to what was to be done with him. Had the Americanos lived up to their reputed wisdom, no doubt they would have hanged him on the spot. Certainly this would have saved everybody a lot of trouble. But this, it seems, isn't quite proper even in the Army, and so Antoni was shipped to Manila for further investigation. Here, after some pondering by the army *noblesse*, it was finally decided that Karachun's case was important enough to merit the staging of a court-martial. As usual, this turned out to be a gaudy show, wherein everybody played a star part—everybody, at least, except Karachun. In the end, however, even he got a *fleeting bath in the spotlight*, as witness the following pronunciamiento:

Thereupon the court is closed, and sentences the accused Antoni Karachun (2348422) Machine Gun Company, Thirty-first Infantry, to be hanged by the neck until dead; two thirds of the members of the court having concurred in the sentence.

But in the Army, as in the circles of the laity, a death sentence means precisely nothing until it is actually put into effect. Before this could be done it needed the sanction of the judge-advocate. Like all great Daniels, the judge-advocate found some terrible flaws in the reasoning of the court-martial:

In the foregoing case of Private Antoni Karachun, Machine Gun Company, Thirty-first Infantry, the findings of Specification, Charge II, are disapproved because in the opinion of the reviewing authority it is at least doubtful that the Russians with whom the American troops came in contact in Siberia were "enemies" in the meaning of the Eighty-first Article of War. The findings of Specification, Charge III, are disapproved because of insufficient evidence to support them.

Curiously enough, however, the judge-advocate also wrote this:

The sentence is approved, but the execution thereof is suspended until the pleasure of the President is known, and the record of the trial is forwarded for action under the Fifty-first Article of War, recommending that the sentence be commuted to dishonorable discharge, total forfeiture,

and confinement at hard labor for twenty (20) years.

If the simple-minded Karachun was now somewhat in doubt as to whether or not he was entitled to the noose, he was certainly not the only one. Indeed, even such an eminentissimo as the Judge-Advocate General appeared to be rather puzzled. However, while the judge was making up his mind Antoni was being kept in readiness. For this purpose he was thrust into the celebrated bastille at McNeil's Island in the State of Washington. Finally, after the correct delay, the Justinians of the Army concluded that Karachun was not to hang after all, but that instead he was to make McNeil's Island his mailing address for the next twenty years.

III

Antoni, of course, agreed, but he also wrote a letter to a New York lawyer. Dashing down to the capital, the lawyer called upon the Judge-Advocate General. What he had to say, while somewhat wordy, was none the less interesting. Briefly, he held that Antoni's "transportation here was legalistic kidnapping," and that obviously one "cannot acquire jurisdiction over a prisoner by kidnapping him." Furthermore, one "could not court-martial him in his own country." And finally, to make an end, "your whole Manila proceedings have no basis and his imprisonment here has no sanction of law."

The astonished General muttered something about the Articles of War. But the lawyer from New York politely reminded him that "you can't have a war without having enemies," and that "we went to assist Russia as a friendly nation." As the lawyer's harangue spun along it grew bolder. Not only, he added, did the Republic have no jurisdiction over Antoni, but it couldn't "even claim that Karachun was a deserter." Strangely enough, the lawyer here cited the military law itself, thus:

Arrests of deserters must be effected within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States unless

authorized by international convention. (Davis Military Law, p. 423; Dig. 346, par. 21; p. 347, par. 29.)

And also thus:

Further, not only has the United States Army no authority to arrest deserters outside the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, but the forcible removal of such deserters *from their own country* is illegal unless there are proper extradition proceedings. (4 Moore, *op. cit.* 245.)

Obviously, the lawyer was banging on sound ground, and almost anyone but a hard-headed general would have admitted it. Still, even if the Judge-Advocate General wasn't willing to go quite that far, he was nevertheless ready to make some altruistic concessions. He would refer the lawyer's arguments to the Secretary of War, and in the end the lawyer from New York was to be "duly informed."

This promised information was handed out on August 17 by the illustrious Assistant Secretary of War Wainright. Stripped of its legal lingo, it told the New York lawyer where to get off:

This plea to the jurisdiction was raised at the trial by the accused, and was overruled by the court. The question was carefully considered in this office when the record of trial was reviewed herein, and the conclusion reached that the plea was properly overruled, and that the court had jurisdiction of the person of the accused. . . .

With reference to the desertion charge the gifted Wainright found that "there can be no doubt . . . that Karachun deserted the service of the United States in the face of hostile forces." Accordingly, it was recommended that Karachun continue his sojourn at McNeil's Island.

Officially the Karachun affair was now closed. At least that's what the tired but

hopeful jurists of the War Department had announced. But the New York lawyer wasn't quite so positive. In fact, he was loaded with strange doubts. At the proper psychological intervals, therefore, he tickled the sensitive ribs of the military brethren on the Potomac. Outwardly they appeared impervious, but actually they weren't quite so pleased. Indeed, one might almost suspect that they were beginning to get worried.

The worst blow to their blood-pressure, however, came just about two years after the unfortunate Antoni had been sent to the rockpile. This was the occasion when the jurist from New York assisted the late Captain Paxton Hibben, also under court-martial, against the charge of disloyalty. Not only did the lawyer succeed in dragging off all the available laurels and an acquittal for the captain, but he also had the high joy of having read into the record his unflattering opinion of the War Department and of its behavior in the case of Antoni Karachun.

Clearly, things were beginning to brace up for Antoni. All that was needed was just a little time. Specifically, this was three more years. Then one day, without any preliminary horn-tooting at all, they suddenly opened the door of Antoni's cell and told him to vamoose. He drifted East and stopped off at Manhattan. There the burghers, generous as usual, took up a collection for him. Some weeks later he landed once more at Kraefski. Virtually everything was as he had left it—except, thank God, there were now no altruistic Americans there to spread the message of democracy.

BILLBOARD PREACHER

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE average American parson, alarmed by empty pews and a dwindling congregation, thunders that the Fourth Commandment is as sacred as any of the other nine; probably more sacred. He utters scorching denunciations of Sunday golf and motoring, and journeys to the State capital to lobby against the laws which permit professional ball teams to desecrate the Sabbath. He takes up a special collection for the Lord's Day Alliance, and remembers the Rev. Harry Laity Bowlby, his militant leader, in his prayers.

But the Rev. Dr. Christian Fichtorne Reisner, A.B., S.T.B., D.D., has never found it necessary to call down fire and brimstone in that way upon those who play hookey. Although he clings to the Old Time Religion, and has no use for such nonsense as Modernism, he can afford a complaisant smile when he hears the lamentations of his clerical brethren. Many years ago he discovered that an ingenious Methodist preacher, assisted by one or two hard-working curates and an efficient secretary, could beat the Devil at his own game. For thirty years, now, he has put on a better show than the movie palaces or burlesque dives whose competition is feared by less talented ecclesiastics. He has welcomed to his pulpit such eminent lay figures as Richard Barthelmess and Jackie Coogan, and in return for the publicity they have said a few discreet words to his gaping thousands. A news reel is shown before every evening service, hymns are whistled, and such delicatessen as big red apples, bananas and loaves of bread are given away. Bird imitators, the Gloria Trumpeters, bell-ringers and other favor-

ites of the Chautauqua circuits are on hand to insure what Dr. Reisner has so aptly christened the Happy Sunday Evening.

"I get them in," he boasts, "and then I give them the Gospel."

For some years, it is true, this was more of a defense than a boast. Dr. Reisner used modern publicity methods to save mankind long before Gloria Vanderbilt and other *grandes dames* made advertising genteel. There were some, lay churchmen as well as fellow clergymen, who sneered that it was unethical to buy advertising space in the newspapers, to call on city editors with advance copies of Sunday's sermon, to adopt a rigid rule that reporters were never to be turned away without a story. The use of billboards, particularly, aroused their indignation; they were suited, it appeared, to chewing gum and cigarettes, not to spreading the word of God. But Dr. Reisner was in no way dismayed. He pointed out that the rainbow which followed the Flood had been called "the first advertisement," a form of sky-writing invented by the Lord. He quoted the Scriptures to prove that many of the prophets, if alive today, would be advertising men. And since 1897, when he first applied high-pressure salesmanship to religion, he has seen his ideas attain complete respectability. Now he has imitators, although none is as good as the original, in all parts of the land. His textbooks, "Church Publicity: the Modern Way to Compel Them to Come In" and "Workable Plans for Wideawake Churches," are eagerly read by all up-and-coming young preachers, and lie, more dog-eared than the Bible itself, on the table of many a parsonage study.

Dr. Reisner's title, the Billboard Preacher, given to him two decades ago, may once have been a term of reproach. It is so no longer. He takes pride in it, and spreads the ideas behind it through his numerous books and pamphlets. He has lately been made president of the Church Advertising Department of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Yet he is not misled into the delusion that he is a man with an Outstanding Spiritual Message, or that he shines by his oratorical gifts.

"The difference," he says, in explaining his success, "is not in my preaching. It is in my advertising—my window display, if you want to call it that."

Dr. Reisner's crowning achievement is the colossal Broadway Temple, now slowly rising on the highest point of land on Manhattan Island. Located at Broadway and 173rd street, this latest and most magnificent house of God will soar twenty-four stories above the street and will cost about \$6,000,000. On top of it there will be an aerial beacon, dedicated to Commander Richard Byrd, in the form of a seventy-five foot cross. It will shine 694 feet above Broadway, and, flashing in orange and red rays, will be visible to aviators for one hundred miles. It may also be seen, the fog and soot of New York permitting, seventy-five miles at sea.

To no small degree, the Broadway Temple typifies Dr. Reisner and his work. It is, as he phrases it, "a compromise with modernity"; the building will contain stores, offices, dormitories and apartments. All of these will bring in revenue. In the basement will be swimming-pools, a gymnasium and assembly rooms, and high in the tower there will be a playground for the kiddies. Dr. Reisner is confident that the resultant income will be large enough to meet the interest on the bonds and mortgages; he has, indeed, worked out an astute plan whereby he will be certain of tenants until the structure crumbles into dust.

At a luncheon in 1924, when he began his campaign for the \$6,000,000, he re-

vealed that there would be dormitories where unmarried young men could live, and courting parlors where the lads would have an opportunity to meet the ravishing girls of the parish. He has no doubt that many an affair of the heart, gently nurtured in these cubicles, will result in marriage. Then, if all goes well, the happy couple will sign a lease for one of the apartments. Nor does it end there; Dr. Reisner hopes that there will be children and has called attention to the nurseries to be located in the tower.

"You can't build a home without children; without them it is only a boarding-house," he said. "Our roof garden playground will be a little bit of Heaven up in the purest air in Manhattan."

II

Although he is an ardent Prohibitionist, and was one of the countless Methodists who crusaded for the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, Dr. Reisner is essentially a cheerful and optimistic man. He believes in laughter, in clean amusement, in healthy fun, and once expressed himself on these matters as follows:

There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. If we laugh cleanly we will be stronger to meet the tears. I am sure that New York needs to laugh to be saved. But the kind of laugh is important. The schoolhouses ought to increasingly be opened as recreation centers. The churches should furnish not only a Sunday service of vital religion, and that is the most necessary, but they should provide clean, sweet, vimful and attractive fun. That is why we have put a motion picture plant in.

"Failure to smile," he said on another occasion, "is an indication of poor health, and explains sensuous jazz, poison hooch, lewd cabarets and disgusting stage plays."

Particularly is Dr. Reisner bullish on newspaper reporters. Often, during an interview, he will pay earnest tribute to their sterling, but sometimes unappreciated, virtues.

"I am always great friends with the newspapers," he told one New York reporter. "Newspaper people are a fine lot.

I think they are much maligned. I always give the reporters a story when I can. I always am willing to talk—but never as a private individual, you understand, always as the pastor of my church.”

The Billboard Preacher looked searchingly at his visitor as he said this. “Do you get my thought?” he asked, anxiously. The reporter replied that he did.

Dr. Reisner is thus happy in his contacts with the press, and in his treatise on church publicity he gives his fellow ministers innumerable tips on how to deal with reporters. He also offers the opinion that active work on a newspaper constitutes excellent training for the pulpit. The successful modern preacher must base his sermons on the news. There is a text in every headline, and he must know what is going on. Having been a newspaper man himself, Dr. Reisner can speak with authority on these matters, and to prove it he cites his success, when pastor of Grace Church at Denver, Col., in writing signed editorials for young people. The first of these was captioned “To Succeed: Lay Hold, Hang On, and Hump,” and made a profound impression on the youth of the town.

But even more important than the knack of writing well is the gift of handling reporters so that they will condescend to put something in next day’s paper. Dr. Reisner warns that too many clergymen are inclined to be aloof toward the newspaper boys and girls; this is a grave error.

Many of the difficulties [in obtaining publicity] would be removed if the ministers would thoroughly cultivate the newspaper in a humble and yet not cringing way, but with the recognition that the editor may be serving God and man as certainly as the minister. We must under no circumstances fawn and gush. They quickly sense an insincere attitude. They cannot be easily worked. We must be glad to freely give interviews whenever requested. A minister should never be too busy to see a newspaper man.

The resultant notoriety will, of course, be exceedingly distasteful. It is, however, part of the Lord’s work and so “it will be necessary for us to swallow our reserve and native modesty and be willing to en-

dure all kinds of publicity.” It is manifestly easier, Dr. Reisner adds, to endure the publicity turned out by skilled reporters than the garbled stories likely to issue from the typewriters of the cubs usually assigned to cover the churches. Here, too, he has a constructive thought. “When the church spends more money for paid advertising,” he writes, “and comes into closer contact with the paper—it can begin to command better reporters.” Phrased more realistically, the business office will come to its aid.

Dr. Reisner does not tolerate, it is superfluous to add, any form of vulgarity. His morning services are models of decorum, with all the high-jinks reserved for the evening, when church attendance normally drops off to a few dozen of the super-faithful. He warns, however, against too much dignity. There is always danger that the pastor “will walk so straight as to be only a stick.” Electric signs, posters, blotters, postcards, three-sheets and handbills all come within the line of respectability. On one occasion, Dr. Reisner found the use of red ink on some window cards very effective.

“The red words,” he explained, “caused folks to turn around to see if a contagious disease were placarded.”

In gathering the data for “Church Publicity” he sent questionnaires to many of his brethren of the cloth and found, to his regret, that some were dubious about the propriety of billboards. To refute their arguments, he wrote an article for the journal of the outdoor advertising men, and was gratified to receive a letter which demonstrated that the Lord was on his side. The communication was from the head of a billboard concern, and recited the magnate’s conversion to Christianity. He wrote:

The article urging church publicity on billboards led me to appeal to the local Presbyterian church for business in advertising their Sunday evening services and as an outcome I became acquainted with the church and finally joined. In “We Boys” Sunday-school Class, out of a membership of 107, I was the only one who had perfect attendance for the whole year.

"Jesus used outdoor advertising extensively, and so caught the masses," said Dr. Reisner after he got this testimonial. "When we employ the kind that will catch the masses of our day we will be imitating Him."

A student of the technique of advertising, familiar with the mysteries of mass psychology and mob appeal, he feels certain that any clever preacher can turn out excellent copy if "he will read a few good books, watch display advertising, and study the effect of the printed matter he gets out." A number of simple rules should, however, be followed. Copy should answer the questions, Who? What? When? Where? Why? The vocabulary of the writer should be "this-worldish, not other-worldish." The churchly publicist will "practice brightness and brevity" and avoid "overly pious and monotonous language." Alliteration is always excellent, Dr. Reisner has found; among the quips which have come from his own fertile brain are: "Sociability and spirituality are Siamese twins," "Cheerfulness suns sin out of the heart," "Happiness puts honey in the heart; hectoring always hurts," and "Grin and Grip win, while Growl and Grope lose." A few years ago, requested by a New York editor to evolve a list of New Year's resolutions, he dashed off these:

I will cultivate health-making, happiness-scattering habits.

I will think and talk clean things, tame my tongue to avoid tattling, and train my taste to refute testy words.

I will build a hopeful faith, bless with a brisk and brimming optimism, and brighten with a bracing cheerfulness.

III

Like so many of New York's most eminent citizens, Christian F. Reisner was born on a farm; in this case just outside Ed Howe's Atchison, Kansas. The date was June 3, 1872. It is a legend on the Kansas prairies that the youthful Reisner dedicated himself to the ministry at an early age—that, as a mere lad of fifteen, he was exhorting his neighbors to mend their ways and avail

themselves of the blessings of Methodism. The facts do not, though, bear out these tales. My own guess is that he was led to the church through the influence of his parents, who must have named him Christian with the work of God in mind. He seems, at all events, to have strayed for a time. Immediately after graduating from Midland College, a pious institution of learning at Fairmount, Neb., he became a newspaper man; and that he shone in this work is indicated by his elevation to the high post of city editor of the *Daily Champion* of Atchison six weeks after writing his first stick of news. He snarled at the staff of the *Champion* for the entire Summer of 1893, and perhaps it was during those weeks that he first realized the connection between journalism and preaching. That Fall, at any rate, he closed his desk and journeyed east to the celebrated Boston University, where, three years later, he received the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology. It was not until 1906, a practicing parson for a decade, that he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Baker University at Baldwin City, Kansas.

Dr. Reisner's first church was the London Heights Methodist Episcopal of Kansas City, Kansas. He there began the innovations which were, in time, to become nationally known. To the London Heights church flocked the residents of Kansas City, overjoyed to find a Methodist preacher who varied his pleas for Prohibition with light-hearted laughter, bell-ringers, monologuists and other novelties. Within six years the parish grew from fifty-eight discouraged members to six hundred hustling enthusiasts, and three additions to the church building were needed to hold the crowds. This unprecedented increase in business was called to the attention of the Methodist prelates in the Middle West. It seemed uneconomical to waste the talents of so go-getting a preacher on Kansas City, Kans., and in 1903 he was transferred to Grace Church at Denver. Here was a problem worthy of his gifts. There was an excellent building

and any number of potential Methodists in the town, but a congregation that was dwindling by the year. In seven years, Dr. Reisner had brought in fifteen hundred new members.

Perhaps it was the bracing, heady air of the Mile High City which convinced him that there were no limits, within reason, to the attractions which might be offered for Sunday night. He bent every effort to make Grace Church, in fact as well as on the billboards, a Homelike Church. No one came in without having his hand wrung by at least two athletic ushers. Souvenirs were frequent and varied. It was in Denver that the arrival of the noted Gypsy Smith, world-famous evangelist, was signalled with red fire, brass bands and parades. Sermons based on the news were a weekly feature, but were always brief and snappy. Dr. Reisner invited Governors, Senators and mayors to adorn his pulpit.

During the Summer he always conducted at least one Snow Service, with a wagon-load of real snow from the Moffatt Tunnel piled in front of the rostrum. In Denver, too, he discovered that people enjoyed a chance to whistle hymns.

It was common [he recalls] to ask the audience to whistle the chorus of songs such as "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" To hear an audience whistle such a song is to be convinced of the beauty of the method. Whistling, for men, is as normal as singing for women, and is only done by twisting the mouth in a different way. Nothing is more beautiful than a whistling solo. Grace Church [New York] has heard Miss Helen Bertha Chase a number of times. She is a skilled and gifted whistler, and a consecrated Christian worker, who whistles as earnestly as any devout singer performs her task.

Once again, as the Denver flock increased under Dr. Reisner's guidance, the call came to depart for wider fields. In 1910 he was summoned to Grace Church in New York City, and he took up his new work with some misgivings. New York, he had heard, was as cold as it was sinful. The acts which had filled the house in Denver might not draw on the big time circuit. Yet he did not falter, and immediately upon his ar-

rival he gave out an interview in which he reiterated his contention that religion must be made practical:

If I ran a store and could not find customers, I would be a business failure. If I am a pastor and cannot save souls I am a failure in my chosen work. But I do not intend to fail. I am going to apply up-to-date business methods to my work and make a success of it. It is a great chance, this city, a great chance.

His doubts regarding the efficacy of the new religion in Manhattan were quickly lifted. The reporters swarmed to interview him, and the crowds flocked to the Homelike Church. It soon became apparent, indeed, that even this eminent New York parish was not an adequate challenge to the good doctor's talents. Slowly, in his mind, began to take shape the dream of a skyscraper cathedral, a house of worship with bowling-alleys, swimming-pools, nurseries, huge electric signs and a vast bonded debt. Soon after the war, he resigned from Grace Church to help the Methodists raise an endowment of \$107,000,000, and then he went to the Chelsea Methodist Church, a few blocks north of the new Broadway Temple. The Chelsea Church, which then had a small congregation and a \$50,000 debt, served merely as a foundation for Greater Things. By 1923 Dr. Reisner had found a site for the cathedral, and the Chelsea Church will merge with the Broadway Temple when the structure is ready.

It may be a year, however, before enough of the building is finished to house the congregation. Meanwhile services continue to be held in the basement of the Chelsea Church, in a large, somewhat desolate room with chairs instead of pews. Directly behind the pulpit is a large cross, which gleams with red electric lights when the room is darkened for prayer. There are one or two stained-glass windows, a screen for the news reel which precedes each Happy Sunday Evening, a few floral decorations, and the heartily cordial ushers who pounce upon every stranger with a glad handclasp.

The Billboard Preacher is not a small man. But he is inclined to slouch when in the pulpit, and so he does not seem more than five feet and a few inches. He has broad shoulders, wears a ministerial frock coat with a black tie, and is bald except for a fringe of white hair. This is no suavely polished, big city clergyman with his name in the Social Register and officiating at high-toned weddings. Upholding the Old Time Religion, questioning nothing in the Bible, his voice still has the twang of the Middle West. His grammar is not without its originalities. He has one or two simple gestures; such as hands raised with clenched fists toward Heaven. And when he wants to drive home a homiletic point he shouts a little more loudly.

"I don't ask people to serve a hazy thing called goodness," he cries. "I don't even ask them to be good. I tell them that the only way to live is to believe in a personal God and to love Him. Goodness follows; not wishy-washy goodness, but goodness-for-something! You're a useless zero without a personal belief in God!"

When he prays, it is the prayer of a country minister, sometimes confidential and low of voice, sometimes thunderous as he calls upon the Lord to lead sinning mortals into the paths of righteousness. Praying, Dr. Reisner screws up his eyes as though blinded by the celestial splendors he sees. But even a Methodist cannot be spiritual seven days a week, twenty-four a day. Laboring in his office or study, he might be the head of a high-speed sales force, the manager of an advertising agency. He is very busy, enormously efficient. On his desk is a row of push-buttons, and near it a dictaphone into which he voices sermons, articles and books. Typewriters and multigraphing machines rattle. Telephones ring. A secretary intercepts those who wish to see him and, unless they are newspaper reporters, makes an effort to attend to their needs. On the wall is a motto, "All things come to him who hustles while he waits."

I commend to the attention of those who would know their America an evening at one of the happy Reisner services. Here is the answer to why America votes for Prohibition, why birth control clinics are raided, why "An American Tragedy" is officially pronounced obscene and dangerous. In the congregation are a few young people, a handful of small boys lured by the prospect of movies and an apple, and a great many middle-aged men and women. There is an air of rusticity about them. They are, I suspect, chiefly country people who have been dropped into the center of a great and unfriendly city. They are Fundamentalists in spirit, even if they are quite without theological concepts, and they like the old hymns, the sermons praising the religion of their fathers. Probably they are quite unaware that they have been drawn in by the hypnotic power of salesmanship. All they know is that Reisner gives them what they want: an atmosphere like that of the strawberry festival back home. Perhaps all the advertising and ballyhoo is quite superfluous. It may be that Dr. Reisner would pack his churches without spending a dime for display space, without talking to a single reporter. He has, it would seem, stumbled upon a truth appreciated by few of his fellow preachers: that New York has no scarcity of narrow, conservative, rurally-minded men and women.

They live in New York, but in spirit and in point of view they are as far from it as the farmer who still turns back the mud of an Iowa cornfield, and this even if they have dwelt on Manhattan Island throughout their lives. Prohibition and its preservation give them a feeling of virtue. Not for them is Broadway with its glittering lights. All that is new is dangerous and probably sinful. Dr. Reisner, it should be added in justice, does not fan their prejudices into flame. He was among the few Methodist preachers to protest against the slanderous attacks, during the last campaign, on the Hon. Al Smith.

IV

Some preachers achieve renown through oratory, and some, as in the case of the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, by violent and unending onslaughts upon all varieties of sin, particularly the dark ones connected with sex. Dr. Reisner is not primarily a crusader, except maybe on Prohibition. Nor is he much of an orator. His gift, as he is the first to admit, lies in showmanship; and in the ability to capitalize this talent in advertising. It may be only subconsciously that he views the church as a theater. He is probably not aware that in all his writings and interviews he refers to his congregation as the audience. It is entirely natural for him to urge those who attend the performances to applaud and laugh and whistle. Moreover, he is skilled enough in the art of showmanship to know that no act can be prolonged for any length of time. In Kansas City, in Denver and now in New York, the entire programme is changed weekly, and Dr. Reisner does not permit himself to harp continuously on worn-out ideas.

In 1911, for example, he was raging against rouge, pet dogs, and slashed skirts. He predicted the horrors of the divorce court for men who stepped out with painted women. He had little use for feminist activities, and yearned for the sweet and wholesome girls of the Golden West. In 1913 he said, regarding suffrage activities:

Turn some of your zeal toward reforming dress and you will not only gain the vote more quickly but you can help advance the morals of our city. The modern style for women is disgraceful. The slit skirt, the airy stockings with low shoes, the low-cut dress, and the painted cheek create a shallow artificiality in women and appeal to the lowest in man. Woman has always been man's superior, but such habits unseat her from the throne of helpfulness. It is not even civilized, much less Christian.—We must go West for decent styles. We had better take our styles from the girl who lives in God's Out of Doors in the Broad West than go to the underworld of Paris.

This was very effective. It aroused the votes-for-women girls to frenzied denunciations and the resulting publicity was

excellent. Many a lesser preacher has continued to talk about woman's dress ever since. But Dr. Reisner is not a master of advertising psychology for nothing. It is no longer news to say that the girls wear less clothing than they did in 1902, or to predict that the hussies are sending America careening to ruin. Instead, the Billboard Preacher now defends the Younger Generation. If girls and boys drink booze, it is because their parents jazz to cocktail parties and open their doors to bootleggers. New York is not the city of the Devil, a notion which still prevails in Kansas. She may have her dens of vice, but most of the citizens know nothing about them. New York is filled with godly, homey folks. And while the Rev. Dr. Straton and others were viewing the flapper with righteous alarm, he said:

Underneath the flapper is a royal soul that will die for a great cause or grow up to fill a large place, if inspired and nourished.

A man of great originality, Dr. Reisner rarely finds it necessary to repeat the features of his Happy Sunday evenings. A few well-tried programmes are repeated annually, it is true, but always with certain changes and a novelty or two. He has given several baseball services, for instance. At the first of these, in 1913, he distributed 25,000 handbills captioned "You're Out!" and announcing that most of the New York Giants would attend. Some years later he held another baseball service, and this time he advertised that St. Paul, if alive, would certainly be a ball fan, that it was sinful to strike out, and that the successful religious life could rest on the text, "Not as one who beateth the air." On another occasion he had the famous infelder, Hal Chase, in the pulpit with him, and Mr. Chase said a few words in support of the theory that baseball and Christianity are, indeed, first cousins. Having thus sponsored the national game, Dr. Reisner was invited to write a full-page baseball sermon for Spalding's "Book of Rules," and graciously consented to do so.

There are other standard services, such

as the one at which a rose is given to each member of the "audience." There is an annual Snow Service, an idea born back in Denver. But the snow is now scraped from the pipes of a nearby refrigeration plant instead of from the sides of the Rocky Mountains. And Dr. Reisner frequently accepts the offer of a baking or milling company to supply a loaf of bread or a bag of flour for all who come. His sermon is then based on the souvenir, and a programme acknowledgment is given to the donor. Yet these programmes, so effective that they are offered year after year, constitute but a small proportion of the Sunday evening jollifications. For the great majority, Dr. Reisner must draw upon his unfailing stock of ideas. Within recent months he has been able to produce Eddie Dowling, star of "The Rainbow Man," Morris Gest, young Mr. Coogan, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Shrump, who guarantee to imitate any bird called for.

With the years, probably as a result of his contacts with wealth during his campaigns for money, Dr. Reisner has grown increasingly conservative on matters not connected with the church. Fifteen years ago he might have been heard advocating public ownership of utilities and hurling verbal rocks at millionaires. Still further back, in 1910, he was among those who saw nothing Christian in the creation of the Rockefeller Foundation, and said that the elder Rockefeller had "grown a corporation heart." By 1921, however, he revised his opinion of the Rockefellers, and paid eloquent tribute to the character and personality of John D. Jr.:

Mr. Rockefeller has a most delightful home and possesses, himself, one of the most delightful and helpful personalities to be found anywhere. He is humble and rich in friendliness. He is trusted and admired by all who know the facts about him. Why? Because he devotes himself to giving to every kind of cause that will uplift his fellows. In this very habit he builds a soul, a spirit that creates its own happiness and sees where to give so that it will count.

A few years later, Mr. Rockefeller bought a \$250,000 block of the bonds of the Broadway Temple.

V

Dr. Reisner has softened in his attitude toward the modern girl, and he no longer fears the menace of predatory wealth. But he has not retreated a single inch on Prohibition. In 1911 it was his custom to peel off his coat and roll up his sleeves when, from the pulpit, he launched an attack on Demon Rum. He was always well supplied with statistics to prove the evils of drink. Three beers a day for twelve days, he said in December of that year, would lower the efficiency of any man by 25%. Then he revealed the scientific fact that liquor killed 440 out of every 1,000 dead each year.

"Even women are among the victims!" he roared. "God pity the woman who boozes!"

Prohibition having blessed the land, Dr. Reisner is troubled by no doubts regarding its permanency, and is filled with scorn for those who advocate a repeal of the Volstead Act. When some member of his audience, disturbed by news that still another innocent man had been killed by Prohibition agents, asked whether a Christian could approve, Dr. Reisner gave an emphatic affirmative reply:

I'm as chicken-hearted as the next man; it is well-known that I do not approve of capital punishment. But I've no use for sentimentality over racketeers who corrupt our civilization by selling booze. I say we have a right to arrest men suspected of violating the law, and when they resist arrest officers have a right to shoot. The people really to blame, however, are the wealthy society people who patronize the bootlegger.

He believes that only Social Register snobs are drinking these days, and never loses an opportunity to reproach "the people down town" who go to "cocktail parties and carry hip flasks." Sometimes he is discouraged, if only momentarily by the spectacle of the best people joining such organizations as the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. Although he did not mention her by name, he expressed himself as scandalized when Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, formerly a member

of the Republican National Committee and the wife of a New York banker, announced that she would henceforth give all her time to telling women they must work for repeal of the Volstead Act.

"Imagine," said Dr. Reisner, aghast, "anyone going up and down the land calling for return of the legal sale of alcohol!"

Feeling as he does, it was natural that Dr. Reisner should have been highly elated when, on a night in January, 1928, he met the Hon. James J. Walker at a social function and was informed by that functionary that he had clambered on the water-wagon. The good doctor's face shone with righteous joy the following Sunday, and he told his flock that he had very important and gladsome news for them. The mayor of New York, he said, had revealed that he had taken the pledge. He had become a total abstainer. God was, after all, in His Heaven. Was this not a fine testimonial from "our capable and deservedly popular mayor, whom I am proud to call my friend?"

This startling news made the front pages of all morning papers on Monday; it is

truly headline material, these degenerate days, when an important politician announces that he will personally obey the Volstead Act. Coming from Jimmy Walker, who had been neither a public nor private dry, it was little less than a sensation. Arriving at the City Hall that day, Jimmy found a dozen reporters clamoring for a statement.

"Tell us it ain't so, Jimmy," they pleaded. "Tell us it ain't so!"

Surely, they went on in great excitement, the mayor had been misquoted by the pastor of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church! What about the Democratic party? What about Al Smith? What about the whole horrible Prohibition question?

Jimmy looked at them with the poker face he can assume at will. He said that Dr. Reisner had been technically correct. It was true that liquor would no longer touch his lips; at least not for the present.

"You see," he murmured, "I came back from Europe last September with indigestion. The doctors said I must take care of myself. I'm on the wagon, all right."

A NEGRO LOOKS AT POLITICS

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

I WAS once asked if the Negro in the South had accomplished anything in politics. I answered that he had at least furnished the South with its chief political issue. The fact is that he himself is that chief political issue. Southern statesmen may make a pretense of talking national and world politics, but it is only a pretense, for the thoughts and actions of every politician in the Southern States are inexorably limited, circumscribed, interdicted, shackled, handcuffed and muzzled by the omnipresent Negro question.

But the Negro as a political issue has now passed over the boundaries of the South and, in a degree, become national. He is a passive factor in both of the major parties. The Republican party doesn't want him, but finds it too much trouble to get rid of him. The Democratic party won't have him, and uses all the ingenuity and force it can summon to keep him out. The Negro is literally the *bête noire* of both parties. In the political game played on the national gridiron he is the ball.

He may see in various lights the political situation in which he thus finds himself, depending on his frame of mind. If angry, he may damn the whole bunk-shooting, lying, nefarious political business to Hell. If cynical, he may gloat over the embarrassment and fear that he is the cause of. He may get an unhappy satisfaction out of the fact that he is the wrench that clogs the political machinery of a whole section of the nation; that he has made political hypocrites of men who would otherwise be ordinarily honest; that he has done more than any other factor at work to make a ridiculous sham and failure out of

this grand and glorious experiment in democracy. If humorous, he may see the whole business as a farce, and so smile or get a sour laugh out of the knowledge that America can't actually have any more democracy than it gives to him. But 99% of the Negroes in the United States do not look at the matter in any of these lights. Anger, cynicism and humor fade out before the serious problem of life and the struggle to attain a goal that is necessary to fit survival.

How did the Negro, starting after the Civil War with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and the ballot, get where he is politically? Suppose we first find out where he is. There are approximately twelve million Negroes in the United States, which means that there are nearly six million of voting age. Notwithstanding this, the Negro demands and secures less through the ballot, not only in concrete results but even in mere respect for himself as a voter, than any of all the groups that go to make up the American citizenry, though many of these groups are weaker numerically and economically. Despite his mass of numbers and his increase in education and wealth, he remains, in a positive sense, as near being a political zero as it is possible for a group of people in a country with anything that resembles a democratic form of government to be. I say in a positive sense because, in a negative sense, he has for a hundred years been a dominating political factor. How account for this condition of political impotency on the part of twelve million people, one-tenth of the whole nation? The political condition of these people is the

more vitally and pathetically interesting for the reason that they, above any other group, need whatever benefits the ballot is able to gain.

The Negro did start with the war amendments and the ballot, and did for a period hold considerable political power. In that period Negroes participated in the government of various States, and sent two Senators and a score of Representatives to Congress. But within twenty years after Emancipation, by means of corruption, ballot-box stuffing and stealing, K. K. K. intimidation and a general shotgun and black-jack policy, the Negro vote had been rendered nugatory in every Southern State. At the beginning of the present century, by quasi-legal expedients, the Negro in the South had been thrown back politically to about where he was in 1866.

Inquiry into how he was disfranchised in the face of the explicit guarantees of the Constitution opens up a limitless field for the student of the processes of democracy. It reveals a political cunning, a crafty circumvention and brazen defiance of fundamental laws that cannot be matched, I dare say, by any other country in the world, not barring our sister republics south of the Rio Grande. And it shows what has for five generations been consuming the political sagacity of the South, the section which from the beginning of the country down to the Civil War furnished so large a proportion of the outstanding figures in national politics. Thus, starting with the administration of Hayes, the course of the Negro's political fortunes has been steadily downward; downward, until today the average Negro in the States of the old South is as voteless as a life-termer in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

II

Now, the Negro in the South did not take his disfranchisement lying down. He put up a pretty good fight, but was overwhelmed by the forces against him. When the Southern whites regained control of

the States of the former Confederacy they lost no time in serving notice on him that he would not be allowed to vote. However, he had great faith in his lately bestowed constitutional guarantees and went to the polls clothed in his rights of American citizenship. When he was met there by denial and force he took his case into the courts, relying on that section of the Fourteenth Amendment which says:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

and that section of the Fifteenth Amendment which says:

The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

More than once he took his case to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the court pointed out that he had failed to show that the State had abridged or denied his right to vote or that the persons who prevented him from voting had done so because of his *race, color or previous condition of servitude*. So the Negro, unable to prove that the committee which met at the polls with shotguns was actuated by any such base and unconstitutional motives, found his case thrown out. In the ultimate analysis, he lost in his fight to vote because of the attitude of the Supreme Court. Through hair-splitting sophistry and astute evasion the court so emasculated the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments that, so far as the Negro was concerned, no sense or meaning at all was left in them. If the court had entered into a conspiracy with the amnestied leaders of the Rebellion to nullify these two amendments it could not have gone about the work with greater dispatch and effectiveness. It was not until 1915 that there was any change in this

attitude. It was not until then that the court showed a definite change from its traditional pro-slavery bias.

Eventually the excesses to which corruption and force went appalled the more decent-minded element of Southern whites, and they began to devise means to do the unlawful thing by methods which would at least simulate legality and decency; so they proceeded to abrogate the Federal Constitution by revising the constitutions of the States. Mississippi began this reform in 1890 by so amending its constitution that the right of suffrage depended upon payment of a poll tax, and the ability to read any section of the constitution, or to understand it when read, or to give a reasonable interpretation of it.

This section looked entirely fair on its face. Indeed, it looked like a forward step toward intelligence and responsibility in the electorate, even if not toward a realization of democracy. But the joker lay in the interpretation clause. The average Negro could easily get hold of a few dollars and pay his poll tax, and it was in his power to learn to read a section of the Constitution with some evidence that he understood what he was reading; but when it came to a "reasonable interpretation" he was likely to find himself up against an unsurmountable obstacle. The election officials had absolute discretionary powers and could ply the applicant with questions that would divide the Supreme Court.

There is the story of the Negro in Mississippi who applied to the registration board, and who understandingly read a section of the Constitution and answered with average intelligence a number of questions. When one of the officials, thumbing a law book, asked, "What does *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum* mean?" the applicant took up his hat and replied, "It means that a nigger can't vote in Mississippi." No secret was made of the fact that the sole purpose of this section and of similar sections in the revised constitutions of other Southern States was to keep Negroes from voting.

But the bars of this barrier were not

quite close enough; for without going back to undisguised fraud and violence, it was impossible to keep a percentage of intelligent Negroes from slipping through, and perhaps, depending on the temper and integrity of the particular officials, impossible not to keep out some of the more crassly ignorant whites. So Southern political ingenuity set itself to the task of making the disfranchisement of all Negroes, ignorant and intelligent, a process of precision, while saving the most subcivilized white the embarrassment of even having to make a show of his lack of qualifications.

III

It was out of Louisiana in 1898 that there came the cry, "Eureka!" It was there that was evolved the famous grandfather clause. Speaking generally, these grandfather clauses in the amended constitutions of the Southern States enumerated as necessary to the right of suffrage a list of property, literacy, and character qualifications of high standard, and then provided that none of these qualifications need be met by any persons who had the right to vote or had an ancestor who had the right to vote at the time of the close of the Civil War. There were, of course, numbers of colored people who could have qualified under the ancestor proviso, but the right to cast a negligible vote was hardly worth the risk of its establishment. So it looked as though, with the grandfather clauses, had come the end of Negro suffrage nightmare, which for three decades had harassed Southern politicians. But the Negro had not ceased fighting. Oklahoma's brand-new constitution was equipped with a first-class grandfather clause. On that clause a test case was finally brought before the Supreme Court, and that court in 1915 declared grandfather clauses unconstitutional.

The reasonable interpretation clauses were still working, but not with the desired effectiveness. Something needed to be done, and the statesmanship of the South

once again rose to the exigency. (It is astounding to think how much Southern statesmanship has been used up in these processes!) The decision of the strategists among the politicians was to abandon any further frontal attacks on the Fifteenth Amendment, and to defeat it "legally" by a flanking movement. So all the laws on the statute-books which, in any manner at variance with the letter of the Fifteenth Amendment, abridged or denied the right of the Negro to vote were annulled or allowed to become quiescent.

The new move was to substitute primary elections for general elections; that is, to make the primary election decisive and the general election merely perfunctory; and then to provide by law that the Democratic primary was a function for white men exclusively. A Negro, if he succeeded in getting by the registration officers, could vote in the general election, but such a vote was like seconding a motion that had already been passed. For in some States candidates for nomination were eliminated in two or even three primaries. The candidates finally chosen were already as good as elected.

White voters in the Southern States have, comparatively, stopped voting in the general elections. For illustration: in the Texas gubernatorial campaign of 1926, at the first Democratic primary election, held on July 24, with six candidates in the field, the total vote cast was 735,186. In the run-off held on August 30, with the candidates narrowed down to Dan Moody and Governor Ma Ferguson, the total vote cast was 793,766. But at the general election in the same campaign only 89,263 votes were cast. Under "white primary" laws the Negro vote cannot have any effect whatever upon the choice of those elected.

Some innocent might ask why the Negro doesn't vote in the primaries of some other party—the Republican, for instance. The answer is that in the States of the Old South there is actually but one party and one primary. The Republican party is not a political party; it is simply

a Federal-office-holding oligarchy. The bosses are interested only in carrying hand-picked delegations to the Republican National Conventions and using them as pawns in securing control of the Federal patronage in the South. There is, despite the upset in the last national election, what amounts to a gentlemen's agreement between the Southern Democracy and the Republican bosses in the South; to wit, that the States be left, without opposition, entirely in the hands of the Democratic politicians and the Federal offices in the hands of the Republican bosses. The Negro is left out on both sides. This is not a bad bargain for the Democrats, since their chance at Federal offices comes on an average of only once in every quarter of a century. Nor is there any desire on the part of the Republican bosses to build up an effective opposition with the aid of the Negro, for his allegiance in the South embarrasses the whole Republican party; it disturbs its dream of breaking up the Solid South, hence the persistent lily white movement.

But this latest move did not stop the Negro from fighting. In 1925, the Negroes of the country united in making a definite test of the Southern white primary laws. They made a test of the primary laws of Texas. The fight was carried on from the court of first instance through the Supreme Court by their most powerful defense organization, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A section of the Texas law regulating primaries reads as follows:

All qualified voters under the laws and constitution of the State of Texas, who is a *bona fide* member of the Democratic party shall be eligible to participate in any Democratic primary election, provided such voter complies with all laws and rules governing party primary elections; however, in no event shall a Negro be eligible to participate in a Democratic party primary election held in the State of Texas and should a Negro vote in a Democratic primary election, such ballot shall be void, and election officials are herein directed to throw out such ballot and not count the same.

It was on this section that the contest was made. On March 7, 1927, the Supreme

Court handed down a unanimous decision declaring white primary laws unconstitutional. In its decision the court said, in part:

The important question is whether the statute can be sustained, but although we state it as a question the answer does not seem to us open to a doubt. We find it unnecessary to consider the Fifteenth Amendment, because it seems to us hard to imagine a more direct and obvious infringement of the Fourteenth.

That amendment, while it applies to all, was passed, as we know, with a special intent to protect the blacks from discrimination against them.

It gave citizenship and the privilege of citizenship to persons of color, but it denied to any state the power to withhold from them the equal protection of the laws. . . . What is this but declaring that the law in the States shall be the same for the blacks as for the whites; that all persons whether colored or white shall stand equal before the laws of the States, and in regard to the colored race, for whose protection the amendment was primarily designed, that no discrimination shall be made against them by law because of their color?

The statute of Texas, in the teeth of the prohibitions referred to, assumes to forbid Negroes to take part in a primary election the importance of which we have indicated, discriminating against them by the distinction of color alone. States may do a good deal of classifying that it is difficult to believe rational, but there are limits, and it is too clear for extended argument that color cannot be made the basis of a statutory classification affecting the right set up in this case.

Texas and other States have already taken steps to circumvent this decision by deleting from the statutes any specific denial to Negroes of the right to take part in primary elections, and by passing laws enabling State Executive Committees of political parties to formulate their own regulations as to who shall have the right to participate. But it is very doubtful if these evasions of an express decision of the Supreme Court will stand when they are tested in that court. The Advancement Association has already begun a test case in Texas; and in June of this year the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia held such an enabling act to be contrary to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. So it appears that on legal and constitutional grounds the Negro has driven the Southern politicians to their last extremity.

IV

But what is beyond? There is little probability that those who have not hesitated to ignore and defy the Constitution will stand awe-stricken before Supreme Court decisions. The Negro is squarely up against the grim determination of the Southern politicians never to allow him to take part in politics—his education, economic progress and moral fitness, notwithstanding—and the specter of force, violence and murder lurks not very far behind.

This determination is expressed not only by such plebeian demagogues as Senators Heflin of Alabama and Blease of South Carolina, but by such aristocratic statesmen as Senators Glass of Virginia and George of Georgia. Not long ago, in a widely circulated weekly magazine, Senator George, formerly a member of the Supreme Court of Georgia, was quoted as saying in the course of an interview:

Why apologize or evade? We have been very careful to obey the letter of the Federal Constitution—but we have been very diligent and astute in violating the spirit of such amendments and such statutes as would lead the Negro to believe himself the equal of a white man. And we shall continue to conduct ourselves in that way.

Senator Glass was quoted by the same interviewer as saying:

The people of the original thirteen Southern States curse and spit upon the Fifteenth Amendment—and have no intention of letting the Negro vote. We obey the letter of the amendments and the Federal statutes, but we frankly evade the spirit thereof—and purpose to continue doing so. White supremacy is too precious a thing to surrender for the sake of a theoretical justice that would let a brutish African deem himself the equal of white men and women in Dixie.

Yet, bold as Southern politicians, of both the lower and the higher type, are in expressing sentiments of this sort; they are all, nevertheless, busy rationalizing and justifying their position. Justification is generally based on two considerations: the evils of Reconstruction and the menace of black domination. Neither is sound; the first passed away completely more than

fifty years ago, and the second can never happen.

The evils suffered by the South from "corrupt rule by ignorant Negroes" during the Reconstruction period were far less than they are reported to be. It can be shown that the governments of the States when Negroes were in political power were not more corrupt than they came to be under the restored Confederates; in fact, the records show that in several instances they were even less corrupt. Nor was the Negro wholly responsible for such corruption as did exist. Moreover, the resentment of the whites sprang not so much from virtuous recoil against corruption as from humiliation and chagrin at seeing Negroes in places of power. But in looking for political corruption we need not go back through musty records to Negro politicians during Reconstruction or to Southern white politicians immediately thereafter; we need only read the newspaper files for the past three or four years to find enough of it in some of the most progressive Northern States; we might, indeed, pursue the subject with fruitful results to the national capital.

A study of the Negroes who represented the South in Congress shows that most of them measured up in intelligence and general fitness to the average lawmaker who gets to Washington today. However, be the record as bad as it may have been, the Negro of the present year of our Lord is not the Negro of the Reconstruction period.

As to black domination, that is either a deliberate fabrication designed for use on the hustings or a hallucination. In either case, it is too high a compliment to the powers and abilities of the Negro to say that the one-third black population of the South, if given the right of the ballot, might dominate the two-thirds white. It would be impossible by any method whatsoever—short of black magic.

This medieval position of white Southern leaders is not tenable either in logic, enlightenment or common decency; and

they realize it. Their only defense is to get mad or to refuse to discuss it. Their embarrassment is not reduced by the inconsistency between their stand on the Fifteenth Amendment and their stand on the Eighteenth. They defend their right to ignore or annul or defy the Fifteenth, but froth at the mouth when a sovereign Northern State suggests taking some similar action regarding the Eighteenth. The effort to set the moral intent of the Eighteenth Amendment, which is purely a regulatory ordinance, above that of the Fifteenth, which deals with a fundamental citizenship right, only adds absurdity to the discussion.

V

What will be the outcome of this political situation in the South? There can be only one of two results; either the Negro will win full political rights or he will be permanently reduced to the status of a voteless, voiceless peon. Looking over all the forces involved and weighing the probabilities, not as a partisan, but as would a cool and careful gambler, I bet on the Negro to win. In the final outcome I don't believe the whites have a chance.

There appear to me to be certain practical steps the Negro in the South can take to hasten the time for throwing up hats. He has already drawn first blood and scored a knockdown in his fight against the white primary, the main device for keeping him out of political life; continuing in the parlance of the ring, he must press his advantage to a decisive knock-out. As soon as he is able, he should go into the Democratic primaries and vote for what he believes to be the best men for local offices. For a long time he should not bother himself about helping to elect Republican Presidents—or Democratic ones either. By eschewing national Republican politics he will undermine all arguments about his being a mere tool and monkey paw of alien Yankee domination.

By this course of action he will be build-

ing from the ground up. In common sense, the chief concern at present of a Negro in the South is to have a voice in electing the judges of the local courts, the county prosecuting attorney, the sheriff, the members of the school board. Unless he holds a Federal job, it is sheer nonsense for a Negro in Mississippi to boast that he voted for Hoover. If he can't get equitable school facilities for his children or is in danger of being railroaded in the courts, or mobbed or lynched, President Hoover can't help him—in Mississippi. Of course, if he were in China the President could send the Navy to his assistance. Such a course on the part of the Negro would eventually lead to making a real two-party system in the South. White men would divide, and both sides would want and seek Negro votes. The Southern politicians are wise in their narrow way, and this is what they foresee; and it is exactly what they are fighting to stave off. The Southern political oligarchy fights to preserve the *status quo*, both to keep out the Negro and also any class of white men who might become recalcitrant and aspire to the pleasure and power of controlling the public offices.

I have used all my space discussing the situation of the Negroes in the South, and properly, because they constitute three-fourths of the entire number, and because it is by their status that the race as a whole is measured and graded. In the States outside of the South, Negroes vote and have their votes counted; and in a number of States such as New York, where they vote Republican or Democratic or Socialist, they are politically free and independent. But on a national scale the Negroes in the North are almost as impotent as the Negroes in the South. They are impotent because as a whole they dare vote nationally for but one party—the Republican party. And that party knows it, and therefore

feels that it needs to do only the very least for them.

Most Negroes in the North, like their Southern brethren, are still in the sentimental stage of politics; they feel that they owe a great debt of gratitude to the Republican party and Abraham Lincoln, and they continue to vote the Republican ticket—regardless of the fact that Abraham Lincoln is not a candidate. This attitude is childish. These Negroes need to learn that politics is a hard-boiled, calculating game in which gratitude is a futile virtue and in which Sunday-school ethics have no place. They need to establish and maintain political independence as rapidly as possible; voting for men and measures rather than parties. There are now many Negroes in the Northern States who chafe under the Republican chains. They want to break out of them, and they will do so as soon as the Democratic or some other party gives them half a chance. As it is now, they feel bound by the situation of their fellows in the South—and they hesitate to place any more power over them in the hands of their enemies. They feel it is the better part of wisdom to stand with lukewarm and apathetic friends.

As much as anybody in the country the Negro wants to be a good American; and he is bending all his energies to that end. But he is also determined—as grimly determined as the Southern politicians are to keep him out and down—to wear the rights as well as bear the burdens of American citizenship. This desire, backed up by tireless and constant effort, has to be taken into account. I have said he will win. He must win not only for himself but for the South, because there cannot possibly be an enlightened, progressive and vital state of politics in the South unless the Negro does win. He must win for the nation, because if he fails, democracy in America fails with him.

EAST SIDE MEMORIES

BY MICHAEL GOLD

THE livery stable was a busy scene of life and death. It was a dépôt for wedding and funeral coaches, and headquarters for the Callahan Transfer Express.

The expressmen were leather-faced young Irishmen, the coach drivers were leather-faced young Jews.

Between jobs these citizens of the two most persecuted and erratic small nations of the world loafed on a bench. They fought, philosophized, and drank buckets of beer together in the sunlight.

Their bench was on the sidewalk in front of the stable. There were always ten or twelve drivers sitting here, and at least one neighborhood prostitute and a goat or a dog.

The stable was an antique five-storied brick building standing next to my own tenement. In Summer it was a dynamo generating bad smells. It added, to the ripe odors of the street, the miasma of rotting manure. I should like to see that perfume sprinkled in Congress. I know that for years it clung to me. It filled my life. It poisoned my sleep. It was beloved by millions of flies. They grew fat in the stable, and then visited my home.

Giant orchids grow in the South American jungles. I have seen them; some weigh hundreds of pounds. Their manure-like fragrance makes them a magnet for whole nations of flies. The Indians fear these orchids, for they occasionally collapse on a sleeping man, and kill him. Our stable had its victims, too, but no one realized it except young Dr. Solow, who hated the flies, and warned us against them.

I liked to go to funerals with the Jewish coach drivers. What glorious Summer fun!

Nathan was a tall Jewish ox, with a red, hard face like a chunk of rusty iron. His blustering manner had earned him many a black eye and bloody face. It was a warm bright morning. Three coaches rolled down the ramp of the livery stable on their way to a funeral. Then out bounced Nathan, cursing his horses. I begged him to let me go along. He was grouchy, but slowed down. I scrambled up beside him on the tall seat.

Three coaches and a hearse: a poor man's funeral. We rolled through the hurly-burly East Side. The sporty young drivers joked from coach to coach. The horses jerked and skipped. Nathan cursed them.

"You she-devil!" he roared in Yiddish at his white horse. "Steady down, or I'll kick in your belly!"

He tugged at the check-rein and cut the mare's mouth until it bled. But she was nervous; horses have their moods.

We came to the tenement of the corpse. Many pushcarts had to be cursed out of the way. We lined the curb. There was a crowd gathered. Weddings, sewer repairs, accidents, fires and murders, all are food for the crowd. Even funerals.

The coffin was brought down by four pale men with black beards. Then came the wife and children in black, meekly weeping. The family were so poor that they had not the courage to weep flamboyantly.

But some of the neighbors did. It was their pleasure. They made an awful hulla-balloo. It pierced one's marrow. The East Side women have a strange keening wail, almost Gaelic. They chant the virtues of the dead sweatshop slave, and the sorrow

of his family. They fling themselves about in an orgy of grief. It unpacks their hearts, but is hell on the bystanders.

These mourners egg on the widow; they don't want her to hide her grief; she must break down and scream and faint, or the funeral is not perfect.

I sat on the high driver's seat, and watched; I felt official and important, somehow.

Then came the ride across the Brooklyn Bridge, with the incredible sweep of New York below us. The river was packed tight, a street with tugboat traffic. Mammoth skyscrapers cut into the sky like the teeth of a saw. The smoke of factories smeared the bright blue air. Horns boomed and wailed. Brooklyn lay low and passive in the horizon.

"A man is crazy to live in Brooklyn," said Nathan the driver, pointing with his whip toward that side. "My God, it is as dead as a cemetery; no excitement, no nothing! Look, Mikey, down there. That's the Navy Yard. That's where they keep the American warships. Sailors are a lot of Irish bums. Once I had a fight with a sailor and knocked his tooth out. He called me a Jew."

"Ain't you a Jew?" I asked timidly, as my greedy eyes drank in the panorama.

"Of course I'm a Jew," said Nathan, in his rough, iron voice, "I'm proud I'm a Jew, but no Irish bum can call me one."

"Why?" I asked.

I was very logical when I was seven years old.

"Why?" Nathan mimicked me with a sneer. "Why? You tell a kid something, and he asks why? Kids give me a headache!" He spat his disgust into the river. The blob fell a third of a mile.

They put the coffin into the ground. The old rabbi in a shiny high hat chanted a long sonorous poem in Hebrew, a prayer for dead Jews. A woman screamed; it was the dead man's wife. She tried to throw herself into the grave. Her weeping friends restrained her. The graveyard trees waved strangely. The graveyard sun was strange.

The grave-diggers shovelled earth into the grave. I felt lonesome and bewildered. I wanted to cry like the rest, but was ashamed because of Nathan.

Then it was all over. All of us went to a restaurant at the entrance to the cemetery, and ate platters of sour cream, pot cheese and black bread, the Jewish funeral food. Even the widow ate. Nathan gave me half of his portion. Then we rode home over the bridge.

I was glad to feel the East Side again engulf our coach. I lost my vague funeral loneliness in the hurly-burly of my street. On the stoop of our tenement sat the two friends, my sister Esther and my chum Nigger's sister Leah. In the purple and golden light of sundown they were reading a book of fairy-tales and eating bread and butter. Their faces were calm and satisfied. But I made them envious.

"Nathan took me on another funeral," I crowed, "and I saw another man buried."

The girls were gratifyingly envious. Girls were never taken on such rides by the coach drivers. My sister Esther always wanted to go, but couldn't. She blamed me for it, and said I told the drivers not to take her. She cried now, as I teased her and described to her how wonderful my adventure had been. She grew very jealous of my good luck. My poor dear little sister! Soon she was to go on that funeral ride, and not return and boast like me!

II

It was Summer. My father was a house painter; he worked on a scaffold in the sun. One day he grew dizzy with the painter's disease—lead poisoning.

Paint is made with white lead. When a house painter mixes oil and turpentine with the dry pigment, its lead seems to be released in fumes which the man must breathe. Or this free lead also enters through the skin. It eats up the painter's stomach and nerves, and poisons his bones.

My father suffered from painter's nausea. One Summer night he came home after his

accustomed hour. His pale face under its tattoo of green and red paint was twisted grotesquely, like a Chinese dancer's mask. He stripped off his overalls in the kitchen and sank into a chair.

"Quick, give me the bucket, Katie!" he groaned to my mother. She held his head, and patted his shoulder. "I have been sick all afternoon," he groaned.

"Nu, nu," said my mother gently, "it will pass, Meyer."

His body shook with spasms of violent retching, and he cried. My mother never cried, but my father wept easily.

"Why must I work at this accursed trade," my father wept, hiccoughing, "to fall off a scaffold some day, maybe, and break my legs, and then come at the lunch hour every day to other painters, to beg them for a little money? Every day there comes one of them, the sick painters."

"Nu, nu, Meyer," my mother soothed him, "it will not happen to you."

"It *will* happen," my father wept. "I am always the unfortunate one. And if that doesn't happen, I will die of this paint-sickness, I am sure of it. And once I owned a suspender shop of my own! Once I worked for myself, and laughed and lived! But now I must die! It is all useless. A curse on Columbus! A curse on America, the thief! It is a land where the lice make fortunes, and the good men starve!"

"Nu, nu, Meyer," my mother said gently, tying a cold towel around his head.

He felt better after the supper of hamburger steak and beer. Some of his friends dropped in, and there was talk. His volatile mind drifted from its own troubles, and before an audience he grew talkative, and witty. Talk has ever been the joy of the Jewish race, great torrents of boundless exalted talk. Talk does not exhaust Jews as it does other people, nor give them brain-fag; it refreshes them. Talk is the baseball, the golf, the poker, the love and war of the Jewish race.

The whole tenement was talking and eating its supper. The broken talk came through the airshaft window. The pro-

found bass of the East Side traffic lay under this talk. Talk. Talk. Rattle of supper dishes; whining of babies, yowling of cats; counterpoint of men, women and children talking as if their hearts would break. Talk. Jewish talk.

Even old Mrs. Fingerman's parrot talked more than other parrots. Mr. Fingerman had been an invalid for years, and his one distraction before he died had been to teach his parrot to curse in Yiddish.

As we sat at supper we could hear the parrot snarling down the airshaft at some imaginary enemy:

"Thief! Bandit! Cossack! I spit on you! A black year on you! Go into the earth! Grah! Grah! Grah!"

My father laughed heartily.

"What a good Jew that parrot is!" he said. "He can curse, and he hates Christians! I am sure we will find this parrot in the synagogue next Saturday, leading the prayers."

My father drank another glass of beer. He slammed his fist on the table, as with a sudden inspiration.

"Boys, let's go to a wine cellar tonight!" he said. "I have had a bad day, and need a little fun."

His friends agreed. To my great delight, my father took me with him. My sister protested; she wanted to come too. But my father gave her a nickel, kissed her and said: "Little girls belong with their mommas. They must be good."

Jews are not drunkards; they think it is disgraceful and Christian to be heavy drinkers. But wine has been a part of Jewish life for thousands of years. There are holidays in the Jewish year when wine is brought into the synagogue, and pious old graybeards leap and dance and drink much of it, to show their joy in God.

My father rarely drank in saloons like an American. He liked his parties at home, when friends came with their women and children, and everyone, from grandfather down to one-year-old, drank wine, talked, and sang songs.

Wine drinking was either religious or

social. There were dozens of Russian and Roumanian wine cellars on the East Side. They were crowded with family parties after the day's work. People talked, laughed, drank wine, listened to music. That was all; no one smashed chairs about in the Christian manner, or cursed, or fought and slobbered.

Moscowitz runs a famous restaurant now in Second avenue. In those years he kept a wine cellar in Rivington street. It was popular among Roumanian immigrants, including my father and his friends. Moscovitz was, and is, a remarkable performer on the Roumanian gypsy cymbalon.

I remember his place. It was a long narrow basement lit by gas-lamps hanging like white balloons. Between the lamps grew clusters of artificial grapes and Autumn leaves. There were many mirrors, and on them a forgotten artist had painted scenes from Roumanian life—shepherds and sheep, a peasant, a horse fair, peasants shocking wheat, a wedding.

At one end of the room, under a big American flag, hung a chromo showing Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill. At the other end hung a Jewish Zionist flag—blue and white bars and star of David. It draped a crayon portrait of Dr. Theodore Herzl, the Zionist leader, with his pale, proud face, black beard and burning eyes. To one side was an open charcoal fire, where lamb scallops and steaks grilled on a spit. Near this, on a small platform, Moscovitz sat with his cymbalon. Strings of red peppers dried in festoons on the wall behind him. A jug of wine stood at his elbow, and after every song he poured himself a drink.

A cymbalon is a kind of zither-harp, and is played with little ebony hammers. It is unmistakably a gypsy instrument, for the music it gives forth is soulful and wild. As Moscovitz played, his head moved lower and lower over the cymbalon. At the *crescendo* one could not see his face, only his bald head gleaming like a hand-mirror. Then, with a sudden upward flourish of

his arms, the music ended. One saw his shy, lean face again, with its gray mustache. Everyone cheered, applauded and whistled. Moscovitz drank off his wine, and smiling shyly, played an encore. (Moscovitz is a real artist; after twenty years he still makes restaurant music with his heart, and has never saved any money.)

A hundred Jews in a basement blue as a sea-fog with tobacco smoke. The men wore their derby hats. Some were bearded, some loud, sporty and young, some brown as nuts. The women were fat and sweated happily, and smacked their children. Moscovitz played. The waiters buzzed like crazy bees. A jug of the good red Roumanian wine decorated the white oil-cloth on every table. The cash register rang; Mrs. Moscovitz was making change. The artificial grapes swung from the ceiling. Teddy Roosevelt, with bared teeth, frightened the Spaniards. Moscovitz played a sad and beautiful peasant ballad. A little blubber-faced man with a red beard beat his glass on the table, wept and sang. Others joined him. The whole room sang.

Then talk, talk, talk again. Jewish talk. Hot, sweaty, winey talk. A sweatshop holiday. Egypt's slaves around the camp-fire in the shadow of the Pyramids. They drank wine even then. Thousands of years ago. And talked as now. The Bible records it. And their hearts were eased by it. And Moscovitz played the Babylonian harp for them.

We sat amiably around our own jug of wine, eating from a dish of nuts, pretzels, raisins and pickles. I drank a little wine and uttered words of wisdom.

"Pop, I like this place," I said.

My father chuckled with pride.

"Is he smart?" he asked his friends, stooping over and kissing me, so that I smelled the wine and tobacco on his mustache. "Is this boy smart, or no?" They nodded their heads solemnly, as if I were a genius.

"He will be at least a millionaire," said Mottke the Blinder, smiling his broad, gentle, foolish smile that traveled from

ear to ear. He was a vestmaker who was nicknamed the Blind One because he was so cross-eyed.

"No," said my father, "my Mechel must become a doctor. I will make the money for him. Learning is more precious than wealth; so it stands in the Talmud, Mottke."

"I agree with you," said Mottke hastily, smiling again all over his gentle gargoyle's face. "Of course, Meyer; but why can't he be a millionaire, too, maybe?"

I could not take my eyes off the gleaming bald head of Moscovitz, the musician.

"Pop, what song is he playing now?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" my father asked in real surprise.

"No."

"Yi! yi! yi!" my father sighed, sentimentally. "I see, Mechel, you have really become an American. That is the song, Mechel, the shepherds play on their flutes in Roumania when they are watching the sheep. It is a *doina*. How many Summer days have I heard it in the fields!"

"It is better than your American ragtime," said Mottke severely. "It is music—not this pah-pah-pah ragtime."

"Music of the soul," said my father sentimentally.

"Certainly," Mottke agreed.

Mottke always tried to agree with my father. Mottke thought my father a very learned man. And it is true that when drinking wine with his friends, my father became unusually profound, deep, scholarly. He was also very witty. His talk would alternate between ribald jokes and Talmudic epigrams and anecdotes.

My father liked to pass himself off as a Talmud scholar. I am sure now that he had never studied in that strange book of medieval Jewish wisdom. The truth is that Reb Samuel, the Chassidic umbrella maker in our tenement, used to tell him these things. My father would remember, and repeat the tidbits on all occasions. The effect pleased his dramatic soul.

"The Talmud is the greatest book in the world," declared my father solemnly, as he drank another glass of wine. "And why shouldn't it be? Wasn't it written by the greatest rabbis in history? They took time for the work; not a week, not a month, but hundreds of years. No, they did not hurry themselves the way writers do today."

"Certainly not," said Mottke.

"From the Talmud one can learn anything," said my father. "For instance, it takes the Angel Gabriel six flaps of his wings to come down to this earth. The Angel Simon it takes four flaps. But the Angel of Death, Mottke, him it takes only one flap of the wings. Thus it is written in the Talmud."

"Wonderful!" said Mottke. "It is wonderful to be learned."

Mendel the Bum began to laugh raucously.

"Ha, ha," he sneered in his hoarse, humorous voice, "you others may believe in the Talmud, but I don't! It is all grandmother stories."

"You," my father answered, with a look of deep disgust, "you, Mendel, are nothing but a bum. You sleep in parks, you beg cheese sandwiches, you sell your soul for potatoes to the Christian missionaries. What can a bum like you know of the Talmud? It was written for Jews and men, not for bums."

"Yes, Meyer, but listen," Mendel began, shaken by the fury of this sudden attack.

"Silence, Epicurean!" my father shouted, striking the table. Mendel laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He offered no further argument. He did not wish to offend my father. Mendel was living gratis at our home. He was too sensible to give up his meal-ticket for the sake of a little thing like the Talmud.

We drank wine, we cracked the walnuts between our jaws, we ate pickles and talked; talked, talked. Moscovitz played the sweet gypsy dulcimer, and a hundred Jews in derby hats filled the basement with smoke and laughter.

III

My father made me stand on a table, and recite a poem I had learned in school:

*I love the name of Washington
I love my country, too,
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
The red, white and blue.*

Horny hands applauded. A fat woman with a red, enthusiastic face gave me a pretzel. Moscovitz smiled at me and rattled his sticks across the strings of the cymbalon in approval. Some men at a table banged their glasses on the table. My father helped me down, and kissed my flushed cheeks.

"Look," said my father proudly, "did you ever hear such good English? Already he speaks English, and I am in the country ten years and can't speak a word!"

"This is a scholar!" said Mottke, patting my head fondly. "A millionaire he could become, but it is better he should be a doctor and scholar."

Then the heat, the smoke, the excitement and wine weighed on my eyelids like lead, and I could not hold them open. I fell asleep on my father's lap, my head resting on the table.

Suddenly I was on my feet, blinking in the gaslight. Mottke held my hand, and was urging me to walk. Where was my father? Bewildered, I stared about me through the fog.

"Where is my pop?" I asked Mottke. His foolish, good-natured face was creased with disquiet. He pointed toward a table near the door. There stood my father waving his arms, and shouting at a little pock-faced man in a gray suit and derby hat. The little man was frightened. His fishy blue eyes bulged from their sockets, and were tearful with helplessness. He tried to get up, but my father pushed him back into the chair.

"Jews and friends!" my father shouted to everyone around him, as he grabbed the little man by the coat, "honest Jews, look at this worm! He is a swindler, a murderer,

a bloodsucker! He has tried to destroy me, to eat my flesh! Look at him! He shivers with fear, he knows I will have my revenge!"

Mendel, Aaron Katz, and several waiters were trying to persuade my father to stop his shouting. The whole wine cellar was watching. I trembled with excitement; I wanted to rush to the help of my father.

But Mottke pressed my hand, and led me out into the street. My father and the others soon joined us. The men were still trying to calm my father. He shouted at them. We parted at the corner, and my father and I walked home alone. He was in a fever, and stopped to wipe his face.

"That thief, that Sam Kravitz!" he muttered, "why don't I kill him? He sits there so cool, so proud, so fat with the money he stole from me!"

It was a warm night; the street was crowded with people slowly walking up and down. The store windows glared with light; a few peddlers were still calling their wares. I could see the moon in the dark-blue sky over the black tenements. I felt dizzy, as if I had spent the day at Coney Island, and had stuffed in too many hot dogs.

My father stopped in front of a saloon, and stared at me in the bright electric blaze. His eyes were like burning coals. I was frightened.

"Little son," my father said in a strange, intense voice, "I am a man in a trap. All is lost unless I can borrow \$300 somewhere."

"Yes, poppa."

"Promise me one thing, my sweet son."

"Yes, poppa."

"Promise that you will become a doctor."

"Yes, poppa."

"Your mamma and I will work our fingers off to make you a something. You will not be a pauper and worker like your unfortunate father. We will yet show that thief, that Sam Kravitz, that he has not destroyed us!"

"Yes, poppa."

"I will make money for you; don't fear, my son. But you must study. You must not play hookey from school, or go around with that Nigger. He is a bad boy, and will come to a bad end. But you must become a learned one."

"Yes, poppa."

IV

Three hours later the tenement sleeps, the streets mutter in their sleep. Darkness, the old mother, has not forgotten my East Side. We are at peace in her womb. The pimps sleep. The cops sleep. The old Talmud dreamers sleep. The Rocky Mountains, the Atlantic Ocean, my Chrystie street and Bronx Park are in darkness.

Sleep. I sleep and have bad dreams. I whirl through space, and fall down huge gulfs of nothingness. Then there is an explosion. Five great red stars crash all about me. . . .

I awoke with a cry. And then my mother came rushing out of the bedroom, pale as a ghost. The gas was lit. Every-

thing in my familiar house was queer and startling, as if I were still in my nightmare.

I heard my father groaning in a strange voice. "Quick, quick, a doctor! I am dying!"

My sister woke, and cried; Mendel and my aunt Lena woke and dressed. My aunt and I scurried for the doctor. First we rang the bell of Dr. Mirelsu. He did not answer at first. We waited on the dark lonely stoop with beating hearts. Then he stuck his head out of the window, in a nightcap.

"The doctor isn't in," he mumbled grouchily. "Stop ringing that bell."

I knew it was he, but he slammed down the window before I could tell him so. My aunt and I then called the other doctor on our street, the young Dr. Solow. He came at once, bringing his little black satchel.

He examined my father and assured him he would not die. It was just indigestion and nerves. He gave my father some pills.

My father was sick for three days after seeing his cousin Sam Kravitz in the wine cellar.

THE RICH MAN IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

THE rich man we shall have always with us, at least as long as we remain civilized. There is not now and apparently never was any human society without diversity of income; economic equality is approached only among the lowest savages. Since this is so, it is perhaps a little astonishing that no literature concerned with the past fortunes and present tendencies of the American rich seems to exist. In particular, the relation between the two permanent types into which rich men have always fallen, *i.e.*, the landed man and the commercial or business man, has been little studied, nor has there been any inquiry into the fortunes of both types in the face of the recurrent explosions of egalitarianism.

In the Europe from which the colonists came the medieval scheme was dying, and the landed class was rapidly declining in importance relatively to the business man. Moreover, in England and Holland—the mother countries of most of the early settlers—the monarchies which had vaguely stood for popular rights and the defense of the weak were losing ground. This being so, one might have expected American society to take shape as an aristocracy of wealthy merchants revered by the mass of their poorer neighbors. We find nothing of the sort. Over a good half of the Thirteen Colonies the early type of rich man corresponded far more closely with the old European landed class than with the business man. In the Puritan type of colony, of course, the merchant prevailed, and as soon as rich men appeared in Quaker Pennsylvania they were of a commercial sort, but even here they were

more or less balanced by egalitarian feeling among the masses, while south of Pennsylvania and also in New York the men who counted most were not merchants but landowners who prided themselves on being in the traditional sense gentlemen.

In the South the thing is all the more astonishing since few among the original immigrants had enjoyed in Europe even a small measure of distinction.

The first Virginians were sons of peasants
But Powhatan's magic reddened their blood.

as Vachel Lindsay has it. Further, unlike the traditional type of European landowner and unlike the great families of colonial New York, whose wealth sprang from rents or dues, the Southerners had something to sell. They were planters—that is, cultivators on a large scale who sold their produce—through factors, to be sure—in the open market. Nevertheless, their social tone was essentially non-commercial.

Indeed, in one important matter the Southerners even harked back beyond the European gentry of their own time to the landowners of the Dark and Middle Ages in that they had no great passion for scholarship. One must be careful not to overstate the point; there were learned Southern gentlemen like Jefferson and Madison and the tone of Southern society was one of cultivation. Nevertheless, one does not find there that deep and general respect for learning possessed, to their honor, by the commercial rich of early New England. Distinguished Southerners frequently had as little Latin as Washington, and as little love of books as "Roony" Lee, son to General Lee and Harvard classmate of Henry Adams, who

has recorded of him that, while he had the habit of command, yet "no one knew enough to know how ignorant he was; . . . how helpless before the relative complexity of a school."

The Southern landed men resembled their European predecessors of ruder times in another respect: they had a considerable military instinct. After independence numbers of them went into the United States Army, as not a few of their descendants still do. Those who stayed at home cultivated a soldierly sense of honor and were continually fighting duels. They spent much time in the saddle. They willingly took part in government, and except for occasional flurries, such as that which coincided in time with the French Revolution, the mass of poorer white men in the Southern States seemed to have been content to be so governed.

Of course, the presence of Negro slaves counted for much in all this. The slave-owner is accustomed to courteous and deferential service about his person, and in normal men the permanent human associations involved make for affection on both sides. It has been well said that there is a world of meaning in the familiar old song:

All dem darkeys am a weepin',
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

At the same time, to live among slaves belonging to a different race requires courage and the constant exercise of absolute command. Moreover, the presence of a servile race makes for solidarity between rich and poor whites. In this connection we should note that until 1817-27 the wealthy New Yorker, too, might have black slaves to wait on him.

The great New York landowners, led by the patroons and manorial families, although of less effect upon the country as a whole than the Southerners, were an equally distinct type. They were of better European blood than the Southerners and the economic basis of their power was more consonant with European tradition. In their colony the typical farmer was the

tenant of some rich man. They have been accused of retarding development through their reluctance to divide their vast tracts of land, but those who accuse them can bring forward little evidence of friction between them and their poorer neighbors. Indeed, frontier conditions are no fertile soil for class feeling. Such a scene as that between Schuyler and his tenants and poorer neighbors, who gathered around him after church to ask his opinion of the news from Lexington, is full of confidence and affection on both sides.

In New England and in Pennsylvania, on the other hand, the typical rich man was the merchant, and the typical farmer was a small man cultivating his own ground. Since in every simple society the controlling interest is agriculture, and since the mother country took pains to keep down American manufacturers and thereby increased the relative importance of cultivation, we may say that the type of agriculture—small independently owned farms versus large plantations or estates—was the distinguishing mark of the two types of colony. Moreover, in the Puritan colonies the small farmers were often jealous of superior wealth and highly resentful of being ordered about by anyone whomsoever.

Such was, in general, the society of Revolutionary America. The lines between the two types of colony were sharply drawn. During the Revolution we find a disgusted New Englander complaining that the president of the Continental Congress, John Hancock, was altogether in the hands of "the Yorkers and the Southern Bashaws." Thenceforward, until our own day, the social history of the Republic may be summarized as the reduction in power, first of the New York and then of the Southern landed class, and the corresponding increase of power of the traders or business men, together with the recurrent activity of the egalitarian or democratic dogma, inspiring passing moods of hostility against one or both of these permanent types of wealth.

II

Over much of Christendom this doctrine, native though it seems to strains and catastrophes, has been actively preached in good times as well as bad. In America, despite the presence of alien races—first the Indian and then the Negro, the latter for a long time a slave—the theory that men are equal has been the acknowledged philosophy of politics since the Declaration of Independence.

Recent research has shown in New England, even just before the Revolution, not a little friction between the frontier farmers and the wealthy business men of the coast towns. In part this was due to the permanently human but not altogether praiseworthy desire to get out of debt without paying, but in part it seems to have been a resentment against the dominance of wealthy traders as such. The farmers or their immediate ancestors had come from an England in which the economic morality of the Middle Ages, although dying, was not yet dead. At all events, you have the curious spectacle of these Calvinists, whose activity in Seventeenth Century England had been that of puppets destroying the popular monarchy for the benefit of the rich, bestirring themselves actively in their own behalf in Eighteenth Century America.

The social contrast between Cromwellian England and the Puritan colonies in America was by no means absolute. No more in his new home than in his old did the rich Puritan think of himself as a man of the people. On the contrary, he and his wife, finding themselves without superiors of a traditional sort, insisted upon all the social distinction they could command. Nor did the masses entirely lose their English respect for wealth as such. The English courtesy title of squire was not unknown in New England. Even within the last ten years, the writer once noted an instance of its survival in the mouth of an old Connecticut countrywoman. A young man, having recently bought land

in her neighborhood, had had the forbearance to save her face when he had caught her stealing his apples. Passing him next morning, she saluted him with "Marnin", "Squire!" Nevertheless, even after all due qualification, the contrast between the Puritans in England and the Puritans in America is sharp enough.

The causes of so marked a political reversal defy analysis. It is not clear why the initiative and self-reliance bred of the daily struggle with the wilderness here maintained cultivation by small owners working with their own hands, whereas in other colonies the same conditions soon brought about plantation economics. The practice of community self-government by town-meeting was also a distinguishing mark rather than a cause. Perhaps it is not altogether fanciful to say that a certain aggressive energy lurked in the very air of the continent, which energy, though thwarted in the plantation colonies by the chance which set up large estates there, found its natural vent in the activities of the independent farmer.

That his antagonism to the wealthy trader has persisted in the Republic and that in spite of it the trader has not only survived but has actually outlived the landed man as a distinct social type, is one of the many ironies of history.

As far as internal politics were concerned the movement of the Revolutionary era was against wealth. A European of the last few generations would have said that its tendency was towards the Left. Contemporaries recalled the movement of the Levellers, an eccentric eddy contrary to the main stream in the Cromwellian rebellion of the rich against the English Crown more than a century before.

It is true that in essence the Revolution involved no point of social policy. Nevertheless, Jefferson's resounding formula, "All men are created equal," together with the circumstances of the time, made strongly for egalitarianism.

Both during and after the war the centers of egalitarianism were precisely

those States, *i.e.*, Pennsylvania and New England, wherein the rich were traders. Thus in August 1776 we find a Pennsylvania lawyer writing to that General St. Clair whom Burgoyne drove from Ticonderoga to tell him with a sneer that the Constitutional Convention of his State had "embraced levelling principles." And again, with fine sarcasm:

Our principle seems to be this: that any man, even the most illiterate, is as capable of any office as a person who has had the benefit of education; that education perverts the understanding, eradicates common honesty, and has been productive of all evils that have happened in the world.

It was in New England after the peace—to be accurate, in Massachusetts—that Shay's Rebellion and its related egalitarian disorders broke out. Of these we find General Henry Knox, who had been Washington's Chief of Artillery, writing in 1786 to his former commander that

the insurgents feel their own poverty, compared with the opulent; and their own force, and they are determined to make use of the latter, in order to remedy the former. Their creed is, that the property of the United States has been protected from the confiscation of Britain by the joint exertions of all; and therefore ought to be the common property of all. And he that attempts opposition to this creed is an enemy to equity and justice, and ought to be swept from the face of the earth. In a word, they are determined to annihilate all debts, and have agrarian laws. . . . This dreadful situation has alarmed every man of principle in New England.

But if the Revolutionary time and the years immediately following showed an increasing egalitarian agitation, on the other hand the ratification of the Federal Constitution was a victory for the rich, supported as they were by a general fear of anarchy born of the social disturbances of the time. The counter-attack against the subversives was prompt and well directed. The intellect of Hamilton, aided by Madison and backed by the practical sagacity and commanding presence of Washington, produced a Constitution based upon popular sovereignty hemmed in by checks and balances designed to protect the individual from the tyranny of majorities.

Calvin Coolidge somewhere tells us of

the influences brought to bear upon Sam Adams in the ratifying fight on the Constitution. The peerless agitator who had raised Massachusetts against the Crown was at first against ratification and his change of front decided the action of his State. It seems that he

was finally convinced by a gathering of the working men among his constituents, who exercised their constitutional right of instructing their representatives. Their opinion was presented to him by Paul Revere. "How many mechanics were at the Green Dragon when these resolutions were passed?" asked Mr. Adams. "More, sir, than the Green Dragon could hold." "And where were the rest?" "In the streets, sir." "And how many were in the streets?" "More than there are stars in the sky." This is supposed to have convinced the great Massachusetts tribune that it was his duty to support ratification.

Mr. Coolidge goes on to quote the speech of a farmer from Berkshire county who had seen Shay's Rebellion:

I don't think the worse of the Constitution because lawyers, and men of learning and moneyed men are fond of it. I am not of such a jealous make. They that are honest men themselves are not likely to suspect other people. Brother farmers, let us suppose a case, now. Suppose you had a farm of fifty acres, and your title was disputed, and there was a farm of five thousand acres joined to you that belonged to a man of learning, and his title was involved in the same difficulty; would you not be glad to have him for your friend rather than to stand alone in the dispute? Well, the case is the same. These lawyers, these moneyed men, these men of learning, are all embarked in the cause with us and we must all sink or swim together.

III

The Constitution once ratified, down to the beginning of the present century all social movements originating within the Republic have had a two-faced character. On the one hand, they have been mixed with democratic envy; on the other, they have at most injured only a minority of the rich, and in most cases they have even increased the opportunities for the wealthy business man to make money.

The young Republic changed little politically or socially until the election of Andrew Jackson. No deep scars were left either by the disturbances springing from

the general sympathy with the French Revolution or by the presidency of Jefferson. Neither the one nor the other compared in importance with the invention of the cotton-gin that was to enrich the South, or with the appearance of the first American millionaire—Elias Derby, a shipping magnate of Salem, Mass. Furthermore, the one constructive thing that stands out above Jefferson's fumbling statesmanship was his Louisiana Purchase, by which he repudiated his most cherished principle of limiting the power of the Federal government. It was, indeed, destined to increase enormously the power of that government by nearly doubling the area over which it ruled.

Perhaps the most significant incident of the pre-Jacksonian time was the gradual weakening of the aristocratic spirit of New York State. Edith Wharton has embalmed in a paragraph "the cautious generation of New York gentlemen who revered Hamilton and served Jefferson, who longed to lay out New York like Washington,¹ and who laid it out instead like a gridiron, lest they should be thought undemocratic by people they secretly looked down upon. Shopkeepers to the marrow, they put in their windows the wares there was most demand for, keeping their private opinions for the backshop, where through lack of use they gradually lost substance and color."²

Jackson was touted as a man of the people, whereas Adams was pilloried as an aristocrat. Accordingly, the former's election marked an increase in strength for the democratic dogma. Some of the doings of the new democracy could hardly have pleased Jackson himself. The mob which had moved on Washington to see him inaugurated invaded the White House during the inaugural reception, upset the punch-bowls, and broke the glasses like so many spoiled children. Good natured but uncontrollable, their jostling crowded the President against a wall and might have

done the old man serious hurt had not a group of gentlemen locked arms and formed in front of him. The disgust of Jackson, who, whatever else he might be, was not only a successful lawyer but a soldier and a good one, is easy to imagine.

In constitutional forms his influence was powerful. In drafting the Constitution Hamilton and Madison, intent on preserving popular sovereignty while blocking the immediate force of popular sentiment, had twice availed themselves of the device of indirect election. United States Senators were not elected by the people: the latter voted for the members of their State Legislatures, who in turn elected Senators. Also, there was no direct vote for President: the people of the different States could at most vote for presidential electors and the Electoral College was intended to be and originally was a deliberative body whose members were free to vote for anyone they wished as President. Originally, there might be even a third degree of indirection: of the fifteen States taking part in Washington's second election no less than nine had chosen their presidential electors, not by popular vote but by vote of the State Legislatures. By 1828 this last feature at least was already on the change; in that year electors were directly chosen by eighteen of the twenty-four States.

These indirect elections seem to have been imitated from the aristocratic Republic of Venice, which had used them with a grotesque luxuriance; the election of a Doge, beginning with the Great Council, required no less than ten successive elections of committees and drawings by lot. But probably Jackson had never heard of the constitution of Venice, and certainly, had he known it, he would have detested it. He and his supporters destroyed the deliberative function of the College of Electors by means of the simple device known to the French as the imperative mandate. The pro-Jackson candidates for the office of presidential electors solemnly promised, if elected, to vote in the college for no

¹ That is, in Rond Points, with radiating avenues.

² "Old New York," Vol. II; New York, 1924.

other name than Jackson's; a procedure invariably followed ever since, although not warranted, still less compelled, by so much as a syllable of written law. By Jackson's second election only two States, Delaware and South Carolina, still chose their presidential electors through their Legislatures.

Further, during the Jacksonian era most States amended their State constitutions so as to substitute manhood suffrage for the property suffrage previously customary. In a community where the masses willingly consented to be governed by an aristocracy—for instance, in the England of the mid-Nineteenth Century under the gentry—such a change would have been of little moment; it would merely have broadened the base on which the power of the aristocracy rested. But given the alert, somewhat jealous and suspicious temper of the American masses, the change from property suffrage to manhood suffrage was not altogether unimportant.

The other side of Jackson's activities is to be found negatively in his support of slavery. Positively, it is to be found in his economic policy, of which the effect was to foster speculation and therefore economic inequality in its crudest and most galling form, and, above all, in his new conception of the President as an elected King.

As to slavery, he was a Tennessean and like most Southerners of his time seems to have taken it for granted. The combination of slavery with Whitney's cotton-gin was lifting the South on an ever rising tide of prosperity; by 1830 the annual exports of cotton had reached a million bales. For Jackson the democratic dogma applied only to white men. Instead of prodding at slavery in the manner of his master Jefferson, he actively supported the institution from which sprang the wealth of the planter class.

His economic policy may be judged by his action in the matters of internal improvements, the public lands, and the United States Bank. With regard to internal improvements his predecessor and

unsuccessful rival, Adams, had supported a far-reaching programme of road and canal building to be done at Federal expense, and had at the same time opposed the immediate and unrestricted throwing open to private ownership of the Western public lands on the ground that such action would mean a scramble in which many would lose money and a few shrewd or merely lucky speculators would get rich. In each case Jackson acted upon his passionately held dogma of Jeffersonian democracy, and in each case his limited knowledge hid from him the unintended but inevitable fruit of his devices. It was nothing to him that a thought-out scheme of internal improvement would effect a steady and balanced development of the country, a development in which productive effort would be at a premium and the speculative cunning that thrives on fluctuating prices would be at a discount. Since such a scheme would increase the power of the Federal government and since Jeffersonianism preferred to decrease that power, therefore the scheme was of the Devil and the communications of the country must develop haphazardly.

So with the public lands. It was nothing to him that to turn them over to land speculators would enrich the latter at the expense of the country as surely as if they had been allowed to loot the vaults of the Treasury. Unrestricted individualism was orthodox according to Jefferson; the Westerners wanted immediate development and Jackson acted accordingly.

In his treatment of the United States Bank the same tendency appears. He was bitterly opposed—not altogether without reason—to the new and growing power of finance. Accordingly, he destroyed the bank's charter only to see the mushroom growth of clusters of wildcat banks fostering the freest gambling in currencies until panic put an end to their orgies.

Such were the limitations of Jackson's knowledge and such was his simple faith in his own honesty of purpose, that to the end of his life he never suspected that by

promoting unrestricted competition he had labored to set up economic inequality in perhaps its basest and least amiable form.

Far more lasting than the effects of his economic policy was the long step he took toward elective monarchy. The foundations of the thing had been strongly laid in the Constitution itself, which had made the President undisputed master of the executive departments. For good or ill he was therefore responsible for all executive acts. There was none of that divided responsibility which had cursed Cabinet government in Europe. But until Jackson's time custom had made the official class semi-permanent. Not a few Cabinet members and practically all the smaller fry of officialdom would hold over from one administration to another, so that a President found himself acting often through men he had not himself chosen. Since the practice had no warrant in written law, Jackson was able to deal with it directly as he had with the Electoral College. Acting on the familiar principle that to the victors belong the spoils, he wiped out the existing personnel of every Federal department from top to bottom, and replaced them with appointees of his own. In so doing he added to the constitutional functions of the President the enormous power of a party leader virtually in complete control of his own party. To do so was to make the President a personal chieftain equal, in his years of office, to the most powerful prince on earth.

IV

From the Jackson period to the Civil War "the myth of the people," as Joseph Hergesheimer has phrased it, continued to gain ground while the Southern planters went on increasing their wealth and the commercial rich of the North enormously increased theirs.

A single important incident marked the '40's and even that was not so much a social change as a formal registering of a change

already accomplished; I mean the passage of Rent Laws in New York, which snuffed out the last flicker of political aristocracy along the Hudson. Thenceforward the South, still dominated by the slave-holding planters, was confronted by a North in which no landed class socially distinct from the commercial rich any longer existed.

In the Civil War the military spirit of the Southern rich was of great effect. Even allowing for the greater difficulty of waging offensive as compared with defensive war, still for a community of 6,500,000 men of whom only 3,500,000 were white to resist for four years a far wealthier community of 22,000,000 is an astonishing achievement. Moreover, the rank and file of Northern volunteers, particularly at the beginning of the struggle, were excellent raw material for soldiers and Grant was a great captain. The one compensating advantage of the South was the soldierly spirit of her gentry, which gave her officers' corps a higher professional standard and her government a wiser military policy than the North, with its superior numbers, could boast.

In its results the dual character of the Civil War period is most striking. On the one hand, the anti-slavery movement, while essentially sound in morals, had been deeply colored with mob fanaticism; perhaps never before in the Republic had raw mob enthusiasm more affected public policy. Furthermore, the humble origin of Lincoln, the martyred war President, gave rise to a sort of democratic Christ-myth; again a lowly savior had arisen. It mattered little that the scanty evidence recorded in the Gospels gave only very limited support to such an idea, showing Our Lord to have been literate in an age when illiteracy was the rule and Our Lady giving orders to the servants at the Cana wedding after a fashion that suggests a guest somewhat distinguished in her simple community.

In the South the destructive character both of the war and of Reconstruction,

together with black emancipation, destroyed the power of the planters. It is true that thanks to the solidarity forced upon all Southern whites during Reconstruction the Southern quality were able for a time to retain local political leadership. For more than two decades after 1865 the saying prevailed that "politics was quality." But with their wealth they lost influence upon national affairs, and since 1890 even their local leadership has been taken from them by those whom they used contemptuously to call hill-billies and poor white trash.

But if the war and Reconstruction destroyed the Southern landed rich (who, had they survived, might have made common cause with the Northern and Western farmers to prevent the urbanization of the Republic), the same period set up in the North a group of commercial and industrial millionaires, energetic and confident, in close alliance with the dominant Republican party under its soldier leaders. This last point, that down to about 1900 leadership in the Republican party was chiefly in the hands of former soldiers, has received less attention than it deserves and to it we shall return.

The conditions thus set in 1865 still determine our social structure. Thenceforward, until the recent beginnings of a leisure class, the United States enjoyed or endured no sort of rich man other than the business man. He and his interaction with the egalitarian dogma have written our history.

For more than a generation the rapid expansion of the country continued to increase the numbers and wealth of the commercial rich. For a time the latter even showed signs of developing into a true aristocracy, ruling with the enthusiastic consent of their poorer fellow-citizens. The millionaires who were leading on their countrymen to the conquest of the undeveloped continent were held up to the admiration of all. Pointing with worshipful admiration to a self-made man who had piled together a fortune, the American

father would urge his son to go and do likewise. Outbursts of discontent like the labor troubles of the '70's or the Chicago riots of the '90's made little difference. No more did the dissatisfaction of the farmers, who saw themselves left behind by the advance of industry. Even the brazen wickedness of financial sharks like Gould, Fiske and Drew failed to shake men's confidence in American institutions and the average American leadership. In the '90's, when business began to consolidate into trusts, political organization too was centralizing itself in an ever closer alliance with business, and all this was going on amid public approval, interrupted only by the feeble outcries of a few eccentrics. Looking at such men as Mark Hanna or the elder J. P. Morgan an observer might have been pardoned for believing the United States about to become one of the very rare mercantile aristocracies known to history.

A glance at society—that is, at the manners and recreations of the rich and especially of wealthy women, for the absorption of men in business has allowed women a somewhat undue authority over other than money getting activities—might well have led to the same conclusion. The deference accorded Mrs. John Jacob Astor, granddaughter-in-law to the original fur-trading Astor, was certainly a sign of the times. The tendency to make Newport a social Summer capital for the country carried into the social sphere the principle of consolidation and combination active in the business and politics of the time.

Popular esteem for the business man, however, was eventually lowered, and the aristocratic tendency of the '90's, such as it was, fizzled out in the muck-raking period. Although the very real economic abuses of the time following the Civil War helped to give power to muck-raking, and the presence in the American cities of great numbers of recent and unassimilated immigrants helped to determine its form, for our purposes its significance is in its egalitarian hatred of the rich. Its chief architects were five: in journalism, the younger James

Gordon Bennett, Pulitzer, and Hearst; in politics, Roosevelt and Wilson.

Passing over, although with regret, both Bennett and Pulitzer, let us consider the most powerful, the least likable and least estimable of the muck-raking journalists—Hearst. He by no means confined himself to attacking the rich; any scandal or lurid crime, be its author never so humble, was good enough to help sell his papers. But in particular he loved to preach to the poor that those abler or in material things more fortunate than themselves were scoundrels. All this was done in his newspapers with an essential baseness and crudity which had to be seen in order to be believed. Irving Babbitt has hit the thing off admirably in his dry way; having paid his compliments to the war-time intelligence testers, he goes on: "A more convincing proof of the low mentality of our population is found, perhaps, in the fact that the Hearst publications have twenty-five million readers."

On the political side Hearst's creed in the days of his greatest power might have been summed up as follows: first, any check whatsoever upon the immediate accomplishment of the popular will as expressed in votes is evil; and second, the masses should use their power to increase their material comforts by the simple process of taxing the rich. Numbers of publications under other owners diligently raked the same muck, and Ida Tarbell's articles in *McClure's* on the Standard Oil Company and the Rockefellers were of great effect. Nevertheless, Hearst was the chief of the clan.

With all his wealth and his high ability as a commercial journalist he was unable to climb to political power on the considerable pile of muck raked together by himself and his lesser allies. His limitations of intellect, character, and personality defeated each of his persistent efforts to get himself elected to office. Those who reaped the harvest he and his fellows had so generously manured were Roosevelt and after him Wilson.

V

Roosevelt was born a New York gentleman of the solid and traditional sort. Although a Beekman, a Van Cortlandt, a Van Rensselaer, or, for that matter, anyone of a score of old New York families, would have smiled at the idea that the Roosevelts as such were born to high distinction, nevertheless they were of some lineage. Theodore himself combined superlative energy with first-rate political ability. With his background, his natural work would have been to consolidate and build up the institutions of his country. It is the tragedy not only of the man himself but of his generation of Americans that, after much good work, he should have deliberately turned rabble-rouser.

In dealing with so vivid a personality fairness is difficult. Nevertheless, the effort must be made—all the more since it seems likely that our disgusted descendants, in their reaction against the present grotesque effort to set him up beside Washington and Lincoln, will treat his memory ill.

The last years of his life may be passed over. From 1914 to his death in 1919 his rôle, although considerable, was far less than that which he had hitherto played. Moreover, both he and the world were then chiefly concerned with issues arising from the war.

Neglecting then this last period, Roosevelt's career falls into two parts, the division coming somewhere around the year 1907. In the first period his activity was mainly constructive. In the second his great ability made him almost a perfect type of the well-born and wealthy demagogue.

In his first period he was a strong influence for reconciliation between the classes. He even made of his friendships a sort of bridge between widely varying social groups, for his acquaintance included cowboys, prize-fighters, and all sorts of vivid miscellaneous folk. Accordingly he could make Robert Bacon his Secretary of State notwithstanding the latter's close connection with the house of Morgan, and

he could appoint to an important Treasury post a young professor of economics from Harvard, that proud aristocrat among universities, without laying himself open to the charge of being undemocratic.

If he can be said to have had a social policy during this phase it was the correction of such abuses as had already become more or less unpopular. There was something to be said for his action, while Governor of New York, toward taxing corporation franchises in that State, notwithstanding the comment of Tom Platt the Republican boss—to whom he owed his nomination—that such a measure was a mere bid for the support of “yellow newspapers and yellow votes.” There was something to be said, also, for his action in the Northern Securities case. Doubtless he never intended and did not entirely cause the panic of 1907.

Even in the early period, however, there was something unstable about the man. His vehemence passed all bounds; no caricature could do it justice. He could not keep himself in hand and would shriek “liar!” at anyone bold enough to disagree with him. He himself was not above wholesale lying on occasion; Joe Cannon’s recent autobiography has preserved some choice instances. Nevertheless, he long retained the faculty of seeing where good advice lay, and—in private, of course—the wisdom to subordinate his enormous desire for power to the better judgment of others.

Gradually, as time went on, his mood changed for the worse. Perhaps he was puffed up with his enormous majority of 1904. Perhaps, as some have said, his reading of Ferrero’s “Caesar” helped convince him that America was ripe for a radical change. A contemporary sneer not without its grain of truth was that after leaving the White House he ceased to advise with men and listened only to women and reformers. The old soldier leaders of the Republican party, men annealed in the furnace of the Civil War, who could not be bullied or stampeded, were now very old or dead. He well knew they had been replaced by a

softer breed. Out of power, he saw the beginnings of political and social disintegration, and noted how far the muck-rakers had gone in undermining public confidence in American institutions and in existing American leadership. Instead of seeing this situation as a calamity he leaped upon it as a personal opportunity. He decided to appear as a prophet of “social justice.”

The trouble with Roosevelt’s social justice period was that neither he nor the other Americans of his time had any clear idea of what social justice might be. Neither he nor they had definite standards which might have helped them determine which changes would be for the better and which for the worse. Accordingly social justice boiled down in practice to the old cry for pure democracy and the age-old hatred of the rich.

With Roosevelt in this mood, the campaign of 1912 became a sort of carnival of the subversives. A single speech of his showed in a lurid light how completely he lacked coherent social policy, how free this educated gentleman felt himself to flirt with any folly that seemed popular. In campaigning for the Republican presidential nomination he actually favored the recall of judicial decisions—a proposal, both subversive and silly, to the effect that, when a judge had rendered an unpopular decision on the basis of existing law, “the people,” without being at the pains of changing the law might nullify the decision by their vote. Such a measure would have wiped out the entire American system of constitutional guarantees without even repealing them in a straightforward and orderly way. When the Republican party, a voluntary association bound by none but its own self-made rules, declined to renominate him, he founded a new party of his own and went about the country railing at his former friends and co-workers as if they had been common thieves and pick-pockets. It was in vain that he denied subversive intention, crying out that he was not against wealth as such but only for a square deal for both rich and poor—the net

result of which would presumably have left the virtuous rich man still rich and the virtuous poor man still poor. His activities went far toward convincing the masses that all rich men were, in his own phrase, "malefactors"—that successful employers had somehow made their money by robbery. The year 1912 remains a shameful memory to his admirers.

It would be idle for any of the latter to maintain that Roosevelt in his subversive period never directly attacked the social order, that his targets were always the abuses of individual liberty or private property and not the institutions themselves. Such a claim, however true in detail, would be unimportant because such a campaign must be judged by its general effect. Since human imperfection, known to theologians by the more vigorous term of original sin, will bring in some abuses under any system, to carry beyond a certain point an attack upon the abuses of a given system is to attack not only the abuses but also the system from which they spring. The classic example of such action is the Sixteenth Century religious revolt known as the Reformation. Men in the mass care little for niceties of speech and everything for the atmosphere or drift of what is said.

Politically, Wilson was Roosevelt's legatee. To the Roosevelt split in the Republican party he owed his election in 1912. In 1916 the bitterness still remaining from that split was just enough to reelect him. Moreover, he had closely studied Roosevelt's political technique and although he wisely and regretfully judged much of it not to be suited to his own less expansive personality, nevertheless he patterned himself as closely as he could upon his predecessor. It is true that he added to Roosevelt's qualities certain other characteristics peculiarly his own. For instance, in his submission to the political blackmail which procured the Adamson Act he descended to a depth Roosevelt never reached. Nevertheless, as far as internal American affairs go, his career was a sort of aftermath of Roosevelt's.

VI

For all its noise and fury the muck-raking period did not last long enough to begin the impoverishment of the rich. On the contrary, most of them continued to increase their wealth. Doubtless this explains why their resistance to the agitators was not more intense. Moreover, such resistance as there was on their part was not over-skillful. The leaders of business passed from contempt to an angry bewilderment. Throughout they permitted themselves a mere arrogance—like that of Biddle towards Andrew Jackson—which did them no good. Even in the feverish year of 1912 no coherent press campaign was made; the Republican opponents of Roosevelt allowed themselves to appear defenders, not of an idea, but only of a party label. Perhaps the most striking single episode of the resistance was the stubborn stand of the New York State delegation at the Republican Convention. That delegation, made up chiefly, not of politicians but of business men, remained throughout the convention the citadel of the anti-Roosevelt forces.

In the long run the effective opposition to the subversives was chiefly the work of popular instinct. The desire for security bred a return to traditional political habits, especially to that of voting the Republican ticket. Indeed, this last habit showed a good deal of vitality merely as a habit; thus in 1913, the year which saw the high tide of the subversive movement, when the Jew Untermeyer, as counsel for a congressional committee, was allowed to browbeat J. P. Morgan, a straight Republican majority was elected to the Assembly, the lower house of the Legislature of New York.

By the next year the reaction to Republicanism was marked. Issues growing out of the war, combined with the after effects of 1912, were just able to prevent the immediate success of that reaction, but with the end of the war its victory was overwhelming. The observed inefficiency of

the government in business, particularly in trying to run the railroads, contributed to this result. The decisive thing, however, was the example of Russia; the wholesale murders there and the general ruin of that unhappy country were enough to discourage radical experiment. Examples on a small scale nearer home, such as the Seattle strike and the Boston police strike, had driven home the lesson of what anarchy might mean.

How far subversive ideas have for the moment receded may be judged from a single instance. In the Spring of 1929, as these lines are written, a Hearst magazine is printing articles by none other than Calvin Coolidge, whose economy and self-restraint are an exact antithesis to all that Hearst stood for in his prime. The subversive or, if you will, the aggressively egalitarian tendency is of course not dead but sleeping, and no one knows when it will wake, but for the present no active hostility to the rich can be found.

In legislation, however, the muck-raking period has left two legacies: the Six-

teenth and Seventeenth Amendments to the Constitution, both ratified in 1913. The Seventeenth is concerned with political machinery; it provides that United States Senators shall be elected not by the Legislatures as heretofore, but by the people of their respective States—a change in the direction of pure democracy. Of far greater importance is the Sixteenth, which gives Congress the power to impose a Federal income-tax.

As far as the rich themselves are concerned, the war and post-war periods have restored substantially the situation of 1865. The changes of the last sixty years have been matters of detail rather than of essence. Of these changes perhaps the most significant, the appearance in appreciable numbers of wealthy Roman Catholics and Jews, has so far not greatly altered the mind of the class the newcomers have entered. The most conspicuous and most discussed change, the abundant crop of new millionaires since 1915, is after all only a quickening of the pace of recruitment, not a change in organization or in outlook.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Score One.—The greatest virtue of the United States in a cultural direction lies in its gradual diminution of one's primitive impulse to indignation. The truly cultured man is never indignant, and toward that civilized desideratum the country operates in a proficient manner. It is impossible for a man to live in the United States for long and still be indignant over its laws, acts, invasions of right, lack of honor, hypocrisy, sordidness and vindictiveness. Of these there is such a surpluse, constantly on the increase, that the indignation initially engendered gradually becomes worn out under the strain and is transmuted into either a sardonic humor or a mood of *laissez-faire*. The American over thirty-five or forty who can still work himself up to a red face over the indignities, chicaneries and hypocrisies practised so generally in the nation is invariably an American of the lower and negligible human order. The more civilized American can only, after his long acquaintanceship with the state of affairs, sadly blow his nose and let out a derisory groan. After a man has fought in the trenches for many verminous years, his indignation is much less against the enemy than against his own commanding officers and the principles and the country that they serve.

The Wail of the Negro.—In the current widespread ululations over the unhappy lot of the Negro in this, God's own country, voiced by certain educated and intelligent members of the black race, I find myself able to join with scant sympathy, for it seems to me that not only is the lot of our licorice brother today better than ever it was but that it is steadily getting better and better—and that, further, he often

actually enjoys indulgences and concessions withheld from the rest of us hueless folk. The indignations of the spokesmen for him are discovered to have small root in fact. While it may be true that he is still ineligible for certain of the higher privileges of Caucasian civilization, such, for example, as paying \$5.75 for a half-portion of guinea hen at the Ritz or joining an exclusive Arverne golf club, he soon discovers himself happier by far than he ever was, which is more than his average white brother-democrat can say for himself.

The chief point made by the arguers of the black man's misery is, as it long has been, the matter of lynching. But the arguers, in order to support their case, are generally driven back to the vague and unreliable statistics of the Reconstruction days, which, in any study of the Negro's condition today, is something like harking back, in a study of the white man's, to the Neronic period. The compilation of exact statistics regarding lynching may be said to have begun only as late as 1885 and has been the labor of Monroe N. Work, head of the Research and Record Department of the Tuskegee Institute and editor of the Negro Year Book. These figures, bringing the statistics up to 1928, show that almost one-third of the total number of persons lynched during the period in question were white men.

From 1889 to 1928, thirteen white men were lynched in Arizona as against one solitary Negro; thirty white men in California as against four Negroes; twenty-four white men in Colorado as against five black; twelve white men in Idaho as against a single Negro; seven whites in Iowa as against a single black; thirteen whites in Kansas as against twelve Negroes; four

whites in Minnesota as against three blacks; thirty whites in Montana as only a single Negro; twenty-two whites in Nebraska and only four blacks; eleven whites in Nevada and no Negroes; eighteen whites in New Mexico as against three Negroes; ten whites in North Dakota as against a single black man; eighty-eight white men in Oklahoma and less than half that number, forty to be exact, of black; nine whites in Oregon as against three Negroes; eighteen whites in South Dakota and not a single Negro; nineteen whites in Washington and not a single Negro; four whites in Wisconsin and not a single Negro; and thirty-three white men in Wyoming as against only seven black men.

In Delaware, only one Negro has been lynched in the last thirty years. In Illinois, thirteen black men have been lynched but have been kept company by twelve of their achromatic brothers. In Indiana, since 1889, only four more Negroes have been strung up than white men, the score being fourteen to ten. In Michigan three Negroes have found one white man accompanying them. In Missouri considerably more than half the persons lynched have been white. In New York the lone Negro lynched was equalled by one white man. In Ohio, almost half the very small number of ropings found a white man at the end of the string. In Utah, only one Negro has been lifted to a tree in thirty years. Not a single Negro has been lynched during all the years in question in Connecticut, the District of Columbia, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island or Vermont. In certain of the Southern States, notably Mississippi, Negroes have in the past been lynched out of proportion to white men, but lynching down there has been steadily on the wane until today it is almost as uncommon a local phenomenon as white literacy. Last year, in the entire nation of 120,000,000 persons, there were only eleven lynchings in all.

It thus would seem that the whoopers-up of the Negro's woes are relying upon lynching as hokum.

But, aside from the question of lynching, the Negro is in even luckier state than he appears to realize. No Negroes in any part of the Union have been treated so cruelly and so shamelessly by their bosses as, say, the Pennsylvania or West Virginia white miners. No Negro in any part of the United States, whether in New York or Atlanta, is made the target by moralists and public opinion that his white brother is; he may live his private life as he pleases, without fear of snooping or intrusion; he may play the Lothario, violate the Mann Act, commit bigamy, gamble, make his own gin or anything else he wants to without white or black hindrance, interference or scandal. He today plays on the big college athletic teams; acts on the New York stage and subsequently on the London and Paris stages; marries white women; crowds the concert halls with his vocal performances; gets admirable notices from the white literary critics for his literary performances; has his plays produced on Broadway; gives parties, invitations to which whites struggle for; steals French beauties away from the Argentinians; controls and leads some of the best and most profitable jazz orchestras; teaches white débutantes how to dance; has finer church buildings than many Southern white Methodists; exhibits his talents to high reward in glee clubs; holds public office in the South as well as in the North; gains the sympathetic and often eulogistic attention of white novelists, essayists and critics; comes to *Kudos* as a prize-fighter and Derby jockey; is a figure at the Bar; becomes famous in the movies; passes as a professional critic upon the arts practised by white men: figures as the hero in modernistic opera: is to the number of 159,651 the full owner of his own farm lands and to the number of 34,889 the part owner; composes 636,248 of the tenant farmers in the South as against a white total of 965,051; through the Julius Rosenwald bequest has better schooling facilities in many Southern States than the whites; has church property at the present time valued, according to the United States

Bureau of Census, at more than \$215,000,000; has enjoyed a doubled number of institutions for the higher education and a six-fold increase in enrollments since 1917, the institutions having an annual income of more than eight and a half million dollars, a total value of almost thirty-nine million and productive endowments of twenty-one million; has thirty-one universities and colleges, privately supported, and twenty-two publicly supported institutions under State government and control; has seen the percentage of illiteracy among his people steadily decrease; has his society journals with news of his high-toned doings; sees the Pulitzer prize awarded to an editorial writer on a Montgomery, Georgia, newspaper, no less, for editorials arguing against racial intolerance; and commits suicide, according to the statistics of the last ten years, in the ratio of one to every thirty of his white brothers.

So let us save our tears.

America and the Artist.—The lamentation, so often ventilated by incompetent and disgruntled craftsmen, that the United States treats its artists badly—if, indeed, it even so much as gives them a passing thought—is hardly borne out by the noticeable affluence of most of them, by the exaggerated amount of attention they get from the public press and by the abundance of invitations they receive to lend their not always too *soigné* presences to dinners, banquets, ladies' club teas, movie openings, lecture platforms, blindfold tests of cigarettes, dedicatory celebrations and booze parties on the ocean liners. I have grave doubts that in any other country in the world is a meritorious artist so rewarded and petted as he is in this one. And I entertain even graver doubts that he wouldn't be a blamed sight better off if well-intentioned idiots would let him alone, allow him to keep his mind solely on his work, and so permit him to function in peace and quiet to his greater glory. The United States not only does not disdain its

artists; it goes to the extreme of coddling them so greatly, both in the way of personal attention and financial reward, that it often damn nigh ruins them.

The trouble with the lamenters, even those few who have a share of sense, is that they allege against the country as a whole an inattention and lack of sympathy that one actually finds mainly in a single quarter, and that quarter a high one. The American artist's chief neglect is not at the hands of what may be called the average American, but at the hands of Americans of wealth, Americans conspicuous in public affairs, Americans of position in what is dubbed society and Americans who might be presumed, however erroneously, to have some breeding, discrimination and taste. It is this class, which in another nation often offers a warming hospitality and cordiality to the artist, that here is hostile and apathetic to him or, if not precisely hostile and apathetic, that regards him with a sniffish casualness and unconcern. With the single exception of the late Henry H. Rogers, I can think of no rich American who has ever intelligently befriended a worthy American artist. The Maecenases of the present day decline to endorse artists like O'Neill and prefer to visit their patronage instead upon cabaret jazz bands and leg shows.

The American artist must look for his reward from the masses of the people, not from those who might ordinarily be expected, by the standards of other countries, to take a perhaps greater and more friendly interest in him. This reward the American in the mass accords him. But this reward is almost invariably withheld from him by the American of relative eminence. The Presidents of the United States, for example, for the last twenty years, with one exception, have proudly announced themselves to be devourers of cheap detective stories. The exception, Roosevelt, caused a national consternation by announcing that he had once read a novel by Owen Johnson and had liked it.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Critical Reprise

1. The modern European musical comedy composer is concerned chiefly with the emotions of the heart. The modern American ditto is concerned chiefly with the emotions of the feet.

2. In the business of female acting, sentiment demands slenderness. The moment sentiment weighs 135 pounds, it becomes comedy; the moment it touches 136, it becomes farce; the moment it goes to 140, it becomes burlesque.

3. The numerous schools and cults of so-called æsthetic dancing, interior and *al fresco*, are grounded less upon the honest desire to make a beautiful art of the dance than on the Freudian desire of unwanted vestals to play indirectly with the masculine passions. The moment a woman runs around Central Park clad only in a bed-sheet, under the dubious impression that she is Psyche in the Arcadian Wood, that moment is it pretty certain that she has reached the conclusion that her charms are unavailing against men.

4. Vaudeville is a species of entertainment derived from the dregs of drama and musical comedy assembled in such wise that they shall appeal to the dregs of drama and musical comedy audiences.

5. The average man in a theatre audience seldom sees the rôle interpreted by the actress but the actress interpreted by the woman. It is nonsense to say that this or that stage young woman is this or that man's favorite actress. It is much more accurate to say that the actress is his favorite stage young woman.

6. The basic difference between a comic opera libretto and a drama is generally this: in a libretto the interest of everybody on the stage and of nobody in the audience is centred on the successful culmination of the hero or heroine's love affair. In drama the situation is the reverse.

7. When plays having mixed identity as their theme fail, they fail not because the audience is unwilling to grant that a man might conceivably be unable to distinguish his wife from her delectable twin sister but because it is unwilling to grant that the man would conceivably try to.

8. Why is it that theatrical audiences always laugh at the blunders of the innocently ignorant characters in drama and are moved to compassion by the blunders of the intelligent? Is this not directly opposite to the practice in actual life?

9. To the composition of even the most artificial of comedies, an intrinsic sense of touch and go with life is patently essential. Without it, the result is a play artificial not in the intentional and appropriate sense, but artificial in the sense of a street-light left unwittingly to burn after dawn.

10. It is not the fact that the French dramatists acutely understand women that makes their plays interesting, but the fact that they acutely understand their fellow-men's understanding of women.

11. Literary drama, as it is called, is simply drama that is written, as opposed, in the case of other drama, to drama that is carpentered.

12. Of critics, the one most difficult of

stomaching is the thunder-stealer who slyly and regularly resorts to the dodges: "As someone has aptly remarked" and "As someone has cleverly observed." He is the kleptomaniac of criticism, the shop-lifter in the critical jewelry store, the critical phonograph. He borrows the cigar, borrows the tip-clipper, borrows the holder, borrows the match—and then congratulates himself warmly upon achieving by himself the climacteric grand spit.

13. The so-called religious spectacle is generally as ill-suited to the stage as the hoochie-coochie would be to the altar. The theatre is no more properly the place for a pious theological exhibition than the church is for a bed-room farce. In the theatre—an institution rightly devoted to humor, gaiety, color, romance and passion—the religious play is as out of place as a saxophone in "Nearer, My God, To Thee." One doesn't go to the theatre for such things any more than one goes to a circus for hymns or to a prayer-meeting for zebras.

14. The commonest subterfuge of the incompetent critic is the concealing of ignorance either in warm amiability or acrid disparagement.

15. A good theatre should be like the library of a charming and cultivated man; it should possess all the virtues of such a library, and all the pleasant little vices. It should display what is best in the old, for that is always fresh; it should display what is best of the new, for that is always arresting; it should contain also the agreeable and unimportant trifles that go pleasantly on occasion to chase away thought and soberness with loud, low chuckles. It should be a theatre, like the library, upon whose shelves stand in juxtaposition reflection and belly laughter, poetry and gay low fig-stuff, wit and the bladder, imagination, honest sentiment, searching comment, custard-pie literature—and all with fair and lovely human illustrations. It

should, like the man's library, take his culture largely for granted. It should, with its fond rememorations and reflections, be as an old trunk in the attic of his mind or, with its lively beauties and humors, as a sudden cocktail.

16. Nothing is so essentially undramatic as clear, straightforward thought. It is the first rule of the acting stage that the protagonist must not think out the drama to *its* conclusion but that, *per contra*, the drama must think out the protagonist to *his* conclusion. The protagonist must be influenced not from within, but from without. If, for example, one were to write a play with, say, Nietzsche as the hero, the drama would needs be generated and carried on to its climacteric consummation not by that gentleman's energetic mind and philosophies but rather by the objection to them on the part of the leading lady. There can be no substantial thought in stage drama. Such drama is created rather out of a contradiction and negation of thought: by proving either that the thought in point, while sound up to eleven o'clock, is then and finally impracticable if not, indeed, ridiculous (as in the instance of Shaw's Tanner) or that, while the thought may have been quite rational at quarter after ten in Act II, it had not at that time yet realized that its wife was in a family way or that its loved one was dying of tuberculosis, and so felt its own intrinsic dubiety. Drama in its entirety consists in the surrender of calm and judicious thinking to emotionalism.

17. There is a type of critic who is always greatly surprised when a good-looking actress gives a performance as competent as a homely one.

18. Very young men and very old men alone are cocksure. The soundest critic is thus in all likelihood the man of middle years. He has temporarily outgrown the cocksureness of youth and he is still this side of the cocksureness of age. He is

temporarily free from empty prejudice, free from youth's revolt and from age's revolt against revolt, and beset by a healthy skepticism and doubt. He is of open mind; he is without indignation; he doesn't give a damn.

19. Melodrama is that form of drama in which the characters are deliberately robbed of a sense of humor by the playwright; problem drama that form in which the characters are deliberately robbed of a sense of humor by the audience.

20. What passes for sharp observation in the theatre is actually most often a mere apprehension of some trivial and entirely negligible phenomenon, the novelty of which audiences mistake for genuine percipience. Thus were I, turned playwright, to remark in a play that it always looks like rain through a screen, or that the most uncomfortable thing in the world is trying to eat dinner without a napkin, or that there is always something that sounds drunk about a hansom cab late at night, or that no one ever knows the last name of one's letter carrier even when one has been served by the same fellow for years—I should doubtless be swallowed as a professor of shrewd observation.

21. There is room for banality in the theatre. It is less a thing for critical condemnation than we are often persuaded to believe. The theatre is an institution wherein one seeks sanctuary from the furies and stressful inconstancies of life, wherein one may sit before the doings of a mock world and sigh one's self into a pleasurable temporary forgetfulness and reverie. Life itself and the outside world thrill and torment the individual with their ceaseless changes, ceaseless alarms and excitements—a shifting panorama of loves, labors, triumphs, defeats, fears and hopes. From all this the theatre offers a refuge. And that refuge may, obviously enough, be had only in spectacles of an antithetical and relative dulness and mo-

notony. One may amuse and divert one's self only by more or less violent contrasts. Napoleon, after the battle of Abukir, forgot himself in watching a cockfight.

22. Drama may apparently often be defined as a theatrical composition which treats of a variable number of characters at that point in their lives when they have all just bought themselves new clothes.

23. It is one of the commonest delusions that the Negro is by nature a musical fellow. The truth, of course, is that he is not at all musical, but rather merely rhythmical. He has an acute feeling for rhythm, but of music he knows nothing.

24. There never was a first-rate critic who wasn't something of a faker.

25. Beauty makes idiots sad as it makes wise men happy.

26. All that is necessary to raise imbecility into what the mob regards as profundity is to lift it off the floor and put it on a platform.

27. There are men who do not like talk of sex or writings on sex. There are men who have dyspepsia and can no longer eat.

28. I wonder why it is that male authors who are excessively homely almost invariably excel in descriptions of beautiful women?

29. Oscar Wilde is condemned by a certain school of critics as having been merely very clever. Could criticism reach sillier heights? To be merely very clever was precisely what Wilde strove for and precisely what he successfully achieved. He had no other intent, no other aim. To criticize Wilde for not being a profound philosopher but for being merely very clever is to criticize Kant for not being very clever but merely a profound philosopher.

30. Art is developed and furthered not so much by criticism as by criticism of criticism.

31. The tragedy of talent is that it so often essays to be genius.

32. I find that nine-tenths of those plays which certain of my colleagues describe as an insult to the intelligence do not get close enough to the intelligence even to address it.

33. The current prevalent habit among playwrights of regarding a good old-fashioned, rousing act climax as something beneath dignity and artistic propriety and of sedulously avoiding all such dramatic emphasis is far from my own peculiar taste. When a big dramatic climax has been foreshadowed and is rightly to be expected with a high anticipation, it is disturbing and disappointing to have the playwright shush it aside with a great show of tony disdain and substitute for it a nonchalant reference to the weather or a drawling ironic allusion to the villain's spats. If a playwright works me up to expect a hot scene in which the hero will face the villain, pull off the dog's whiskers and disclose him to be none other than the knave who seduced the chambermaid and set fire to the old mill, I feel that I have a right to be disappointed when the hero, instead of doing anything of the kind, is brought merely to screw a monocle into his right eye and exclaim, "By Jove, how well you are looking this evening, Lady Trowbridge!" But a good, stirring, knock-'em down act-climax is somehow considered disreputable these days and in its place we have the kind of climax that cheats the climax. Yet *Who-are-you?—Hawkshaw-the-detective!* is better drama and will always be better drama than any of these current strained and lackadaisical act finishes.

34. I have just seen the eight hundred and sixth play that darkens the lights for

one minute and, upon raising them again, asks me to believe that in this one minute one year has passed, that a baby has been born to the couple upon whose reconciliation the lights went down sixty seconds before, that the husband who has been passionately in love with another woman has changed his mind during the brief period of darkness, gone back to his wife and become the bosom friend of the husband of the other woman, and that everyone has returned from Europe with a completely new and very elaborate wardrobe. All that I can say, and with becoming modesty, is this: that I doubtless have as good an imagination as the next man, but that I'll be damned if I can do it.

35. The stage has improved in a thousand directions, but it still asks its spectators to work up their sympathies for a baby that is plainly seen to be nothing but an elongated bag of oatmeal tied with pink ribbons.

36. There is no clearer indication of the pervading sentimentality of the American people than the fact that they demand that the hero of a play always be in love.

37. To speak of morals in art is to speak of an evangelist in Paris.

38. The difference between a risqué Anglo-American farce and a risqué French farce is simply this: in the former the plot proceeds *toward* adultery; in the latter the plot proceeds *from* adultery.

39. Many an actor has been eulogized and come to fame because of the realism of his death scenes. Any ham can *die* realistically. The genuine actor is the one who can *live* realistically.

40. As a critic of the American theatre I am now and again taken to task by certain otherwise meritorious persons for what is termed my lack of seriousness and critical dignity. As a boy, I recall having once

seen a man in a top hat and Prince Albert at a cooch show.

41. The ideal critic is he who approaches a work of art with the intelligence of a German, the humor of a Frenchman, and the heart of a Japanese.

42. There never lived an actor so proficient in his craft that he could not learn something from watching a child. All children are natural actors—save nine-tenths of those on the stage.

43. It is held by many to be impossible for a critic personally to associate with those whose work he is called upon to criticize. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. It is not impossible. It is merely dull.

44. The theatre regards the harlot in just two lights: either she is man's spiritual and physical annihilation or his spiritual and physical redemption. It seems oddly to recognize no middle ground.

45. Four French farces out of five are based upon the theory that it is awfully funny to be caught in another man's wife's bedroom.

46. Psychology, in the terminology of American journalistic criticism, is a word employed by amiable critics in an attempt to render partly clear the unintelligible portions of bad plays written by good friends.

47. In the popular theatre, a hero is one who believes that all women are ladies; a villain one who believes that all ladies are women.

48. For such persons as care no longer for Ibsen in the theatre there is in the main usually no safer refuge than a modern Ibsen theatrical production.

49. Suspense is that highly nervous sensation which a playwright imparts to his

audience when, in the last act of a play, the villain seems momentarily about to escape ultimate punishment at the hero's hands, thus threatening to keep the audience inside the theatre for still another three-quarters of an hour.

50. In the career of the critic of the theatre there are three more or less distinct periods: first, the period in which he passionately believes and vehemently conjures the theatre to be an art lyceum; second, the period in which he passionately hopes and vehemently prays that the theatre may be an art lyceum; and, third, the period in which he rather good-naturedly comes to the conclusion that his view of the theatre has been all wrong, and doesn't admit it.

51. The theatre lives by emotional sadism.

52. Criticism should be written not for the dramatist, the actor, the producer, or the public, but largely for itself alone. Generically an art out of an art, it achieves authenticity as an artistic entity in the degree that it stands upon its own legs.

53. The drama may be realistic in almost every department save that of love, commonly held to be the field of its most realistic enterprise. If the average love scene out of life were to be reproduced on the stage word for word, gesture for gesture and gurgle for gurgle, the audience would let out a horselaugh.

54. The Viennese writes of love at 5 P.M.; the Frenchman of love at 1 A.M.

55. The villain in an American play is that character in the play who, were he a real living person, would in all probability decline to associate with the author.

56. The average modern play has three acts. Its contact with life generally ends with the first.

57. The actor is the gigolo of dramatic art.

58. There can be no real wit where there is not also at least a measure of disillusion.

59. They talk of fine plays ruined by bad acting. Yet what is worse than a despicable play improved by good acting?

60. Even to the finest dramatic tragedy there is often an air of evangelical demagoguery that disturbs me. The tragic dramatist too often has about him a trace of the moralist and exhorter.

61. Sudermann was a Hauptmann in lace drawers.

62. I never write a serious thing that some profound idiot doesn't get up and say that I don't mean it.

63. The hero of a popular play is always seen by the audience through the heroine's eyes.

64. All really great drama is a form of scandal.

65. The drama of today is the comedy of tomorrow and the farce of the day after.

66. To object to this or that man as an official censor of the arts on the ground that he is illiterate and an ignoramus is absurd. The object of all official censorship is to make the arts safe for the illiterate and ignorant portion of the public. It requires an illiterate and ignorant man to understand such a public, and to stake out the boundaries of its tastes.

67. Of all the arts, criticism alone is made to suffer from and struggle under a burden of good manners.

68. The words theatregoer and playgoer

are too commonly regarded as synonymous. Often they are not. A playgoer is one who goes to the theatre with the express and very definite intention of seeing a play. A theatregoer is more often one who goes to the theatre in the same spirit that one goes on an outing, that is, merely for a change, a diversion from routine. The play is the least important thing that draws him to the theatre.

69. The essence of music show entertainment consists largely in the feeling that one is superior to the human beings providing it.

70. Censorship is birth control applied to art.

71. Has anyone, in novel, drama or painting, ever failed completely who has taken the sea for his subject? It is the one theme that seems to resist not even the second-rate artist.

72. The test of a real comedian is whether you laugh at him before he opens his mouth.

73. One of the most obvious and profitable pieces of commerce in professional writing is a writer's agreeable deprecation of himself, the placing of himself either on a plane with his readers or, more profitably still, on a plane below them. The holier-than-thou note is dangerous; it makes for unpopularity. Thus the current spectacle of American criticism amounts to little more than an Alphonse-Gaston act in which the elaborate low bowing of the two parties results in a continuous collision of heads, both auspiciously empty.

74. The greatest happiness is that of imminent but not yet quite realized achievement. To be about to succeed—that is true happiness. To have succeeded—that is to be in Munich, with Bright's disease.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The New Humanism

FOR LANCELOT ANDREWES, by T. S. Eliot. \$2.
8 x 4¾; 159 pp. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Doran
& Company.

IN THIS little volume Mr. Eliot lets a pale and chromovitreous but none the less searching light into the pseudo-Humanism which now enchants so many young American college professors, with Professor Irving Babbitt serving as its Bishop Cannon, Dr. Paul Elmer More as its Mrs. Willebrandt, and the late Stuart P. Sherman as its martyred Wayne B. Wheeler. What is revealed, of course, is what everyone unaffected by the movement knew was there all the while, namely, a somewhat sickly and shame-faced Christian mysticism. The Humanist of the current model, at his best, is what Mr. Eliot seems to be himself: a natural Catholic who finds it impossible to swallow a church ruled by an Italian paleographer and so compromises on one ruled (at least transiently) by a Scotch labor agitator. At his worst, he is what Dr. Sherman was: a rustic Methodist somewhat flustered by what passes for learning among us, but still unable to throw off the feeling that all city men are sinful and will go to Hell. At one place, with sly humor, Mr. Eliot compares Professor Babbitt to Socrates. "How far Socrates believed," he says, "and whether his legendary request of the sacrifice of a cock was merely gentlemanly behavior or even irony, we cannot tell; but the equivalent would be Professor Babbitt receiving extreme unction, and that I cannot at present conceive." This, plainly enough, is a figure of speech: its name, unless I forget my schoolbooks, is antiphrasis. I herewith predict formally that Dr. Babbitt, when his time comes, will heave his Phi Beta Kappa key out of the window and demand the

holy oils—that is, if the clergy of the Presbyterian rite administer them. For he is not only a Christian, his protestations to the contrary notwithstanding; he is also a Calvinist, though he may not know it. So are all the other hortatory pedagogues, including Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the reconciler of Einstein and the International Sunday-school Lessons. To call such denizens of the catacombs Humanists is as absurd as it would be to call Mr. Chief Justice Taft a Liberal.

Mr. Eliot began life as one of Professor Babbitt's disciples, but hard study at the British Museum convinced him that the current Humanism was full of buncombe. His present point of view, he says, "may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion." Parts of this, as he himself confesses, are vague and savor of clap-trap; it is hard, for example, to think of the author of "The Waste Land" as a genuine classicist. But on the religious side there is no reason to doubt the author's seriousness. He proves it by exhuming various sacerdotal obscurities from oblivion, and arguing gravely that they were profound thinkers—nay, even gifted stylists. The enterprise is not new; I have heard Christian Scientists maintain that even Mrs. Eddy was a sound writer. But Mr. Eliot carries it off with more than the usual grace, for he writes very effectively himself, and is full of that odd and useless learning which gives an air of persuasiveness to otherwise bald and unconvincing disputation. For one, I remain unconvinced that either Bishop Andrewes or his brother Bramhall could write, but I confess that reading about them was pleasant, and did me no harm.

It is, however, when he discusses re-

ligion *per se* that Mr. Eliot is at his best. The failure of the so-called Humanists to get rid of it plainly delights him, as his exposure of that failure must delight the more malicious sort of reader. The moment they begin to lay down their cock-sure rules as to what is virtuous and what is not, they find themselves, willy nilly, toying with a concept of the will of God, and the moment they admit that concept to their exhortations and oburgations "then some doctrine of Grace must be admitted too." The rest is a primrose path, and at the end lies a state church—maybe not the political Methodism which now afflicts the United States, but nevertheless a church. Some of the Humanists peer longingly through the area windows of Rome; others, like Mr. Eliot himself, succumb to the imperial pomps of the Anglican communion; yet others, such as Dr. Millikan, bring all their compromises to a head by embracing the arch-compromise of Unitarianism. As for Professor Babbitt, "his Humanism is, . . . to my mind, alarmingly like the very Liberal Protestant theology of the Nineteenth Century; it is, in fact, a product—a by-product—of Protestant theology in its last agonies." I can imagine no definition of the movement which would define it more precisely.

The Ambrose Bierce Mystery

LIFE OF AMBROSE BIERCE, by Walter Neale. \$5. 9¼ x 5 5/8; 489 pp. New York: *Walter Neale*.

MR. NEALE, who was Bierce's publisher during his last years and brought out his Collected Works, first met him in Washington in 1901, and was in constant association with him until his mysterious disappearance in 1913. The common story is that Bierce, who was then seventy-one years old, made his way to Mexico, joined Villa's rebel army, and was presently done to death, either fighting for Villa or at his hands. This story is supported by the testimony of various alleged eye-witnesses and by a mass of evidence at second-hand, but its absurdities are manifest, and Mr. Neale

exposes them mercilessly. Is it reasonable to believe that a man of seventy-one, racked by asthma, should have been able to make his way to Villa's army in the field? And is it any more reasonable to believe that a man who was the perfect model of a military grandee, and viewed the ragged Mexican rebels with contempt and abomination, should have sought to join them? Nay, the Mexican romance is only too plainly of nonsense all compact. Even in Los Angeles, where everybody has seen angels and heard the tramp of the Twelve Apostles, no one believes it. The theory there, doubtless bred of the fact that Bierce's daughter lives in the town, is that the old man died in a hospital somewhere nearby—some say of his asthma and some say of simple senility. But Mr. Neale has a better theory, and he presents it with great plausibility.

It is that Bierce committed suicide. In the Summer of 1912, rather more than a year before he disappeared, he took a trip into the West and visited both the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He came back full of enthusiasm for the canyon, and hinted broadly to Neale that it would be a magnificent place to die. More, he hinted broadly that his own course was almost run, and that he thought it would be cleaner and decenter to remove himself anon, instead of waiting for a messy death in bed. He had an automatic pistol ready; he defended suicide publicly; he believed, and often said, that seventy years was long enough to live. What could be more likely than that he finally made good his talk? A dozen corroborative circumstances support the notion. He was at great pains to put his affairs in order before he left for the West. He transferred all his copyrights to a woman with whom he had been living for years, and to whom, according to Mr. Neale, it is possible that he was secretly married. He formally presented \$500 to a little girl, the daughter of a friend. He made a tour of the battlefields whereon he had fought in the Civil War. And then he headed for the Grand Canyon,

travelling by way of New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio and Laredo. He also planned to stop, he let it be known, at Eagle Pass and El Paso. After that, silence. Did he plunge into Mexico, as the current fairy-tale hath it, and make his way to Villa's camp across a thousand miles of mountain and desert—him an elderly asthmatic, and a stranger to the back of a horse for thirty years? Or did he proceed to the Grand Canyon and blow out his brains, as Mr. Neale believes? It seems to me that the Neale theory is overwhelmingly more rational than the other.

I wish I could add that the rest of the Neale book is as sound as the chapter on Bierce's exit from this world, but the plain fact is that large parts of it are very shaky, and that not a few portions reek with unconscious humor. The author starts off with a long and irrelevant treatise on his own genealogy, showing that he is on the one hand "of the seventh generation from Isaac Smith I" and on the other hand a descendant of "Neale Vicount (*sic*) of Coutances, son of Roger, who in 996 defeated Ethelred (the Unready) at sea when the latter, flushed with his exploits in Cumberland, endeavored to invade the shores of Brittany in opposing Robert of Normandy, father of Duke William." All this is astonishing enough, but what has it to do with Bierce, who was the offspring of simple Ohio peasants? Nor is Mr. Neale happy when he essays to pronounce critical judgments. Here, for example, is his main thesis, solemnly announced on page 28:

He [Bierce] is the father of critical American literature. He put forward American literature by centuries.

This is surely excessive. Bierce's critical judgments, in point of fact, were often silly, as when he put Longfellow above Whitman, and not infrequently they were strongly colored by personal considerations, as when he vastly over-praised George Sterling's poem, "The Wine of Wizardry." He was too little read to be a sound critic of letters, and he lacked the capacity to separate the artist from the

man. Even his treatise on the art of writing, "Write it Right," is full of puerilities, for it never seems to have occurred to him that language, like literature, is a living thing, and not a mere set of rules. Writing of the trade he practiced all his life, he wrote like a somewhat saucy schoolma'm, and when another schoolma'm lifted his stuff the theft went almost undetected. His own style was extraordinarily tight and unresilient, and his fear of rhetoric often took all the life out of his ideas. His stories, despite their melodramatic effectiveness, begin to seem old-fashioned; they belong to the era before the short story ceased to be a formal intellectual exercise and became a transcript of life. The people in them simply do not live and breathe: Ring Lardner, whose manner Bierce would have detested, has done a hundred times better in that direction. They are probably read today, not as literature, but as shockers. Their appalling gruesomeness—a shining mark of Bierce himself—is what keeps them in print. Some of them deserve a better kind of immortality.

If Bierce is remembered, it will probably be for his epigrams, especially those in prose. They include some of the noblest specimens ever put into English. The wit in them is extraordinarily pungent, impudent and devastating, and in form they are helped rather than damaged by the author's highly artificial and self-conscious style. I suspect that these epigrams will be relished and quarried long after such transparent stories as "A Horseman in the Sky" and "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" descend into the schoolbooks. Certainly they will long outlast the satirical bludgeonings of nobodies that Bierce himself was so proud of. His social criticism, like his literary criticism, was often amusing but seldom profound. It had, however, the virtue of being novel in its day, and so it left its mark. Bierce was the first American to lay about him with complete gusto, charging and battering the frauds who ranged the country. The timorousness of Mark Twain was not in him; no head was

lofty enough to escape his furious thwack. Such Berserk men have been rare in our history; the normal Americano, even when he runs amuck, shows a considerable discretion. But there was no more discretion in Bierce that you will find in a runaway locomotive. Had he been a more cautious man, the professors of literature would be politer to him today.

The Fruits of Emancipation

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN, by K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. \$3. 8 x 5½; 324 pp. New York: *Elliot Holt*.

WOMEN AND SOCIETY, by Meyrick Booth. 8s.6d. 8½ x 5½; 256 pp. London: *George Allen & Unwin*.

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner. \$3.50. 9¼ x 6½; 312 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*.

WHY WE ARE MEN AND WOMEN, by A. L. Benedict. \$2.50. 7¾ x 4½; 270 pp. New York: *Allen Ross & Company*.

Two of these authors, Dr. Booth and Dr. Wieth-Knudsen, devote themselves to proving that the triumph of feminism in the Western World has brought little of solid value to the emancipated gals, and next to nothing to the rest of us. The proof is easy—almost as easy, indeed, as proving that twice two is four, or that a Prohibition agent is a scoundrel. Nevertheless, it needed to be set forth formally, for only too many persons, including a number of gifted publicists, continue to overlook it. They are still drunk upon the dreams of the long and melodramatic campaign for the suffrage. Human-like, they unconsciously assume that what was then promised has come to pass, in substance if not in totality. The truth, of course, runs in the opposite direction. The dear creatures have accomplished none of the things that they hoped for. They have not purified politics, they have not achieved any liberty that they did not have before, they have not reformed any social institution of the slightest importance, and they have not increased their own happiness. My belief is, indeed, that women in general are decidedly less happy than they were before they broke their

chains, if only because they are less secure. In the old days they were swathed in protection: some man had to die fighting before a woman could be seriously menaced. But now they face the slings and arrows of fate, so to speak, in the altogether, and multitudes of them begin to realize how sharp those weapons may be. More women are self-supporting and independent than ever before, and more women, I suspect, wish they were dead.

Dr. Booth, who is a psychologist and a highly intelligent man, gives most of his space to discussing the condition of affairs in his own country, England. There the emancipation of the dear creatures began early and has gone to great lengths. They roar in politics and practically all of the trades and professions are open to them. They have every substantial right that men have, and a lot more besides. But to what end? Are they contented, serene, secure, happy? It must be plain enough that they are not. Increasing multitudes of them lead drab, lonely and forlorn lives, unwed, childless, unregarded, and barely able to make their livings. They are free only in the sense that a man wandering alone in the Sahara is free; in every other sense they are the slaves of their new liberties. Among the lower classes little more than half of them have any hope of getting husbands and homes of their own; among the educated minority, not more than a third. The whole race of Englishwomen, once so rosy and joyous, becomes a race of neurotic drudges, preyed upon by mountebanks both male and female.

It is commonly believed that the marriage-rate has declined in England because there is an excess of females in the population, due to the late war and the emigration of men to the colonies, and various reformers propose that shiploads of superfluous girls be sent after the men. But Dr. Booth shows that this excess is largely imaginary; under the age of twenty-five it scarcely exists. The trouble is that most girls under twenty-five, the time of their maximum attractiveness, go to work in-

stead of settling down as wives, and that by the time they tire of work and begin to look for husbands they are worn out and untempting. Going to work, for a brief space, makes them relatively rich, for most of them, as in America, get some help, if only in shelter, from their fathers. But at the same time their labor displaces the labor of men, and so wages are kept down, and more men are unable to marry, and a vicious circle is set up which damages all hands. Dr. Booth believes, and for very plausible reasons, that the excessive unemployment now afflicting England is largely due to this cause. Hundreds of thousands of young men are walking the streets because girls have grabbed their jobs—at wages less than a man could take with any hope of supporting a family. True enough, some marry anyhow, and their wives go on working, but this device is obviously full of peril. Suppose all married women tried to get jobs? Where would jobs enough be found? And who would breed and nurture the next generation of Englishmen?

Dr. Booth's book is thoughtful and well worth reading. He believes that women, in trying to set themselves up as imitation men, have thrown away some of the very qualities that made them most interesting as individuals and most useful as citizens. Their profit is mainly illusory; their loss is large and obvious, and the loss of the race is no less so. Dr. Booth is by no means an opponent of emancipation; he is in favor of it in principle, and believes that it will work for good in the long run. But he sees how little most of its present fruits are worth, and he sets forth their worthlessness with great skill. Dr. Wieth-Knudsen, who is a professor of economics in Norway but seems to be a Dane, covers much the same ground, but with less persuasiveness. More than once he falls into absurdity—for example, when he argues that 40% of

all European women are what is called cold. This nonsense is still propagated in America by gynecologists—perhaps the most ignorant class of men, when it comes to knowledge of women, in the country—but no one else takes it seriously. In Scandinavia, however, it seems to retain its old authority; at all events, Dr. Wieth-Knudsen brings it forth quite solemnly, and grounds a long and unconvincing argument upon it. He is far more interesting and instructive when he steers clear of physiology and devotes himself to purely social questions. His study has the merit of presenting a great deal of Scandinavian material, unfamiliar to English-speaking students. But he has apparently read very little of the literature of the subject in English. Even such well-known works as Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" and the late Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age" do not appear in his bibliography.

"The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy" is apparently intended as a supplement to George Bernard Shaw's "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism." The author signs herself Juanita Whitefield Tanner and pretends to be a daughter of the John Tanner of "Man and Superman." Her book is long and chaotic. It reveals a wide reading in the subject, but no visible capacity for contributing anything of value to it. The conclusion seems to be that celibacy is safer than marriage, especially for persons who "like travel and physical danger and rash utterances." This is plainly true, but why take a book of 312 pages to prove it? Dr. Benedict's work discusses the somatic factors determining the sex of offspring and well summarizes all that is known about the matter—which is nothing. A dozen theories are examined statistically, and the fallacies in them exposed. Then the author sets forth one of his own, but he fails to offer any evidence in favor of it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

M. L. BATEY is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.

H. L. DAVIS was born in Oregon, but now lives in the State of Washington.

MICHAEL GOLD is editor of the New Masses. He was born on the East Side and went to work at thirteen. He has been clerk, driver, porter, street photographer, oil fields laborer, ranch hand, newspaper reporter and magazine editor. His writings include two books and three plays.

LEONARD HALL was for seven years dramatic critic for the Washington Daily News and the New York Telegram. He is now assistant to the publisher of Photoplay.

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DOUGLAS LEECHMAN was born in London and spent his boyhood in England, Egypt and Switzerland. In 1908 he went to British Columbia and remained on the Pacific Coast till 1914, when he enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. After the war he attended the University of Washington, and is now on the anthropological staff of the National Museum of Canada. He is editor of the Canadian Field-Naturalist.

LOUIS LE FEVRE has been a code clerk in the State Department, an accountant, a poultry farmer, a railroad ticket agent, and a truck-driver with the French Army. He is a graduate of Harvard.

ADOLPH E. MEYER, Ph.D., is instructor in education at New York University.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON was born in New Jersey and is an M.A. of Harvard. He is the author of "The Inquisition: A Political and Military Study," and "The Turning-Point of the Revolution," and part-author, with Col. O. L. Spaulding and Col. J. W. Wright of the United States Army, of "Warfare: A Study of Military Methods From the Earliest Times." He was a captain in the Ordnance department during the World War. The paper in this issue will form part of a book, soon to be published.

HOWARD W. ODUM, Ph.D. (Columbia), is professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, and director of its School of Public Welfare and of the Institute for Research in Social Science. He is the editor of Social Forces, and author of many books.

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY was on the staff of the New York Sun until the late Frank A. Munsey bought it.

The REV. HERBERT PARRISH, D.D., is lecturer on philosophy and religion at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He is a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has served churches in San Francisco, Baltimore and New Brunswick, N. J.

HENRY F. PRINGLE is now at work on a critical biography of Roosevelt.

CHARLES RECHT was born in Czechoslovakia. He came to this country at the age of thirteen, and was graduated from the New York University Law School in 1909. He has been counsel in leading radical cases during the last fifteen years, and is now American attorney for the Soviet government. The article in this issue will form part of a book dealing with cases involving constitutional rights, in which he has acted as counsel for the defense.



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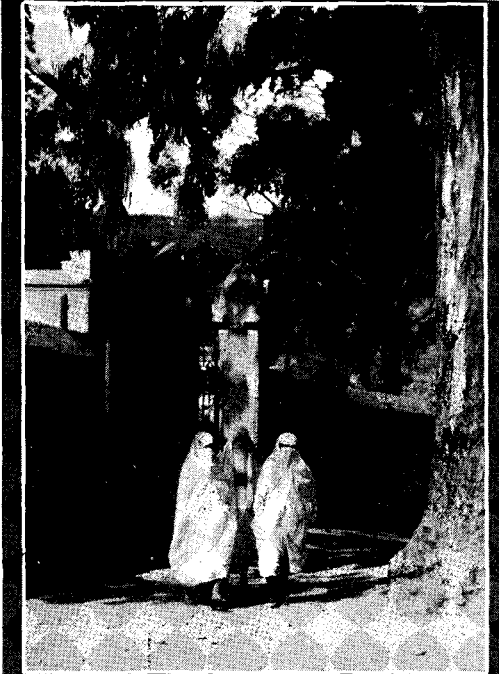
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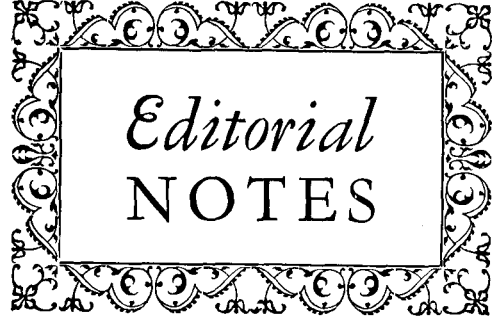
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THE awards in THE AMERICAN MERCURY's college graduates essay contest have been given to Samuel Lipshutz of Philadelphia, who was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in June, and to Olive Brossow of Withee, Wis., who was graduated from Northland College, Ashland, Wis. Both essays will be printed in the October issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

M. L. BATEY, author of "One American's Story," was employed until lately in a woolen mill at Athens, Tenn., a small town in the mountains northeast of Chattanooga, near the celebrated Dayton. He was born at Louisville, Ky., in 1909. His article is the first thing he has ever published, or, indeed, written. It is printed exactly as he wrote it, with only a few small changes. He is representative, save in his unusual articulateness, of thousands of other workers in the textile mills of the New South.



M. L. Batey

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October will be the following:

- "Botched Cities," by Lewis Mumford.
- "Deliverance," by Arthur Hanko.
- "The King of Beer," by Gerald Holland.
- "Keep It Exclusive," by Mildred Evans Gilman.



They are Boys and Girls so short a time

*See that home movies keep for you their
wonderful childhood days*

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THE INVESTOR

BUSINESS COMBINATIONS

BY RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

IN NUMBER, in terms of monetary values, and in character, the consummation of business combinations continues at a bewildering pace. A week's notes embrace banks, food, aviation, chemicals, railway equipment, automobile bodies, elevators, alcohol, dairies, motion pictures, stores, refrigerators, floor coverings, and electric light and power enterprises.

The present movement, in contrast to that which ended around 1903, has the tacit approval of the government, of the press, and of the public. Monopoly is no longer sought, the community has been accustomed to large figures, and a new type of industrial leader has arisen who is not only expert in the manufacture and sale of commodities, but also in the technique of persuasion.

Growth is a quality of a dynamic society, but the expansion connoted by mergers and consolidations is growth by joining with outside units more than by accretion. Such combinations will, in effect, create a new economic unit. The financial upshot of the acquisition of the Beacon Oil Company by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, compared with the acquisition of the California Petroleum Company by the Texas Corporation, is entirely different.

Mass production and standardization on the one hand, and on the other, freedom from customs tariffs and prejudice have invited large-scale organization. The justification of consolidations comes under several heads. Businesses that control the making of a product in its various stages save by eliminating the profits of raw material dealers and accessory manufacturers. The International Harvester Company is an ex-
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ample of complete integration, since it owns iron ore and coal mines, coke works, furnaces, steel mills, and sisal plantations. Savings in buying, and overhead and economy in manufacture, are claimed for horizontal combinations, such as the Chrysler-Dodge merger, embracing concerns manufacturing the same commodity. Finally, the reduction of distribution costs is stressed in circular combinations, represented by enterprises which separately turn out different commodities that may be conveniently linked in one group.

The recently formed Standard Brands, Inc., is a good illustration of this type. Another is Remington Rand, Inc., from which office managers can buy a complete line of office equipment, typewriters, files, furniture, record supplies, adding, calculating and bookkeeping machines, and loose leaf systems. The big corporation also points out its ability to maintain experimental and research divisions, to acquire capital inexpensively, and a hundred and one other real and imaginary benefits. The distribution combination is the last type to evolve, and will grow in importance. Pure manufacturing expenses can no longer be appreciably reduced in many lines. The cost of getting the product in the hands of the consumer, selling and distributing, are plainly out of line. Fat layers of waste are apparent. The new way to net profits lies along this path.

Combinations are by no means uniformly successful. The claims made for them are not altogether supported by experience. An economically sound business is sometimes wrecked by financial manipulation. Every kind of business has a size most conducive to efficient operation. Bronze busts of Milton and Shakespeare cannot be

Continued on page xxxviii



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We shall be glad to assist you in the proper diversification of your investment account.

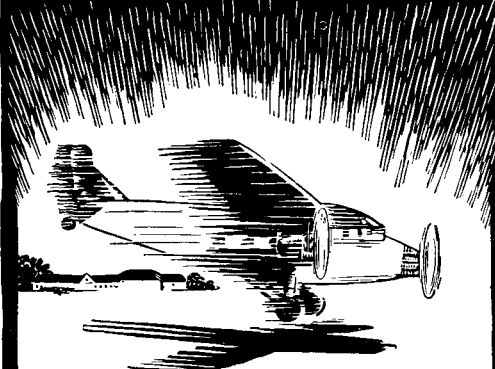
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Sent Upon Request

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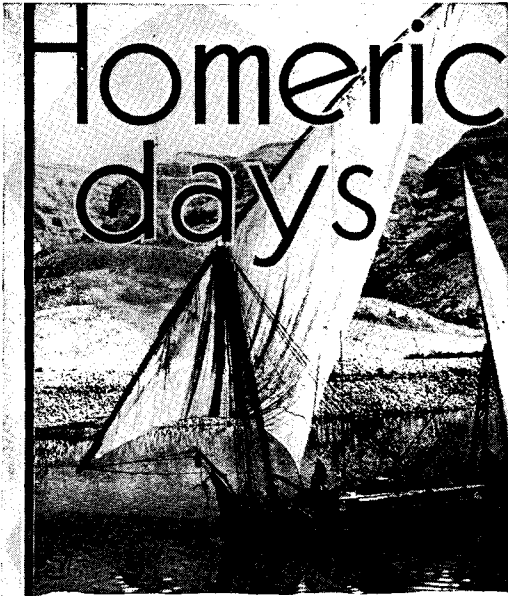
Chicago

—logical center of American aviation—has, it is said authoritatively, the best lighted municipal landing field in the United States. Two large flood lights now await installation, to supplement the huge lights which already serve. Edison Service, noteworthy because of its dependability, keeps the field brilliantly illuminated—without glare—for safe landing.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 150 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for 1929 Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

xxxvii



A boat on the Nile

Directly before you is the Sphinx—the Pyramids. Off in the distance is Cairo. Cairo—the magnificent, the mysterious. Cairo, the ancient—the unchanged civilization of a thousand years. Bournous-clad men. Veiled women. Carnival-like Bazaars. Dark, narrow streets. Mosques, Minarets, Arabs, camels, donkeys, hawkers. A gasp, a laugh, a thrill every second. That is Cairo. And Cairo is but one of the many dazzling Arabian Night's adventures on the

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The Homeric—one of the World's foremost ships—with 115 rooms connected with private bath—the largest steamer to the Mediterranean—takes you to all the right places at the right time—14,000 miles—65 days.

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San Francisco Los Angeles Toronto Montreal Vancouver
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The INVESTOR

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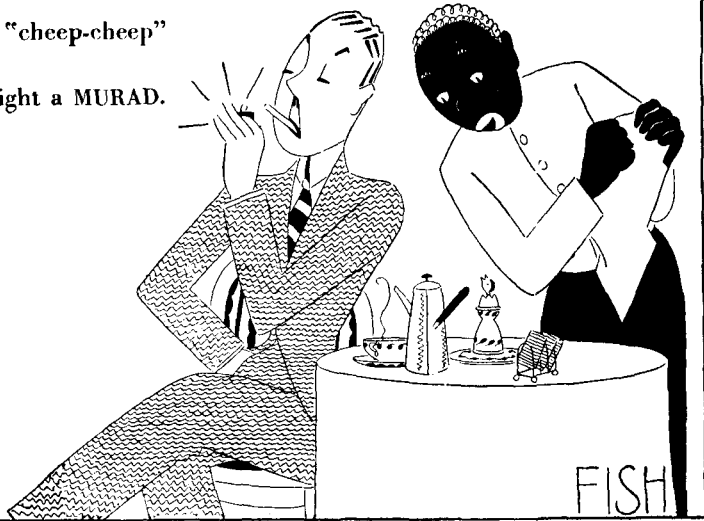
turned out like fountain pens. The tanning of leather and the assembling of an automobile do not lend themselves, in the same degree, to large scale operations. Book binding, in which the principal item of expense is labor, and the making of tinplate, in which raw material and plant charges form over 80% of the total cost, require different methods. Furthermore, the management that is able in the making of tires may be totally unsuited to running a rubber plantation. Although executives are reluctant to admit it, there are also limitations to the size of a business from the administrative point of view. The General Motors Corporation, significantly, has adopted a decentralization policy, whereby the corporation is segregated into separate businesses of distinct classifications. Railroad officials and transportation economists do not believe that further grouping of systems will effect the large savings set forth in the financial press.

I recall the testimony in the controversy over the application of several carriers for the formation of a system in the Southwest. The proponents of the plan had difficulty in showing that the proposed grouping would make possible substantial economies in the purchase and standardization of materials and supplies. Through the investigations of the Federal Trade Commission, surmises have been buttressed by specific facts. The costs of individual wholesale bread-baking plants decrease more or less continuously with increases in the volume of production. Yet, the report on "Competition and Profits in Bread and Flour" (1928) declares that "it is not clear that lower production costs are characteristic of plants of multiple-plant companies of sizes corresponding with those of single plant companies." The composition of the expense items in this industry facilitates all possible economies. Additional studies

Continued on page xl

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you open the soft-cooked egg
that has just been served you for break-
fast and you hear a faint "cheep-cheep"
... be nonchalant ... light a MURAD.

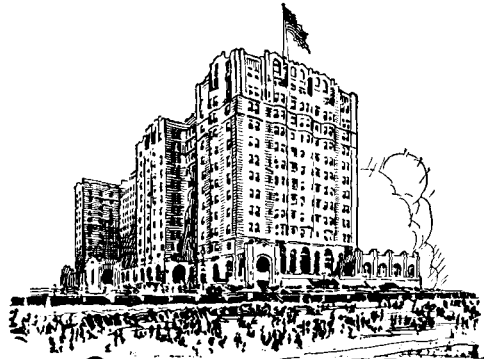


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soothe you ... instead of
the rattle of traffic to dis-
turb you. Here's real living.
A modern hotel ... only
28 minutes from Grand
Central. In beautiful
Lawrence Park. Hotel life
on the highest plane for
those who take time to rest.
Golf privileges ... Open
all year ... American Plan.

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Thousands of visitors come to the Boardwalk this month to enjoy the unsurpassed weather and summer attractions that continue long into the Fall. They like the surf bathing, the golf, fishing and sailing, and the AMBASSADOR has a distinctive way of helping to make the month supremely delightful.

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\$5 to \$14 Single
685 Rooms

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685 Baths

xxxix

*what a whale of a difference
just a few inches make*



YES
*and what a whale of
a difference just a
few cents make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

would show that the vaunted benefits of combination have been much exaggerated.

The merger or consolidation of concerns formerly privately owned, or of concerns regarding which financial results for several years prior to the combination have not been published is the hardest to judge when the securities are offered to the public. Financial abuses creep in easily. The income account contains so many adjustments that it defies analysis, and the balance sheet contains nothing that will serve as an assurance that the capital assets have not been inflated. As combinations are most frequent during periods of general business prosperity, owners of the member units hold out for top prices. A branch of the chain-store field has had a conspicuously dismal record in connection with the securities that were sold in the last eighteen months.

The store owners received prices which sent them in droves on long vacations, the agents did well, the bankers ostensibly lost nothing, but the buyers of the securities that were offered saw the prices of Class A cumulative participating convertible preference stock, etc., etc., melt to less than 25% of the subscription price, and the end is not yet. The stores had been operated with success by the individual owners, but there was inflation at every step and when the investor was permitted to share in the "extensive saving in overhead and operating expenses" and the profits from "additional opportunities for increased business," reasonable earnings could not be realized except at prices such as were received in a '49 mining town.

A combination formed by the exchange of securities of corporations whose financial histories are known, unaccompanied by additional financing, starts under the fairest auspices, and is likely to give the investor the least cause for concern. Even the

Continued on page xlii

ORANGE PEKOE

Orange Pekoe is actually only a term denoting a size of tea leaf. But properly chosen Orange Pekoe makes a most delightfully fragrant cup.

Ridgways Gold Label Tea is composed entirely of carefully selected Orange Pekoe leaves from India and Ceylon.

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Try this tea of uncommon excellence. If your grocer can't supply you, fill in the coupon and mail with 35c in stamps to Ridgways Inc., 60 Warren St., New York City—and you will receive a full quarter pound of Gold Label Tea, postage prepaid.

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Several unusual clubbing
offers are listed on page LI.

Look at them and see for
yourself how much you can
save.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

happiest financial marriage will, in its first year, find obstacles in the cancellation of leases and of contracts for raw materials, and in making internal readjustments. The dramatic quality of combinations and the colorful descriptions of the moving factors in the daily papers do not forward a cynical attitude toward the forecasts of savings and increased profits made by promoters. The new enterprise will usually succeed in an inverse ratio to the money spent in selling its securities, and to the fervid rhetoric used in presenting it.

New Financial Books

INVESTMENT POLICIES THAT PAY.

By Ray Vance. The B. C. Forbes Publishing Company
\$4 8½ x 5½; 291 pp. New York

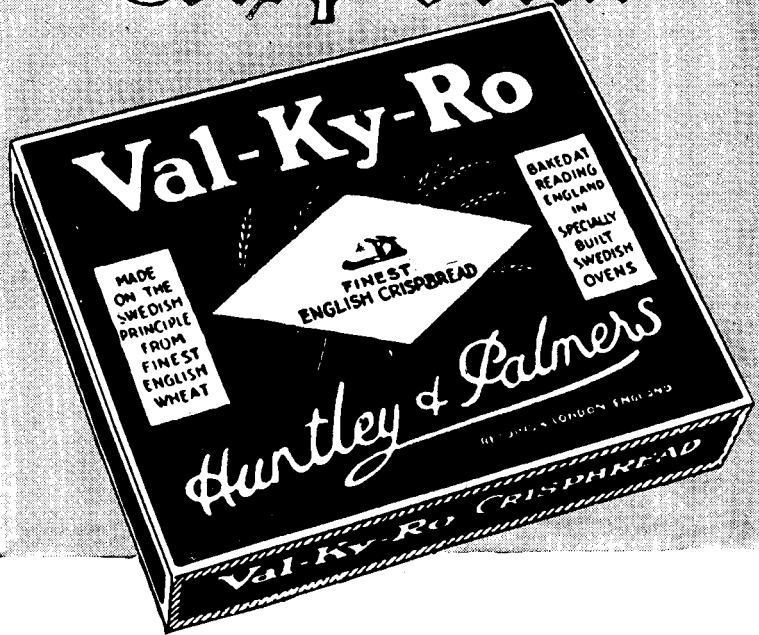
This book deserves an enthusiastic reception. It will be more helpful to the investor than a whole sheaf of volumes concerning the merits and defects of securities. Mr. Vance was formerly president of Brookmire Economic Service, and is now the head of an investment corporation. The impressive statistical tabulations in vogue, illustrating "the hypothetical fortunes which an equally hypothetical Mr. X might have made, had he bought one hundred shares of General Motors for a five thousand dollars which he is assumed to have had sixteen years ago," are punctured a bit under shrewd questioning. The author asks: "How did he happen to buy General Motors instead of United States Motors, which had equally impressive sponsorship, but went into bankruptcy with complete loss to investors? Or did he possibly have ten thousand dollars and buy both? . . . I should like to have an accurate record of his thoughts, words and actions when creditors took over control of the company in 1912 or when the dividends stopped and 85% of his principal (measured by market prices) disappeared in the slump of 1920-21." Valuable chapters cover investment trusts, trading on margin, and the forces that determine security prices.

HANDBOOK OF FINANCIAL MATHEMATICS.

By Justin H. Moore. Prentice-Hall
\$10 7 x 5; 1216 pp. New York

The vexing problems involved in making financial calculations quickly and accurately are reduced to their simplest terms in Mr. Moore's manual. Among the topics dealt with are annuities, sinking funds, amortization, bond tables and bond yields, conversion parities, etc. Useful formulæ are given wherever possible, and a good index is provided.

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For
The
Hostess
Who
Likes
To
Surprise
Her
Guests



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IF you seek a new and delightful way to distinguish your luncheon or dinner table, serve VAL-KY-RO, the English Crispbread.

You may be the first to offer it in your circle of friends, but assuredly you won't be the only one.

Crispbread is so refreshingly different! It has a delightful crusty consistency and a rich unusual flavor. Serve it at any meal, with butter, cheese or preserves . . . or with salads—you are sure to like it.

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xliii



Atmosphere . . .

People say of the Aquitania, the Berengaria, the Mauretania—"They have atmosphere."

"Atmosphere." A charm that is responsive—rather than assertive . . . Gaiety that waits for you, but does not follow you . . . Tranquillity not intrusive—but not elusive, either . . .

Poise. A nice sense of the fitness of things. A civilized awareness of the fact that the source of amusing living is contrast . . . and that any mood palls. The mirroring, in Mid-Atlantic, of that most aristocratic life, the life of leisure in England . . . very 'country' by day, very brilliant indeed by night . . . English service, which means perfect service . . .

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CUNARD...THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section,
page xxvi

his novels and plays, a series of summaries of their plots, a dictionary of the characters in them, a list of Shaw's books and articles, another of his reported speeches and letters to newspapers, another of books and articles about him, and the casts of the first performances of his plays. There are many omissions.

LITERATURE

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *A Study of the Elizabethan Drama of Everyday Life.*

By Otelia Cromwell.

The Yale University Press

\$2.50

9 x 5 3/4; 234 pp.

New Haven

This is a thesis presented for the doctorate at Yale, and appears as No. LXXVIII of the Yale Studies in English. It is a melancholy exemplification of the great waste of time and effort that goes on in the graduate schools of American universities. Dr. Cromwell has obviously given long and hard study to the Elizabethan period, and her acquaintance with its literature, and especially with its plays, is wide and sound. Moreover, she plainly has a capacity for historical studies, and her arguments on controversial points are always well-informed and sensible. But the net result of all her labor is simply the discovery that Heywood was a bad dramatist. He wrote certain plays; they dealt half realistically and half romantically with the English people of his time; he was learned but dull; he loved England. That is all. It seems downright tragic to lavish so much devotion on so puerile and fruitless an enterprise. But scores and hundreds of dissertations of precisely the same sort are turned out by the universities every year. Meanwhile, many of the capital problems of literary history, and especially of American literary history, remain unsolved, and even unrecognized. The book is heavily documented and has a good index.

NOTES ON "JURGEN."

By James P. Cover.

Robert M. McBride & Company

\$3.50

9 1/2 x 6 1/4; 115 pp.

New York

"Jurgen," like all of Mr. Cabell's books, is full of dark allusions, and many of them, no doubt, have sorely puzzled his readers. Not a few of them, alas, lie beyond the reach of scholarship, for Mr. Cabell is an assiduous creator of gods and heroes. But the identity and history of other characters in his books may be established, and this Mr. Cover has attempted to do. He says that the work occupied his leisure for six years. There is a bibliography at the end, and the index is exhaustive.

LITERARY ETHICS.

By H. M. Paull.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$3.75

8 3/8 x 5 3/8; 358 pp.

New York

Into this tightly-packed volume the author has poured an immense amount of curious literary history.

Continued on page xlvii

*The Taming of the Shrew was easy
Compared to the Taming of*

MODESTA

G. B. Stern's new novel

by the author of *Debonair*

Amidst the brilliant sunshine, the olive trees and the blue waters of the Italian Riviera is laid this gay romance. Under the golden spell of Italy, Laurence Ferrier falls in love with the fragile beauty of Modesta and gallantly marries her. But in the luxury of his mother's London home, this simple peasant

girl suddenly becomes a grand signora with ambitions and schemes that lead her husband a merry chase. How he lures her back to her native land and instills in her the gentle virtues that become a wife makes this tale as amusing as Shakespeare's famous comedy. \$2.50

THREE LOVES

by Max Brod

Mayreder, a dashing Austrian ex-army officer, dallies with passion thinking it love: Dorothy, the voluptuary; Agnes, the idealist. Then one day he meets Stasha, "the woman man longs for"; bumps into her in the corridor of a Berlin hotel just as he is on his way to make a last attempt at recouping the

family fortunes. A glance, a word—all is forgotten. They are off together, though a hundred complications beset them. Months of mid-summer wandering follow. Mayreder learns to live a love so intense as to be ever on the verge of conflagration. \$2.50

FAREWELL TO PARADISE

by Frank Thiess

Author of *Interlude*

A touching story of the childhood romance that secretly bore to Wolf and Suzanne their first and most poignant realization of the deepest possible human love. Against their young passion, the maturer attachments of

older people ironically seem pale and dull. Parents especially will be both charmed and startled by the revelations in this exquisite little romance. \$2.00

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Squibb's combats the cause of decay because it is made with over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Your dentist will tell you that Milk of Magnesia is the safest, most effective antacid for oral use. When you use Squibb's, minute particles of Milk of Magnesia seep into all the remote places around the teeth. They counteract acids—thus preventing decay and infection.

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is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker*

xlvi



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlv

He begins by discussing literary thefts, forgeries and piracies, and then proceeds to chapters on unauthorized abridgements and sequels, malicious parodies and burlesques, literary hoaxes, the use of living persons in fiction, the doings of literary ghosts, the imbecilities of censors, and the crimes of editors and publishers. No kind of roguery that flourishes in the field of letters is overlooked, and in many departments the accumulation of cases seems to be almost exhaustive. The author favors a standard of ethics that is very high—perhaps a shade too high for a world full of sin.

FICTION

THE WATERS OF AFRICA.

By Alfred Aloysius Horn & Ethelreda Lewis.

Simon & Schuster

\$3.50

9 x 5 3/4; 279 pp.

New York

This miscellany, the third volume to issue from Trader Horn, is mainly given over to a naïve romance of adventure and amour in the islands east of Africa, "The Chesterfields in the Earlies" by title. It is better than the author's Viking romance, but it is still somewhat dull. Between the chapters Mrs. Lewis presents her familiar conversations with Horn. At the end are four detached conversations, one presenting a vivid picture of life along the Lake Chad road. The book is interesting in spots, but it is by no means as good as "Trader Horn."

JOAN KENNEDY.

By Henry Channon.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2.50

7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 255 pp.

New York

Joan Vernon is to marry Hugo Vivian, but he is killed in the war. Instead she marries Ralph Kennedy, whom she meets when she is a nurse. Their first married years, in England, are happy ones. Upon the death of the senior Kennedy, Ralph returns to head his father's business and Joan is transplanted to El Dorado (Chicago). What in her own country were her most natural feelings are now considered affectations. She gets little sympathy from the Kennedy clan, and is very unhappy.

SLEEVELESS ERRAND.

By Norah C. James.

William Morrow & Company

\$2.50

7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 250 pp.

New York

Paula, discarded by her lover, goes to a cheap restaurant to think out a means of suicide. Bill Cheland, who has just caught his wife in the arms of a friend, decides to end it all and comes to the same restaurant, sitting at Paula's table. They spend the next day and a half telling each other their histories. Paula convinces Bill that his case is not hopeless, and so goes over the edge of a cliff alone.

Continued on page xlviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

EGG PANDERVIL

by Gerald Bullett

Few times in the post-war decade has a novel received from the press praise as high as that accorded to Gerald Bullett's new book. Several critics, indeed, have gone on record that this history of the romantic green-grocer, Egg Pandervil, is assuredly a classic. Even the name of Dickens is invoked as the writer with whom Bullett may aptly be compared. A future fame is predicted for the young Englishman. Here are some of the critical opinions:

"One of the most gracious and charming novels I have read in a long time. . . . It is wistful, Dickensian. . . . We cannot but be amused at the gallery of eccentrics who appear in the story of his life from the glorious recruiting Sergeant . . . to Algy. Algy is as meaty a sketch of a cockney Bab-bitt as I have read anywhere. The chief charm of Mr. Bullett's novel lies in his humane comprehension of his chief character. . . ."
—*The New York World*

"Much of Gerald Bullett's story is exquisite. All of it is deeply human. *Egg Pandervil* should appeal to any intelligent person whose power of appreciation has not been dulled by a sophomoric cynicism which is so commonly mistaken for wisdom in our day. . . . Here, truly and really, is an excellent piece of work."
—*The St. Louis Post Dispatch*

"One of those books that are so intensely human, so artistically well molded, that it will undoubtedly become a classic. Spiritually, and by virtue of its great literary merits, it is closely related to Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger*, H. G. Wells' *Kipps*, and Frank Swinnerton's *Nocturne*. . . ."
—*The Baltimore Evening Sun*

G. B. Stern writes: "*Egg Pandervil* is an intensely real book, so real that you can hardly bear its beauty and its pain and laughter. . . . His account of his hero as a shopkeeper, with his boon companions of the neighboring shops, most happily brings back to one's mind a memory of H. G. Wells in one of those moments of pure genius when he wrote *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*."

"Its hero is at once in the happy H. G. Wells tradition of comic-pathetic little men. . . . It is a logical thing to compare the two writers, and it will be quite as logical for those who like Wells to have very kindly feelings for Mr. Bullett."
—*The New York Times*

"Mr. Bullett might be said to have written an English *Main Street*. But there is no cruelty in it. . . . Mr. Bullett has woven the story from the fiber of truth."
—*The New York Herald Tribune*

"Mr. Bullett . . . has written a novel that deserves to become a classic . . . thoroughgoing sanity and human kindness . . . has recaptured something of the immortal humor and pathos of Dickens in the construction of his characters and his incidents."
—*The Detroit News*

At all bookshops, \$2.50

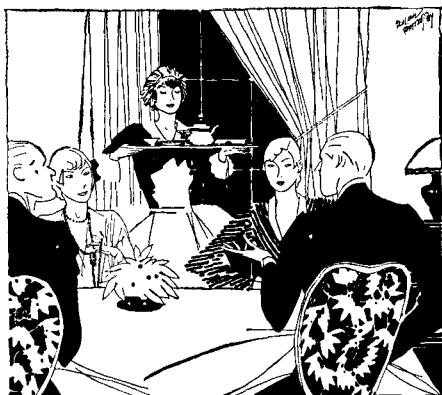
COMING SEPT. 13TH. NICKY SON OF EGG

This newest novel by Mr. Bullett will soon be out. It has just been chosen in England by the English Book Society as the best book of the month. It continues the story of *Egg Pandervil*. \$2.50

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xlvi



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Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of several of the world's best coffees. Savory, aromatic, full strength. It is so good many coffee lovers have adopted it for its superior flavor alone.

Try it and see how delightful it is. Order a can from your dealer. Steel cut or in the bean. If you've been putting up with substitutes, what could be more welcome!

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Address _____

★ Now a Kellogg product



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

xlvi



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlv

LITTLE CAESAR.

By W. R. Burnett.

The Dial Press

\$2

7¾ x 5¼; 308 pp.

New York

The story here deals with the collapse of Sam Vettori, gang leader of Chicago's Little Italy, and the rise of Rico (Cesare Bandello). Once on the throne, Rico rules his henchmen with an iron hand and enjoys all the privileges of his power. He leaves Chicago when one of his gang squeals on being given the third degree. In Toledo he sets up again in the bootlegging business, but in short order he is betrayed and shot by a policeman. The tale is well written and very dramatic.

HUNKY.

By Thames Williamson.

Coward-McCann

\$2.50

7¾ x 5¼; 312 pp.

New York

Jencic piles sacks of flour and sugar in a bakery at night for \$6 a week. He sleeps most of the day, thinks about nothing and is content. When an automatic conveyor of the sacks is installed in the shop, Jencic is out of a job and helpless until Krusack, the head baker, takes him on as a helper. Krusack is his friend and adviser, and gets him his citizenship papers through Alderman O'Brien. Krusack also takes him home, introduces him to family life, and urges him on to fight Louie, the faithless lover of Teena, the girl he wants. When Louie deserts Teena, Jencic marries her and is happy.

SAND.

By Will James.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$2.50

8½ x 5¾; 328 pp.

New York

"Spats" Tilden, a spoiled rich man's son, is converted into a first-rate cowboy, foils the villain, traps and tames a wild stallion, and marries the rancher's lovely daughter. Mr. James's hero never seems quite real, but he knows his cow-country and he knows horses. His forty-three drawings of bucking broncos are excellent.

SIX MORAL TALES FROM JULES LAFORGUE.

Edited by Frances Newman.

Horace Liveright

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 292 pp.

New York

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Continued on page l

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THE PASSION OF YANG KWEI-FEI.

By George Soulié de Morant.

Covici-Friede

\$3

9½ x 6¼; 200 pp.

New York

The Emperor Ming Huang-ti and Yang Kwei-fei or Jade Bracelet love each other. Jade Bracelet is of supernatural origin and divinely lovely, yet the Emperor must have concubines as well and she is not insensible to the pangs of jealousy. "If the Master of the World is so lonely, why do I see a phoenix hairpin and a woman's ribbon beside his bed?" she asks. The Emperor, in truth, is a weak character. He is responsible, through a negligence, for the rebellion of An Lu-shan, who seizes the capital and drives the court into exile. In the end, at the village of Ma-Wei, his guards rebel, kill Yang Kwei-fei's brother, her two sisters, and the Prime Minister and compel Yang Kwei-fei to hang herself. Mr. Bedford-Jones' rhymed translations of the Chinese lyrics, apart from the text, are very well done.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR FAMILY TREE.

By David Starr Jordan and Sarah L. Kimball.

D. Appleton & Company

\$3

8 x 5½; 346 pp.

New York

According to the authors of this instructive work almost all Americans with any English blood in them are the descendants of barons, earls, dukes and kings. Consider, for example, John D. Rockefeller. Go back nine generations and one encounters the first earl. Go back five more and there is a duke, and, what is more, a Plantagenet. Go back two more and there is a king, to wit, Edward III of England. But that is not all. In the year 1070 the name of Isabel de Vermandois pops up, and it presently appears that she (and John D. with her) descended in six lines from Charlemagne and in another line from Alfred the Great. Charlemagne, in his turn, descended from the Greek hero, Æneas, who was the son of Venus, and, in the same line, from Mark Antony, and Alfred descended from the Teutonic god Woden. Thus Mr. Rockefeller is not only royal and imperial, but also actually divine. But compared to Dr. Jordan, the senior author of the present work, he is almost a parvenu. Dr. Jordan's line goes back

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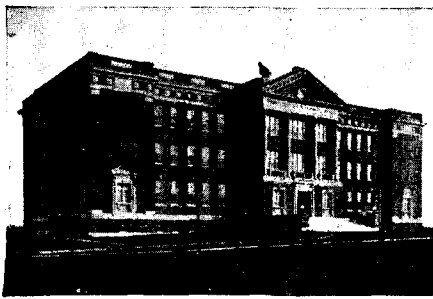
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THE two prize-winning college essays will appear in the October issue of

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published September 25.

The prize of \$500.00 for the men was won by Samuel Lipshutz of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

The prize of \$500.00 for the women was won by Olive Brossow of Northland College, Ashland, Wisconsin.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page 1

through David I, King of Scotland, to Phœnusa, King of Scythia, and beyond that to Baoth "who received Scythia as his lot upon the division by Japhet, son of Noah." Chief Justice Taft, it appears, has the same magnificent lineage, and so have the Hon. Hoke Smith of Georgia, young Teddy Roosevelt and "John Ward Dean, A.M., for twenty years editor of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*." Altogether, this little volume is full of astonishing things, and will well repay prayerful examination. Dr. Jordan, as everyone knows, is an eminent ichthyologist, and has spent his life studying fish: here he hauls in some of the most brilliant specimens ever heard of. He is also the author of "The Higher Foolishness."

LET TOMORROW COME.

By A. J. Barr.

W. W. Norton & Company

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 269 pp.

New York

Following, as it does, the writings of Tully, Black, Tasker and Booth, this account of life in prison lacks the sting of novelty. Nevertheless, it is interesting, and has a considerable merit of its own. The author divides his narrative into three parts. The first deals with the characters he encountered in jail, the second with life in a State prison, and the third, which is brief, with the difficulties of a time-expired man. The author's style is nervous and vivid. Sometimes it becomes a bit artificial, but in the main it is very effective.

THE PRIVACY AGENT and Other Modest Proposals.

By Bernard K. Sandwell.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$3

7½ x 5½; 224 pp.

New York

Dr. Sandwell is professor of economics at McGill University, and contributes frequently to the Canadian reviews. Like his colleague, Stephen Leacock, he has a wide reputation as humorist and satirist in the Dominion, but he has a great deal more to say. The present book is a collection of some of his popular essays, all of which were first published in local magazines. Some of them, including the title one, are failures, but the rest contain good satire and effective writing. Perhaps the best of the latter are "I Sing the Bathroom," "The Urgent Need for Superstitions," "The Deforestation of Canadian Poetry," "On Teaching What Is Not Known," "The Old Back Garden," and "Holidays Ltd." Dr. Sandwell deserves to be better known in the United States.

Turn to page XXXI to find

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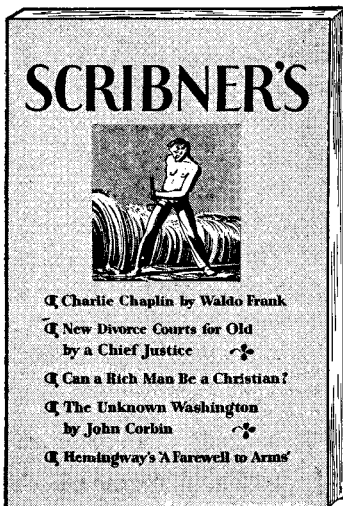
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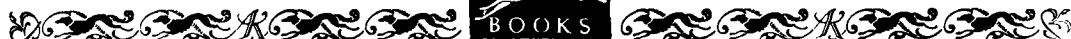
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